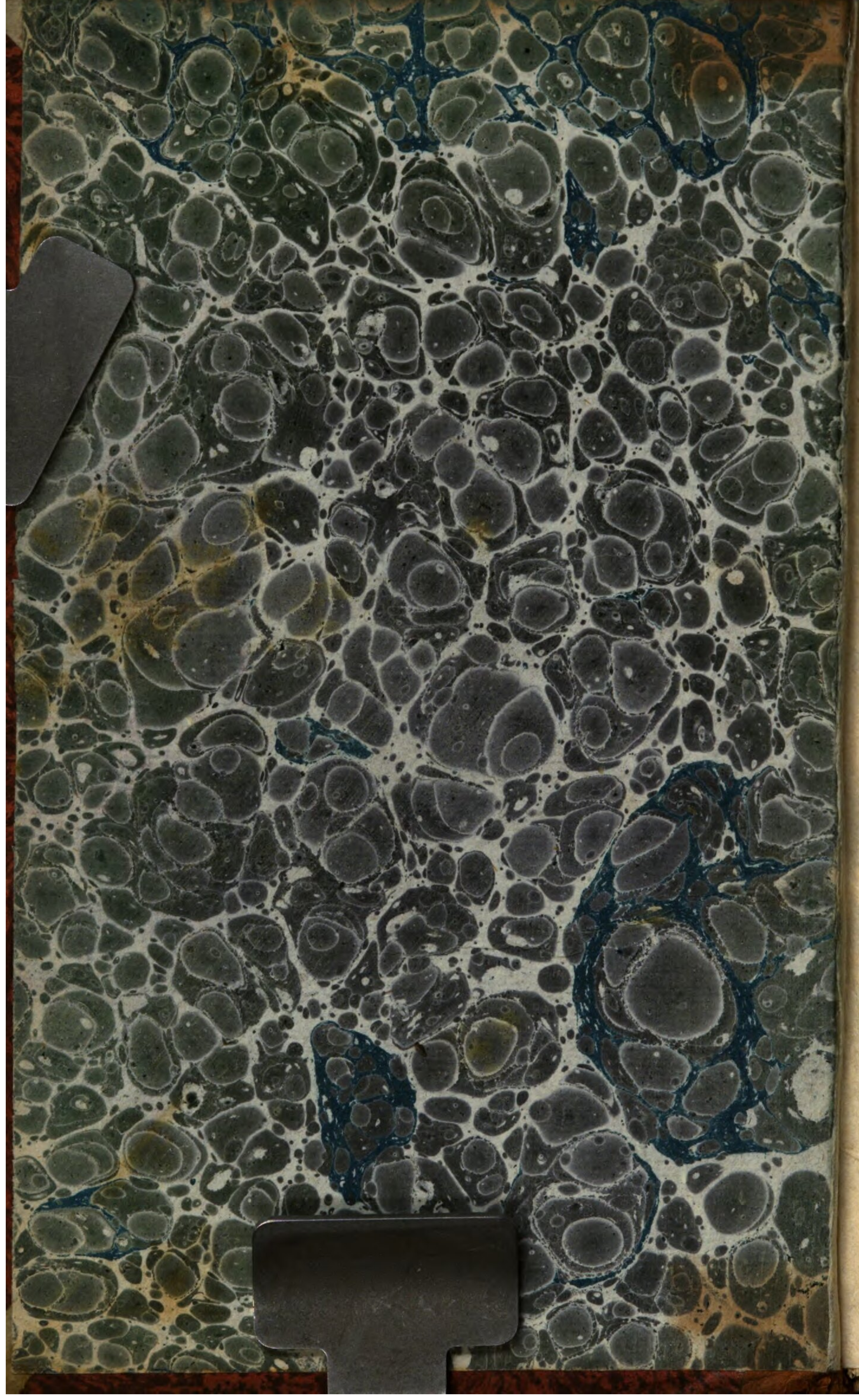
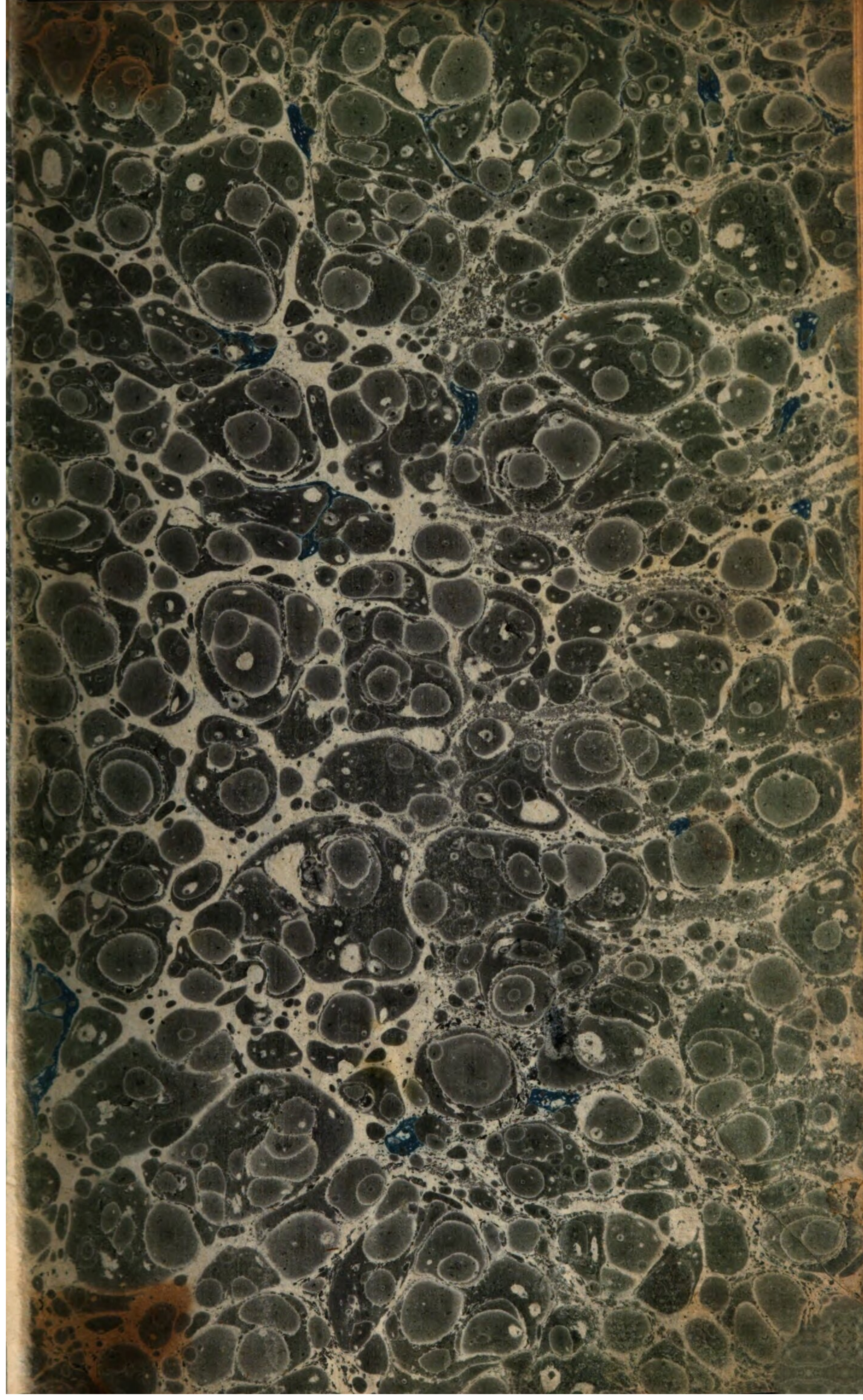














P.O. hisp.  
1972

Rodd

Ternau.



<36630135560010

Bayer. Staatsbibliothek







HISTORY  
OF  
Charles the Great  
AND  
Orlando,  
ASCRIBED TO ARCHBISHOP TURPIN;  
*Translated from the Latin in*  
SPANHEIM'S LIVES OF ECCLESIASTICAL WRITERS:  
TOGETHER WITH THE  
MOST CELEBRATED ANCIENT  
Spanish Ballads  
RELATING TO THE  
TWELVE PEERS OF FRANCE,  
MENTIONED IN DON QUIXOTE;  
WITH  
ENGLISH METRICAL VERSIONS,  
*By THOMAS RODD.*

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

---

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR T. RODD, 2, GREAT NEWPORT STREET,  
LONG ACRE; AND T. BOOSEY, OLD BROAD STREET.

1812.



HISTORY  
OF  
Charles the Great  
Emperor  
of the Romans

AScribed to Alcuin of York

BIBLIOTHECA  
REGIA  
MONACENSIS

Spanish & Italian

RELATING TO THE

TWELVE PEERS OF FRANCE

MENTIONED IN DON QUIXOTE

WITH

ENGLISH METRICAL VERSIONS

BY THOMAS WOOD

IN TWO VOLUMES

VOL. I.

LONDON:

Printed by J. Knapp, at the New York Office,  
No. 15, Old Bailey, and at the New York Office,  
No. 15, Old Bailey, and at the New York Office,  
No. 15, Old Bailey, and at the New York Office,

James Compton, Printer, Middle Street,  
Cloth Fair, London.



## PREFACE.

---

AS I can give the reader no better account of Turpin's History than Mr. Ellis has favored us with in his Specimens of Ancient Metrical Romances, I shall merely transcribe what he says upon the subject, and reserve further considerations for the Preface to the Spanish Ballads.

“This Chronicle was composed before 1122, with the title of ‘*Joannes Turpini Historia de vitâ Caroli magni & Rolandi*’; and it may be presumed that the MSS. of such a history were formerly very numerous, though it appears to have principally derived its popularity from its French metrical paraphrases and imitations, some of which were probably of almost equal antiquity with the original, and are alluded to by the subsequent prose translators.

“The earliest of these, according to Fauchet, was written by a certain Jehans, who, at the instance of Regnault, Comte de Boulogne & de Daumartin (then detained as a prisoner by Philip Auguste), turned into French prose a Latin copy of Turpin, which he found in the archives of St. Denis. A copy of this work is still preserved in MS. in Bibl. Reg., 4, c. xi.

“The next translation was made by Gaguin :



it is dedicated to Francis I, and was printed at Paris in 1527, quarto.

“There is a Latin paraphrase of the original in hexameters, many of which rhyme to each other, entitled ‘Karolettas,’ and preserved in Bibl. Reg., 13 A. xviii.

“The original work was first printed in a collection entitled ‘Germanicarum rerum quatuor Chronographi,’ Frankfort, 1566, folio.

“Another pretended French translation was afterwards published at Lyons in 1583, octavo, with the title of ‘La Chronique de Turpin, Archevesque et Duc de Rheims, et Premier Pair de France.’ This however, which Mr. Ritson supposes to be the work ascribed by Mr. Warton to Michel le Harnes, who lived in the time of Philippe Auguste, contains, as he tells us, the Romance of Renaud de Montauban, and not that of Roland. Perhaps it may be a conversion into prose of the metrical Romance on the same subject, written, as Fauchet informs us, by Huon de Villeneuve, about the commencement of the fourteenth century.

“Be this as it may, there can be no doubt that numberless fables concerning Charlemagne were grafted on the narrative of the supposed Turpin; and, indeed, his translator Gaguin appears to be almost ashamed of the imperfect narrative contained in his original, and is very solicitous to excuse himself for suppressing many particulars concerning his hero, which,



## PREFACE TO TURPIN'S HISTORY. ▼

though very necessary to be known, the Archbishop had not thought fit to notice. Thus, after mentioning (chapter 26) Olivier, Gondebault Roy de Frigie, Ogier Roy de Dannemarc, Arestaigne Roy de Bretaigne, Guarin Duc de Lorraine, and others, he refers us to 'leurs histoires plus au long descriptes, lesquelles je laisse pour le present à ceux qui lisent les Romans, livres, et autres escriptures.' And, in his concluding chapter, he gives us a sketch of some important events, which, if he had thought fit, he could have communicated more at large.

“ That such absurdities as these should be accepted in lieu of authentic history in a credulous age, and where better materials could not be had, would excite no astonishment; but it is very surprising that for a length of time they should have usurped the place of the numerous historical documents which record the glory of a Charlemagne, whose character, when left to the sober voice of truth, is far more amiable and respectable than that of his ideal and romantic substitute. In fact, there is good reason to believe that the name of Charlemagne was first introduced by mistake into a series of fictions, of which the real hero was of a still earlier date; and it is the opinion of Mr. Leyden, an author of much research and information, that the origin of these fictions is to be sought in Britany. I shall give his sentiments in his own words.



“ ‘That class of Romances which relates to Charlemagne and his Twelve Peers, ought probably to be referred to the same source, since they ascribe to that French Monarch the feats which were performed by an Armorican Chief. The grand source from which the fabulous history of Charlemagne is thought to be derived, is the supposititious history ascribed to his contemporary Turpin, which, in 1122, was declared to be genuine by papal authority. The history of this work is extremely obscure; but as it contains an account of the pilgrimage of Charlemagne to Jerusalem, its composition must have been posterior to the Crusades. The Abbé Vellet has shewn, that the principal events which figure in the romantic history of that Monarch have no relation to him whatever, though they are historically true of the Armorican Chieftain, Charles Martel. It was this hero, whose father was named Pepin, and who had four sons, who performed various exploits in the forest of Ardenne against the four sons of Aymon; who warred against the Saxons; who conquered the Saracens at Poitiers; it was he who instituted an order of Knighthood; who deposed the Duke of Aquitaine; and who conferred the donation of the sacred territory on the See of Rome. Is it not, therefore, more probable that the history and exploits of this hero should be celebrated by the minstrels of his native country, than that they should be,



for the first time, narrated by a dull, prosing Monk some centuries after his death? Is it not more probable that, when the fame of Charles Martel had been eclipsed by the renown of Charlemagne, the Monkish abridger of the songs of the Minstrels should transfer the deeds of the one to the other, by an error of stupidity, than that he should have deliberately falsified history when he had no purpose to serve? The ingenious author to whom I have referred seems to have pointed out the sense of this error\*. In the Armoric language *meur* signifies great, *mayne*; and *marra* is a mattock, *martel*; so that, instead of Charlemagne and Charles Martel, we have Charlemeur and Charlemarra; names, which, from the similarity of sound, might easily be confounded. A similar blunder has been committed by the Norman trouvreur, who transferred the characteristic epithet of Caradoc from the Welsh or Armorican to the Romance language.'

"Mr. Leyden afterwards mentions, in confirmation of his conjecture, the allusion in Turpin's History to a song or poem concerning Oell, or Howel, the Breton Earl, 'de hoc canitur in cantilena usque ad hodiernum diem;' and it may not, perhaps, be impertinent to add that Roland, the principal actor in these Romances, is taken from the immediate vici-

---

\* Enquirer, No. xix, App. Monthly Mag., Feb. 1800.



nity of Bretagne. 'The domain of these British princes, says D'Anville (*Etats de l'Europe*, p. 77) was confined, to speak generally, to what is properly called Lower Britany, and to the territory formerly occupied by the Veneti and by the Osismii. Upper Britany, comprehending the territories of the ancient Redones and Namnetes, was a frontier country opposed to the lands of the Bretons; and the famous Roland, nephew of Charlemagne and Count of Angers, commanded there.' Possibly, too, the terrible Ferragus may be a giant of Celtic origin: for Selden has told us\* that the war song in use among the Irish kerns was called Pharroh; and the vulgar Irish, as Mr. Walker informs us, suppose the subject of this song to have been Forroch or *Ferragh*, a terrible giant, of whom they tell many a marvellous tale†."

Besides these authorities, cited by Mr. Ellis, the original Latin of Turpin's History is inserted in Spanheim's *Lives of Ecclesiastical Writers*, from which the present translation has been faithfully made. I have since had access, through the kindness of Mr. Lang, to a copy in his possession of the *Mere des Chroniques*, Paris, 1503, which contains a French version of the same work, with additions, supposed to be copied from the *Grandes Chroniques de France*, faites par le commandement de Roy Charles VII, par Emo, or Aimoin.

---

\* Drayton's *Polyolbion*, Song 6.

† *Historical Memoirs of Irish Bards*, &c. London, 1786.



A  
BRIEF ACCOUNT  
OF  
*ARCHBISHOP TURPIN.*

---

**TURPIN**, Archbishop of Rheims, the friend and Secretary of Charles the Great, excellently skilled in sacred and profane literature, of a genius equally adapted to prose and verse; the advocate of the poor, beloved of God in his life and conversation, who often hand to hand fought the Saracens by the Emperor's side: he relates the acts of Charles the Great in one book of Epistles, and flourished, under Charles and his Son Lewis, to the year of our Lord eight hundred and thirty.



JOHN TURPIN'S  
HISTORY

OF

*Charles the Great and Orlando.*

## CHAP. I.

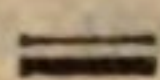
*Archbishop Turpin's Epistle to Leopander.*

TURPIN, by the grace of God, Archbishop of Rheims, the faithful companion of the Emperor Charles the Great in Spain, to Leopander, Dean of Aix la Chapelle, greeting.

Forasmuch as you requested me to write to you from Vienne (my wounds being now cicatrized) in what manner the Emperor Charles delivered Spain and Gallicia from the yoke of the Saracens, you shall attain the knowledge of many memorable events, and likewise of his praise-worthy trophies over the Spanish Saracens, whereof I myself was eye-witness, traversing France and Spain in his company for the space of forty years: and I hesitate the less to trust these matters to your friendship, as I write a true history of his warfare. For indeed all your



researches could never have enabled you fully to discover those great events in the Chronicles of St. Denis, as you sent me word: neither could you for certain know whether the author had given a true relation of those matters, either by reason of his proximity, or that he was not himself present when they happened. Nevertheless this book will agree with his history. Health and happiness.



CHAP. II.

*How Charles the Great delivered Spain and Gallicia from the Saracens.*

The most glorious Christian Apostle St. James, when the other Apostles and Disciples of our Lord were dispersed abroad throughout the whole world, is believed to have first preached the gospel in Gallicia. After his martyrdom, his servants, rescuing his body from King Herod, brought it by sea to Gallicia, where they likewise preached the gospel. But soon after, the Gallicians, relapsing into great sins, returned to their former idolatry, and persisted in it till the time of Charles the Great, Emperor of the Romans, French, Germans, and other nations. Charles therefore, after prodigious toils in Saxony, France, Germany, Lorraine, Burgundy, Italy, Brittany, and other countries; after taking innumerable cities from sea to sea, which he won by his invincible arm from the Saracens, through divine favor; and after subjugating them with great fatigue



of mind and body to the Christian yoke, resolved to rest from his wars in peace.

But observing the starry way in the heavens, beginning at the Friezeland sea, and passing over the German territory and Italy, between Gaul and Aquitaine, and from thence in a strait line over Gascony, Bearne, and Navarre, and through Spain to Gallicia, wherein till his time lay undiscovered the body of St. James; when night after night he was wont to contemplate it, meditating upon what it might signify, a certain beautiful resplendent vision appeared to him in his sleep, and, calling him son, inquired what he was attempting to discover; at which Charles replied, "Who art thou, Lord?" "I am," answered the vision, "St. James the Apostle, Christ's disciple, the son of Zebedee, and brother of John the Evangelist, whom the Lord was pleased to think worthy, in his ineffable goodness, to elect on the sea of Galilee to preach the gospel to his people, but whom Herod the King slew. My body now lies concealed in Gallicia, long so grievously oppressed by the Saracens, from whose yoke I am astonished that you, who have conquered so many lands and cities, have not yet delivered it. Wherefore I come to warn you, as God has given you power above every other earthly prince, to prepare my way, and rescue my dominions from the Moabites, that so you may receive a brighter crown of glory for your reward. The starry way in the heavens signifies that you, with a great army, will



enter Galicia to fight the Pagans, and, recovering it from them, will visit my church and shrine; and that all the people from the borders of the sea, treading in your steps, will ask pardon of God for their sins, and return in safety, celebrating his praise; that you likewise will acknowledge the wonders he hath done for you in prolonging your life to its present period. Proceed then as soon as you are ready: I am your friend and auxiliary: your name shall become famous to all eternity, and a crown of glory be your reward in heaven."

Thus did the blessed Apostle appear thrice to the Emperor, who, confiding in his word, assembled a great army, and entered Spain to fight the infidels.

---

CHAP. III.

*Of the Walls of Pampeluna, that fell of themselves.*

The first city Charles besieged was Pampeluna; he invested it three months, but was not able to take it, through the invincible strength of the walls. He then made this prayer to God: "O Lord Jesus Christ, for whose faith I am come hither to fight the Pagans; for thy glory's sake deliver this city into my hands; and O blessed St. James, if thou didst indeed appear to me, assist me in taking it." And now God and St. James, hearkening to his petition, the walls utterly fell to the ground of themselves: but Charles spared the lives of the Saracens that consented to be baptized; the rest he put to the



edge of the sword. The report of this miracle induced all their countrymen to surrender their cities, and consent to pay tribute to the Emperor. Thus was the whole land shortly subjugated.

The Saracens were amazed to see the French well clothed, accomplished in their manners and persons, and strictly faithful to their treaties; they gave them therefore a peaceful and honorable reception, dismissing all thoughts of war. The Emperor, after frequently visiting the shrine of St. James, came to Ferrol, and, fixing his lance in the sea, returned thanks to God and the Apostle for having brought him to this place, though he could then proceed no farther.

The Pagan nations, after the first preaching of St. James and his disciples, were converted by Archbishop Turpin, and by the grace of God baptized: but those who refused to embrace the faith were either slain or made slaves by the Christians. Turpin then traversed all Spain from sea to sea.

---

#### CHAP. IV.

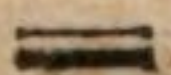
##### *Of the Idol Mahomet.*

The Emperor utterly destroyed the idols and images in Spain, except the idol in Andalusia, called Salamecadis. Cadis properly signifies the place of an island, but in Arabic it means God. The Saracens had a tradition that the idol Mahomet, which they worshipped, was made by himself in his



life-time ; and that by the help of a legion of devils it was by magic art endued with such irresistible strength, that it could not be broken. If any Christian approached it, he was exposed to great danger ; but when the Saracens came to appease Mahomet, and make their supplications to him, they returned in safety. The birds that chanced to light upon it were immediately struck dead.

There is, moreover, on the margin of the sea an ancient stone excellently sculptured after the Saracenic fashion ; broad and square at the bottom, but tapering upward to the height that a crow generally flies, having on the top an image of gold, admirably cast in the shape of a man, standing erect, with a certain great key in his hand, which the Saracens say was to fall to the ground immediately after the birth of a King of Gaul, who would overrun all Spain with a Christian army, and totally subdue it. Wherefore it was enjoined them, whenever that happened, to fly the country, and bury their jewels in the earth.



## CHAP. V.

*Of the Churches the King built.*

Charles remained three years in these parts, and with the gold given him by the kings and princes greatly enlarged the church of the blessed St. James, appointing an Abbot and Canons of the order of St. Isidore, martyr and confessor, to attend it : he en-



riched it likewise with bells, books, robes, and other gifts. With the residue of the immense quantity of gold and silver, he built many churches on his return from Spain; namely, of the blessed Virgin in Aix la Chapelle, of St. James in Thoulouse, and another in Gascony, between the city commonly called Aix, after the model of St. John's at Cordova, in the Jacobine road; the church likewise of St. James at Paris, between the river Seine and Montmartre, besides founding innumerable abbies in all parts of the world.

---

#### CHAP. VI.

*Of the King's Return to France, and of Argolander King of the Africans.*

After the King's return from Spain, a certain Pagan King, called Argolander, recovered the whole country with his army, driving the Emperor's soldiers from the towns and garrisons, which led him to march back his troops, under their General, Milo de Angleris.

---

#### CHAP. VII.

*Of the false Executor.*

But the judgment inflicted on a false executor deserves to be recorded as a warning to those who unjustly pervert the alms of the deceased. When the King's army lay at Bayonne, a certain soldier, called Romaricus, was taken grievously ill, and, being at



the point of death, received the eucharist and absolution from a priest, bequeathing his horse to a certain kinsman in trust, to dispose of for the benefit of the priest and the poor. But when he was dead his kinsman sold it for a hundred pence, and spent the money in debauchery. But how soon does punishment follow guilt ! Thirty days had scarcely elapsed when the apparition of the deceased appeared to him in his sleep, uttering these words : “ How is it you have so unjustly misapplied the alms entrusted to you for the redemption of my soul ? Do you not know they would have procured the pardon of my sins from God ? I have been punished for your neglect thirty days in fire ; to-morrow you shall be plunged in the same place of torment, but I shall be received into Paradise.” The apparition then vanished, and his kinsman awoke in extreme terror.

On the morrow, as he was relating the story to his companions, and the whole army was conversing about it, on a sudden a strange uncommon clamour, like the roaring of lions, wolves, and calves, was heard in the air, and immediately a troop of demons seized him in their talons, and bore him away alive. What further ? Horse and foot sought him four days together in the adjacent mountains and vallies to no purpose ; but the twelfth day after, as the army was marching through a desert part of Navarre, his body was found lifeless, and dashed to pieces, on the summit of some rocks, a league above the sea, about four days journey from the city. There the demons



left the body, bearing the soul away to hell. Let this be a warning, then, to all that follow his example to their eternal perdition.

---

CHAP. VIII.

*Of the War of the Holy Facundus, where the Spears grew.*

Charles and Milo, his General, now marched after Argolander into Spain, and found him in the fields of the river, where a castle stands in the meadows, in the best part of the whole plain, where afterwards a church was built in honor of the blessed martyrs Facundus and Primitivus; where likewise their bodies rest, an abbey was founded, and a city built. When the King's army advanced, Argolander wished to decide the contest by set combat between twenties, forties, hundreds, thousands, or even by two champions only. Charles willingly consented, and marched a hundred of his soldiers against a hundred Saracens, when all of them were slain. Argolander then sent two hundred, who shared the same fate. Two thousand were then led against two thousand, part of whom were slain, and the rest fled. But on the third day Argolander cast lots, and, knowing that evil fortune threatened the Emperor, sent him word he would draw out his whole army on the open plain, on the morrow, which challenge was accepted.

Then did this miracle happen. Certain of the



Christians, who carefully had been furbishing their arms against the day of battle, fixed their spears in the evening erect in the ground before the castle in the meadow, near the river, and found them early in the morning covered with bark and branches. Those, therefore, that were about to receive the palm of martyrdom were greatly astonished at this event, ascribing it to divine power : then cutting off their spears close to the ground, the roots that remained shot out afresh, and became lofty trees, which may be still seen flourishing there, chiefly ash. All this denoted joy to the soul, but loss to the body ; for now the battle commenced, and forty thousand Christians were slain, together with Milo, their General, the father of Orlando. The King's horse was likewise slain under him ; but Charles resolutely continued the fight on foot, and with two thousand Christians gallantly hewed his way through the Saracens, cleaving many of them asunder from the shoulders to the waist.

The following day both Christians and Saracens remained quietly in their camps, but the day after four Marquisses brought four thousand fresh troops from Italy to the King's assistance ; whereupon Argolander retreated with his army to Leon, and Charles led back his forces to France.

And here it is proper to observe we should strive for Christ's blessing ; for as the soldiers prepared their arms against the day of battle, so we in like manner should prepare ours, namely our virtues to



resist our passions. For he that would oppose faith to infidelity, brotherly love to hatred, charity to avarice, humility to pride, chastity to lust, prayer to temptation, perseverance to instability, peace to strife, obedience to a carnal disposition, must fortify his soul with grace, and prepare his spear to flourish against the day of judgment. Triumphant indeed will he be in heaven who conquers on earth! As the King's soldiers died for their faith, so should we die to sin, and live in holiness in this world, that we may receive the palm of glory in the next, which shall be the reward of those who fight manfully against their three grand adversaries, the World, the Flesh, and the Devil.

---

#### CHAP. IX.

##### *Of King Argolander's Army.*

Argolander now assembled together innumerable nations of Saracens, Moors, Moabites, Parthians, Africans, and Persians: Texephin, King of Arabia; Urabell, King of Alexandria; Avitus, King of Bugia; Ospin, King of Algarve; Facin, King of Barbary; Ailis, King of Malclos; Manuo, King of Mecca; Ibrahim, King of Seville; and Almanzor, King of Cordova. Then, marching to the city of Agen, he took it, and sent word to Charles he would give him sixty horse-load of gold, silver, and jewels, if he would acknowledge his right to the sceptre. But Charles returned this answer, "that he would ac-



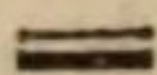
knowledge him no otherwise than by slaying him whenever it should be his chance to meet him in battle."

The Emperor had by this time approached within four miles of Agen, when, secretly dismissing his army, he proceeded with only sixty soldiers to the mountain near the city. There he left them, and, changing his dress, came with his shield reversed, after the custom of messengers in time of war, accompanied by one soldier only to the city: and when the people inquired his business, he informed them he had brought a message from King Charles to Argolander, whereupon he was admitted into his presence, and addressed him in these words: "My King bids me say, you may expect to see him, provided you will come out with sixty only of your people to meet him." Now Argolander little thought it was Charles himself to whom he was speaking, who all the while took especial note of his person, and of the weakest parts of the walls of the city, as well as of the auxiliary kings that were then within it. Argolander then armed himself, and Charles rejoined his sixty soldiers, and soon after the two thousand that at first accompanied him. But Argolander came out with seven thousand men, thinking to slay the Emperor, but was himself compelled to fly.

The King then recruited his army, and besieged the city for six months. On the seventh his battering rams, wooden castles, and other engines, were ready to storm it; but Argolander and the rest of the



Kings made their escape in the night through the common sewers, and, passing up the Garonne, got clear off. Charles entered the city in triumph the next day, and slew ten thousand of the remaining Saracens.



CHAP. X.

*Of the City of Xantonge, where the Spears grew.*

Argolander now came to Xantonge, at that time under the dominion of the Saracens; but Charles, pursuing him, summoned him to restore the city, which Argolander refused, resolving first to fight, and that it should be the conqueror's reward. But on the eve of battle, when the battering rams were ready to attack the castle in the meadows, called Taleburg, and that part of the city near the river Carenton, certain of the Christians fixed their spears in the ground before the castle, and on the morrow found them covered with bark and branches. Those therefore that were to receive the crown of martyrdom perished in the fight, after slaying a multitude of the Saracens, namely about four thousand men. The King's horse was likewise slain under him, but, valiantly placing himself at the head of his infantry, he slew so many of his enemies, that they were forced back into the city, which Charles invested on every side but the river, through which Argolander made his escape, with the loss of the Kings of Algarve and Bugia, and about four thousand of his army.





## CHAP. XI.

*Of Argolander's Flight, and of the King's Warriors.*

Argolander fled beyond the passes of the Pyrenees, and came to Pampeluna, where he sent Charles word he would stay for him. Charles then returned to France, and with the utmost diligence summoned his troops from all parts to his assistance, proclaiming free pardon to all banished persons, on condition they would join him against the Pagans. What further? He liberated all the prisoners; made the poor rich; cloathed the naked; reconciled the disaffected; bestowed honors on the disinherited; preferred the most experienced to the best commands; making friends of enemies, and associating both the civilized and the barbarian in the war of Spain, uniting them through the favor of God in the bond of love. Then did I, Turpin, absolve them from their sins, and give them my benediction.

These are the names of the warriors that attended the King:—Turpin, Archbishop of Rheims, who by the precepts of Christ, and for his faith's sake, brought the people to fight valiantly, fighting likewise himself hand to hand with the Saracens. Orlando, General of the whole army, Count of Mans and Lord of Guienne, the King's nephew, son of Milo de Angleris and Bertha, the King's sister. His soldiers were four thousand. Another Orlando likewise, of whom we are silent. Oliver, a General also, and a valiant soldier, renowned for strength and skill in war, led three thousand troops. Aristagnus,



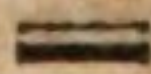
King of Brittany, seven thousand. Another King of Brittany, of whom little mention is made. Angelerus, Duke of Aquitaine, brought four thousand valiant bowmen. At this time likewise there was in the city of Poitiers another Duke of Aquitaine, but Angelerus was the son of Gascon, Duke of the city of Aquitaine, lying between Limorge, Bourges, and Poitiers, which city Augustus Cæsar founded; and the rest of the cities, as well as Xantonge and Angoulême, with their provinces, were subject to it; the whole country was also called Aquitaine. But after the death of its lord, who perished with all his people in the fatal battle of Ronceval, it was never fresh colonized, and fell utterly to ruin.

Gayfere, King of Bordeaux, led three thousand warriors. Galerius, Galinus Solomon, Estolfo's friend and companion; Baldwin, Orlando's brother, Galdebode, King of Friezeland, led seven thousand heroes; Ocellus, Count of Nantes, two thousand, who achieved many memorable actions, celebrated in songs to this day. Lambert, Count of Berry, led two thousand men. Rinaldo of the White Thorn, Vulterinus Garinus, Duke of Lorraine, four thousand. Hago, Albert of Burgundy, Berard de Miblis, Gumard Esturinite, Theodoric, Juonius, Beringaire, Hato, and Ganelon, who afterwards proved the traitor, attended the King into Spain. The army of the King's own territory was forty thousand horse, and foot innumerable.

These were all famous heroes and warriors, mighty



in battle, illustrious in worldly honor, zealous soldiers of Christ, that spread his name far and near, wherever they came. For even as our Lord and his twelve Apostles subdued the world by their doctrine, so did Charles, King of the French and Emperor of the Romans, recover Spain to the glory of God. And now the troops, assembling in Bordeaux, overspread the country for the space of two days' journey, and the noise they made was heard at twelve miles distance. Arnold of Berlanda first traversed the pass of the Pyrenees, and came to Pampeluna. Then came Astolfo, followed by Aris-tagnus; Angelerus, Galdebode, Ogier the King, and Constantine, with their several divisions. Charles and his troops brought up the rear, covering the whole land from the river of Rume to the mountains, that lie three leagues beyond them on the Compostella road. They now halted for eight days. In the interval Charles sent Argolander word, if he would restore the city he had built, he would return home, or otherwise wage cruel war against him: but Argolander, finding he could not keep possession of the city, resolved to march out, rather than tamely perish in it. Charles then granted him a truce to draw out his army and prepare for battle; expressing moreover his willingness to see him face to face, agreeable to Argolander's wishes.





## CHAP. XII.

*Of the Truce, and of the Discourse between the King and Argolander.*

A truce thus being granted, Argolander drew out his people from the city, and attended by sixty guards came into the King's presence, who was at this time encamped about a mile from Pampeluna. The two armies occupied a spacious plain six miles square, separated by the main road to Compostella. When Charles perceived Argolander, he addressed him in these words :

“ You are, then, he that have fraudently taken possession of my territories in Spain and Gascony, which I conquered by the favor of God, and reduced to the faith of Christ. You have perverted the princes from my allegiance, and slain the Christians with the edge of the sword. Availing yourself of my return to Gaul, you have destroyed my towns and castles, and laid waste the territory with fire and sword. At present, therefore, you have the advantage of me.”

Now when Argolander heard the King speak in the Arabic tongue, he was greatly pleased and astonished, for Charles had learnt it in his youth in the city of Thoulouse, where he had spent some time. Argolander then answered in these terms: “ I wonder you should reason thus, for the territory did not belong to you ; neither was it your father's, grandfather's, or great grandfather's. Why then



did you take possession of it?" "Because," replied Charles, "our Lord Jesus Christ, the creator of heaven and earth, elected us in preference to others, and gave us dominion over all the earth: therefore I endeavoured to convert the Saracens to the Christian faith."—"It would be unworthy of us to submit to you," rejoined Argolander, "when our own faith is best. We have Mahomet, a prophet of God, whose precepts we obey. Therefore we have a powerful God, who through his prophet has declared his will, and by him we live and reign." "O Argolander," said the King, "how widely do you err! You follow the vain precepts of a man; we believe and worship Father, Son, and Holy Ghost: you worship mortal man. After death our souls are received into Paradise, and enjoy everlasting life, but yours descend to the abyss of hell. Wherefore our faith is evidently best. Accept then baptism, or fight and perish."

"Far be it from me," said Argolander, "to accept baptism, and deny Mahomet and my God! But I will fight you on these terms: if your faith is best, you shall gain the victory, otherwise heaven shall give it to me; and let shame be the portion of the conquered, but eternal glory reward the conqueror. Furthermore, if my people are subdued, and I survive the contest, I will receive baptism."

These terms being mutually agreed, twenty Christians were sent against twenty Saracens, and the battle commenced. What further? Nearly all the



Saracens fell. Forty were then sent against forty, and they were defeated also. A hundred then fought together; but the Saracens turned their backs from the face of the Christians, and were all slain. Are not these Christians then types for us? Does it not argue that we likewise should fight manfully against our sins; should face our spiritual enemies, and never ignobly yield to them, since they will infallibly lead us into perdition? He only, says the Apostle, shall receive the crown that fights the good fight, and overcomes.

Two hundred Saracens were then sent out, and were all slain; lastly a thousand, who shared the same fate. A truce being then granted, Argolander promised to be baptized on the morrow with all his people, and, calling his Kings and Captains together, told them his intention, to which they likewise assented, a few only refusing to follow his example.

---

#### CHAP. XIII.

*Of the King's Banquet, and of the Poor, at whom Argolander took so great Offence that he refused to be baptized.*

On the third day Argolander attended the King, as he promised, and found him at dinner. Many tables were spread at which the guests were sitting; some in military uniform; some in black; some in Priests' habits; which Argolander perceiving, inquired what they were? "Those you see in robes of one colour," replied the King, "are priests



and bishops of our holy religion, who expound the gospel to us, absolve us from our offences, and bestow heavenly benediction. Those in black are monks and abbots; all of them holy men, who implore incessantly the divine favor in our behalf." But in the mean time Argolander espying thirty poor men in mean habiliments, without either table or tablecloth, sitting and eating their scanty meals upon the ground, he inquired what they were? "These," replied the King, "are people of God, the messengers of our Lord Jesus, whom in his and his Apostles names we feed daily." Argolander then made this reply: "The guests at your table are happy; they have plenty of the best food set before them; but those you call the messengers of God, whom you feed in his name, are ill fed, and worse cloathed, as if they were of no estimation. Certainly he must serve God but indifferently who treats his messengers in this manner, and thus do you prove your religion false." Argolander then refused to be baptized, and, returning to his army, prepared for battle on the morrow.

Charles, seeing the mischief his neglect of these poor men had occasioned, ordered them to be decently cloathed and better fed. Here then we may note the Christian incurs great blame who neglects the poor. If Charles, from inattention to their comfort, thereby lost the opportunity of converting the Saracens, what will be the lot of those who treat them still worse? They will hear this sentence



pronounced—"Depart from me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire: for I was an hungered, and ye gave me no meat; naked, and ye cloathed me not."

We must consider likewise that our faith in Christ is of little value without good works. As the body, says the Apostle, without the soul is dead, so is faith dead if it produce not good fruit. And as the Pagan King refused baptism because he found something wrong after it, so our Lord, I fear, will refuse our baptism at the day of judgment if superfluity of faults be found in us.

---

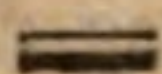
CHAP. XIV.

*Of the Battle of Pampeluna, and of Argolander's Death.*

Both armies now prepared for battle in the morning, contending for their different faiths. The King mustered one hundred and thirty thousand men, but Argolander only one hundred thousand. The Christians formed themselves into four squadrons; the Saracens into five; whose first corps being speedily discomfited, they all joined in one phalanx, with Argolander in the midst. The Christians then surrounded them on all sides. First Arnaldo de Berlanda and his troops; then Astolfo; next Aristagnus, Galdebode, Ogier, and Constantine; lastly the King himself, and his innumerable warriors. Arnaldo was the first that broke in upon the enemy, overthrowing them to right and left till he reached Argolander himself in the centre, and slew him with his own hand. Then ensued a great shout, and the Christians,



rushing in upon the Saracens, slew them on all sides, making so great a slaughter that none escaped but the Kings of Seville and Cordova, and a few of their troops. So great, indeed, was the effusion of blood, that the Christians waded in it to their very knees. They slew likewise all the Saracens left in the city. Charles fought for the faith, and therefore triumphed over Argolander. Note then, O Christian, that whatsoever thou undertakest thou likewise shalt accomplish, if thou hast faith, for all things are possible to them that believe. Greatly rejoiced at this victory, the King marched forward, and came to the bridge of Arge in the Compostella road.



#### CHAP. XV.

*Of the Christians that returned unlawfully to spoil the Dead.*

Certain of the Christians however, coveting the spoils of the dead, returned that same night to the field of battle, and loaded themselves with heaps of gold and silver. But as they were returning to the camp, Almanzor, King of Cordova, who had fled for refuge to the mountains with the Saracens that made their escape, came pouring down, and slew them all to the number of a thousand men. These, then, are types of such as strive against sin, but afterwards relapse; who, when they have overcome, continue not stedfast, but seek unlawful pleasures, suffering themselves to be mastered in turn by



their grand adversary. So likewise the religious, that forsake their vocation to re-engage in worldly concerns and profits, lose the reward of eternal life, and entail upon themselves everlasting perdition.

---

## CHAP. XVI.

*Of the War of Furra.*

The day after the King was informed that a certain King of Navarre, called Furra, designed to fight him at Mount Garzim. Charles therefore prepared for battle; but desiring to know who should perish in it, he entreated the Lord to shew him; whereupon in the morning a red cross appeared on their shoulders behind. In order therefore to preserve them, he confined them in his Oratory. Then joining battle, Furra and three thousand of his troops were slain. These were all Saracens of Navarre. The King now returned to his Oratory, but found them all dead that he had left in it, to the number of one hundred and fifty men.

“O holy band of Christian warriors, though the sword slew you not, yet did you not lose the palm of victory, or the prize of martyrdom!” Charles then made himself master of the mountain and castle of Garzim, and subdued the whole country of Navarre.

---



## CHAP. XVII.

*Of the War with Ferracute, and of Orlando's admirable  
Dispute with him.*

Charles now received news that a certain Giant, called Ferracute, of the race of Goliath, was come to Nager, sent thither by Admiraldus, with twenty thousand Turks of Babylon to fight him. This Giant neither feared spear nor dart, and was stronger than forty men. Charles therefore marched to Nager, and Ferracute, hearing of his arrival, sallied out from the city to challenge any warrior to single combat.

Charles then sent Ogier the Dacian, whom the Giant no sooner perceived, than, leisurely approaching, he caught him up under his right arm, as easily as he would a lamb, and bore him off in sight of all his friends to the city: for the Giant's stature was twelve cubits; his face a cubit long; his nose a palm; his arms and thighs four cubits; and his fingers three palms in length.

Rinaldo of the White Thorn was next sent against him, but he seized him in like manner, and imprisoned him with Ogier. The King then sent Constantine and Ocellus, but, seizing one under each arm, he bore them off likewise. He then sent twenty warriors by pairs against him, but they shared the same fate. Charles dared not then venture to send more warriors: but Orlando with the King's permission approached the Giant, who seized him



instantly by the right arm, and seated him upon his steed before him.

But as he was bearing him to the city, Orlando recovering his strength, and trusting in the Almighty, seized the Giant by the beard, and tumbled him from his horse, so that both came to the ground together. Orlando, then, thinking to slay the Giant, drew his sword, and struck at him, but the blow fell upon his steed, and pierced him through. The Giant being thus on foot, drew his enormous sword, which Orlando perceiving, who had remounted his own charger, struck him on the sword arm, and, though he did not wound him, struck the sword out of his hand; which greatly enraging Ferracute, he aimed a blow at Orlando with his fist, but, missing him, hit his horse on the forehead, and laid him dead upon the spot. And now the fight lasted till noon with fists and stones. The Giant then demanded a truce till next day, agreeing to meet Orlando without horse or spear. Each warrior then retired to his post.

Next morning they accordingly met once more. The Giant brought a sword, but Orlando a long staff to ward off the Giant's blows, who wearied himself to no purpose. They now began to batter each other with stones, that lay scattered about the field, till at last the Giant begged a second truce, which being granted, he presently fell fast asleep upon the ground. Orlando, taking a stone for a pillow, quietly laid himself down also. For such was the law of



honor between the Christians and Saracens at that time, that no one on any pretence dared to take advantage of his adversary before the truce was expired, as in that case his own party would have slain him.

When Ferracute awoke, he found Orlando awake also, who thereupon rose, and seated himself by the Giant's side, inquiring how it came to pass he was so very strong? "Because," replied the Giant, "I am only vulnerable in the navel." Ferracute spoke in the Spanish language, which Orlando understanding tolerably well, a conversation now followed between them, which Ferracute recommenced by inquiring his name, which Orlando told him. "And what race are you of?" said the Giant. "Of the race of the Franks."—"What law do you follow?" "The law of Christ, so far as his grace permits me."—"Who is this Christ in whom you profess to believe?" "The Son of God, born of a Virgin, who took upon him our nature, was crucified for us, rose again from the dead, and ascended into heaven, where he sitteth on the right hand of his Father."

"We believe," said Ferracute, "that the Creator of heaven and earth is one God, and that, as he was not made himself, so cannot another God spring from him. There is therefore only one God, not three, as I understand you Christians profess." "You say well," said Orlando; "there is but one God, but your faith is imperfect; for as the Father is God, so likewise is the Son, and so is the Holy Ghost. Three persons, but one God."—"Nay," said



Ferracute: "if each of these three persons be God, there must be three Gods."

"By no means," replied Orlando; "he is both three and one. The three persons are co-eternal and co-equal. There is indeed distinction of person, but unity of essence, and equality of majesty. Abraham saw three, but worshipped one. Let us recur to natural things. When the harp sounds, there is the art, the strings, and the hand, yet but one harp. In the almond there is the shell, the coat, and the kernel. In the sun, the body, the beams, and the heat. In the wheel, the centre, the spokes, and the nave. In you likewise, there is the body, the members, and the soul. In like manner may Trinity in Unity be ascribed to God."

"I now comprehend," replied Ferracute, "how God may be three in one, but I know not how he begot the Son." "Do you," answered Orlando, "believe that God made Adam?"—"I do." "Adam himself was not, then, born of any, and yet he begot sons. So God the Father is born of none, yet of his own ineffable grace begot the Son from all eternity."—"Your arguments," said the Giant, "please me exceedingly, but still I am at a loss to know how he that was God became man." "The Creator of heaven and earth, who made all things out of nothing, could certainly," said Orlando, "engender his Son of a pure Virgin, by divine afflation."—"There lies the difficulty," returned Ferracute, "how without human aid, as you affirm, he could spring from



the womb." "Surely," said Orlando, "God, who formed Adam from no seed, could form his Son in like manner; and as from God the Father he was without Mother, so from his Mother did he spring without an earthly Father."—"It makes me blush," said the Giant, "to think that a virgin should conceive without a man." "He," answered Orlando, "that causes the worm in the bean, and many species of birds, beasts, and serpents, to engender without the help of the male, could produce God and Man of a pure Virgin without the help of Man. For as his power enabled him to produce the first man from the ground, so could he produce the second from a virgin."—"I grant it," replied the Giant; "he might be born of a virgin; but if he was the Son of God, how could he die, for God never dies?" "That indeed is true," said Orlando: "as God, he could not die; but when he took our nature upon him, and was made man, he became subject unto death, for every man dies. As we believe his nativity, so may we likewise believe his passion and resurrection."

"And what is it we are to believe of his resurrection?" inquired Ferracute. "That he died, and rose again the third day."—The Giant, hearing this, was greatly astonished, and exclaimed to Orlando, "Why do you talk so idly? It is impossible that a man, after he is once dead, can return to life again." "Not only did the Son of God rise from the dead," replied Orlando, "but all the men that



have died since the creation of the world shall rise again, and appear before his tribunal, where they shall be rewarded every one according to his deeds, whether they be good or evil. That God, who makes the tree spring from the soil, and the grain of wheat to rot in the ground, that it may revive with fresh increase, can at the last day clothe the souls of men with their own bodies, and restore them to life. Take the mystic example of the lion, which on the third day revives his dead cubs with his breath by licking them. What wonder, then, that God should after three days revive his Son? Nor ought it to seem strange, that, as the Son of God rose from the dead, many others of the dead should rise even before his own resurrection. If Elijah and Elisha by the power of God could perform this miracle, how much more easily could the Father restore the Son, whom it was indeed impossible that Death could retain in his fetters. Death fled at his sight, as he shall fly likewise at the sound of his voice, when the whole phalanx of the dead shall rise again."—"Enough," said Ferracute, "I clearly perceive all this; but how could he ascend into heaven?" "He that descended," answered Orlando, "could easily ascend. He that rose of himself could enter the skies in triumph. Does not the wheel of the mill descend low, and return to its height again? Does not the bird in the air ascend and descend? Can you not yourself come down from a mountain, and return thither? Did not the



sun yesterday rise in the east and set in the west, and yet rise again in the east to-day? To that place from whence the Son of God descended, did he likewise ascend."

"Well," said Ferracute, "to end our arguments, I will fight you on these terms: If the faith you profess be the true faith, you shall conquer; otherwise the victory shall be mine; and let the issue be eternal honor to the conqueror, but dishonor to the vanquished." "Be it so!" said Orlando: whereupon they immediately fell to blows. But the very first which the Giant aimed at him would have certainly been fatal, if Orlando had not nimbly leaped aside, and caught it on his staff, which was however cut in twain. The Giant, seeing his advantage, then rushed in upon him, and both came to the ground together. Orlando then, finding it impossible to escape, instantly implored the divine assistance, and, feeling himself re-invigorated, sprung upon his feet, when, seizing the Giant's sword, he thrust it into his navel, and made his escape. Ferracute, finding himself mortally wounded, called aloud upon Mahomet; which the Saracens hearing, sallied from the city, and bore him off in their arms. Orlando returned safe to the camp; the Christians then boldly attacked the city, and carried it by storm. The Giant and his people were slain, his castle taken, and all the Christian warriors liberated.

---



## CHAP. XVIII.

*The War of the Masks.*

Soon after the Emperor heard that Ibraim, King of Seville, and Almanzor, who escaped from the battle of Pampeluna, had gathered together at Cordova a body of troops from seven\* of the neighbouring cities of Seville. Thither then did the King pursue his march with six thousand men, and found the Saracens, ten thousand strong, about three miles from the city. The King formed his army into three divisions. The first composed of his best troops, all cavalry; the two last, foot. The Saracens formed theirs in a similar manner. But when the King in person advanced against the first squadron of Pagans, he found them all disguised in bearded masks, with horns upon their heads, like demons, making so strange a din with their hands upon their drums and other instruments, that the horses were terrified, and galloped back in spite of all their riders could do to prevent them. Whereupon the foot retreated likewise to an adjacent mountain, where, uniting in one squadron, they stopped for the Saracens, who would then advance no further, but gave our people time to pitch their tents, and encamp that night.

Charles then called a council of his captains, and agreed to tie bandages over their horses' eyes, and to stuff their ears, in order to disconcert this stratagem on the morrow. Admirable experiment! For

---

\* The names of four of these cities were---Ubeda, Abela, Baeza, and Granada.



now we fought the enemy from morning till night, and slew a great number, though it was by no means a general slaughter; for the Saracens, again joining in martial array, brought forward a castle, drawn by eight oxen, with a certain red banner waving upon it, which so long as they saw present, it was their rule never to fly. The King, knowing this, armed himself with a strong breast-plate, a mighty spear, and invincible sword, and, aided by divine assistance, hewed his way through his enemies, overturning them to right and left, till he reached the car, when, cutting the flag-pole with his sword, the Saracens instantly fled in all directions. Prodigious shouts were made by both armies. We then slew eight thousand Moors, together with Ibraim, King of Seville. Almanzor made good his retreat into the city, but submitted to Charles the day after, consenting to be baptized, and to do homage for his dominions.

The King now divided the conquered countries of Spain amongst his soldiers. Navarre and Bearn he gave to the inhabitants of Brittany; Castile to the Franks; Nades and Saragossa to the Apulians; Arragon to the Ponthieuse; Andalusia, on the sea coast, to the Germans; and Portugal to the Dacians and Flemings. But the French would not settle in the mountainous parts of Gallicia. Thus apparently there remained no more enemies in Spain to molest the Emperor.



## CHAP. XIX.

*Of the Council the Emperor summoned ; and of his Journey to Compostella.*

Charles then dismissed the greatest part of his troops, and came to Gallicia, where he behaved very liberally to the Christians he found there, but either put to death or banished those that had revolted to the Moorish faith. He then appointed bishops and prelates in every city, and, assembling a council of the chief dignitaries in Compostella, decreed that the church of St. James should be henceforth considered as the Metropolitan, instead of Iria, as it was no city, subjecting Iria likewise to Compostella. In the same council I, Turpin, Archbishop of Rheims, together with forty other Bishops and Prelates, dedicated, by the King's command, the church and altar of St. James, with extraordinary splendor and magnificence. All Spain and Gallicia were made subject to this holy place : it was moreover endowed with four pieces of money from every house throughout the kingdom, and at the same time totally freed from the royal jurisdiction ; being from that hour styled the Apostolic See, as the body of the holy Apostle laid entombed within it. Here likewise the general councils of Spain are held ; the Bishops ordained, and the Kings crowned by the hand of the Metropolitan Bishop, to the Apostle's honor. Here too, when any crying sin is committed, or innovations made in the faith and precepts of our Lord, through



the meritoriousness of this venerable edifice the grievance is discovered, and atonement made. As the Eastern Apostolic See was established by St. John, the brother of St. James, at Ephesus, so was the Western established in Gallicia by St. James.

And those Sees are undoubtedly the true Sees. Ephesus on the right hand of Christ's earthly kingdom, and Compostella on the left, both which fell to the share of the sons of Zebedee, according to their request. There are, then, three Sees which are deservedly held pre-eminent, even as our Lord gave the pre-eminence to the three Apostles, Peter, James, and John, who first established them. And certainly these three places should be deemed more sacred than others, where they preached, and their bodies lie enshrined. Rome claims the superiority from Peter, Prince of the Apostles. Compostella holds the second place from St. James, the elder brother of St. John, and first inheritor of the crown of martyrdom. He dignified it with his preaching, consecrated it with his sepulchre, and ceases not to exalt it by miracles and dispensations of mercy. The third See justly is Ephesus; for there St. John wrote his gospel, "In the beginning was the Word," assembling there likewise the bishops of the neighbouring cities, whom he calls Angels in the Apocalypse. He established that church by his doctrine and miracles, and there his body was entombed. If, therefore, any difficulty should occur that cannot elsewhere be resolved, let it be brought before these Sees, and it



shall, by divine grace, be decided. As Gallicia was freed in these early ages from the Saracen yoke, by the favor of God and St. James, and by the King's valour, so may it continue firm in the Orthodox faith till the consummation of ages !

---

CHAP. XX.

*Of the Emperor's Person and Courage.*

The Emperor was of a ruddy complexion, with brown hair ; of a well-made handsome form, but a stern visage. His height was about eight of his own feet, which were very long. He was of a strong robust make ; his legs and thighs very stout, and his sinews firm. His face was thirteen inches long ; his beard a palm ; his nose half a palm ; his forehead a foot over. His lion-like eyes flashed fire like carbuncles ; his eye-brows were half a palm over. When he was angry, it was a terror to look upon him. He required eight spans for his girdle, besides what hung loose. He ate sparingly of bread ; but a whole quarter of lamb, two fowls, a goose, or a large portion of pork ; a peacock, crane, or a whole hare. He drank moderately of wine and water. He was so strong, that he could at a single blow cleave asunder an armed soldier on horseback from the head to the waist, and the horse likewise. He easily vaulted over four horses harnessed together ; and could raise an armed man from the ground to his head, as he stood erect upon his hand.



He was liberal, just in his decrees, and fluent of speech. Four days in the year, especially during his residence in Spain, he held a solemn assembly at court, adorning himself with his royal crown and sceptre ; namely, on Christmas-day, at Easter, Whitsuntide, and on the festival of St. James. A naked sword, after the imperial fashion, was then borne before him. A hundred and twenty orthodox soldiers watched nightly round his couch, in three courses of forty each. A drawn sword was laid at his right hand, and a lighted candle at his left. Although many would delight to read his great actions, they would be too tedious to relate. How he invested Galifer, Admiral of Coletto, where he was banished, with the military order, and, in return for his kindness, slew Bramantes, his enemy, the proud Saracen King ; how many kingdoms and countries he conquered ; Abbies he founded ; bodies of the saints and relicks he enshrined in gold ; how he was made Emperor of Rome, and visited the holy sepulchre, bringing back with him the wood of the Holy Cross, wherewith he endowed the shrine of St. James ; of all this I shall say no more : the hand and the pen would sooner fail than the history. But what befel his army at his return to France, we now briefly proceed to relate.

---



## CHAP. XXI.

*Of the Treachery of Ganalon; the Battle of Ronceval, and the Sufferings of the Christian Warriors.*

When this famous Emperor had thus recovered Spain to the glory of our Lord and St. James, after a season he returned to Pampeluna, and encamped there, with his army. At that time there was in Saragossa two Saracen Kings, Marsir, and Beligard, his brother, sent by the Soldan of Babylon from Persia to Spain. Charles had subjugated them to his dominion, and they served him upon all occasions, but only with feigned fidelity. For the King having sent Ganalon to require them to be baptized, and to pay tribute, they sent him thirty horse-load of gold, silver, and jewels; forty load of wine likewise for his soldiers, and a thousand beautiful Saracen women. But at the same time they covenanted with Ganalon to betray the King's army into their hands for twenty horse-load of gold and silver: which wicked compact being accordingly made, Ganalon returned to the King with intelligence that Marsir would embrace the Christian faith, and was preparing to follow him into France to receive baptism there, and would then hold all Spain under oath of fealty to him. The old soldiers would accept the wine only, but the young men were highly gratified with the present of the women.

Charles, confiding in Ganalon, now began his



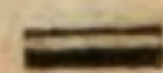
march through the pass of the mountains, in his return to France; giving the command of the rear to his nephew, Orlando, Count of Mans and Lord of Guienne, and to Oliver, Count of Auvergne, ordering them to keep the station of Ronceval with thirty thousand men, whilst he passed it with the rest of the army. But many, who had on the night preceding intoxicated themselves with wine, and been guilty of fornication with the Saracen women, and other women that followed the camp from France, incurred the penalty of death. What more shall we say? When Charles had safely passed the narrow strait that leads into Gascony, between the mountains, with twenty thousand of his warriors, Turpin, the Archbishop, and Ganalon, and while the rear kept guard, early in the morning Marsir and Beligard, rushing down from the hills, where, by Ganalon's advice, they had lain two days in ambush, formed their troops into two great divisions, and with the first of twenty thousand men attacked our army, which making a bold resistance, fought from morning to the third hour, and utterly destroyed the enemy. But a fresh corps of thirty thousand Saracens now poured furiously down upon the Christians, already faint and exhausted with fighting so long, and smote them from high to low, so that scarcely one escaped. Some were transpierced with lances; some killed with clubs; others beheaded, burnt, flead alive, or suspended on trees; only Orlando, Baldwin, and Theodoric, were left: the two last



gained the woods, and finally escaped. After this terrible slaughter the Saracens retreated a league from the field of battle.

And here it may be asked, why God permitted those to perish who in no wise had defiled themselves with women? It was, indeed, to prevent them from committing fresh sins at their return home, and to give them a crown of glory in reward for their toils. But neither is it to be doubted but those who were guilty of this fault amply atoned for it by their death. In that awful hour they confessed his name, bewailing their sins, and the all-merciful God forgot not their past labours for the sake of Christ, for whose faith they lost their lives. The company of women is evidently baneful to the warrior: those earthly Princes Darius and Mark Anthony were attended by their women, and perished; for lust at once enervates the soul and the body.

Those who fell into intoxication and lasciviousness typify the priests that war against vice, but suffer themselves to be overcome by wine and sensual appetites, till they are slain by their enemy the devil, and punished with eternal death.



#### CHAP. XXII.

*Of the Death of Marsir, and the Flight of Beligard.*

As Orlando was returning after the battle was over to view the Saracen army, he met a certain black Saracen, who had fled from the field, and

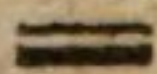


concealed himself in the woods, whom he seized and bound to a tree with four bands. Then, ascending a lofty hill, he surveyed the Moorish army, and, seeing likewise many Christians retreating by the Ronceval road, he blew his horn, and was joined by about a hundred of them, with whom he returned to the Saracen, and promised to give him his life if he would shew him Marsir; which having performed, he set him at liberty. Animating his little band, Orlando was soon amidst the thickest of the enemy, and, finding one of huger stature than the rest, he hewed him and his horse in twain, so that the halves fell different ways. Marsir and his companions then fled in all directions, but Orlando, trusting in the divine aid, rushed forward, and, overcoming all opposition, slew Marsir on the spot. By this time every one of the Christians was slain, and Orlando himself sorely wounded in five places by lances, and grievously battered likewise with stones. Beligard, seeing Marsir had fallen, retired from the field with the rest of the Saracens; whilst Theodoric and Baldwin, and some few other Christians, made their way through the pass, towards which Orlando, wandering, came likewise to the foot of it, and, alighting from his steed, stretched himself on the ground, beneath a tree, near a block of marble, that stood erect in the meadows of Ronceval.

Here drawing his sword, Durenda, which signifies a hard blow, a sword of exquisite workmanship, fine temper, and resplendent brightness, which he would



sooner have lost his arm than parted with, as he held it in his hand, regarding it earnestly, he addressed it in these words: "O sword of unparalleled brightness, excellent dimensions, admirable temper, and hilt of the whitest ivory, decorated with a splendid cross of gold, topped by a berylline apple, engraved with the sacred name of God, endued with keenness, and every other virtue, who now shall wield thee in battle? who shall call thee master? He that possessed thee was never conquered, never daunted at the foe; phantoms never appalled him. Aided by Omnipotence, with thee did he destroy the Saracen, exalt the faith of Christ, and acquire consummate glory. Oft hast thou vindicated the blood of Jesus, against Pagans, Jews, and Heretics; oft hewed off the hand and foot of the robber, fulfilling divine justice. O happy sword, keenest of the keen; never was one like thee! He that made thee, made not thy fellow! Not one escaped with life from thy stroke! If the slothful timid soldier should now possess thee, or the base Saracen, my grief would be unspeakable! Thus, then, do I prevent thy falling into their hands."—He then struck the block of marble thrice, which cleft it in the midst, and broke the sword in twain.



## CHAP. XXIII.

*Of the Sound of Orlando's Horn; of his Confession, and Death.*

He now blew a loud blast with his horn, to sum-



mon any Christian concealed in the adjacent woods to his assistance, or to recal his friends beyond the pass. This horn was endued with such power, that all other horns were split by its sound; and it is said that Orlando at that time blew it with such vehemence, that he burst the veins and nerves of his neck. The sound reached the King's ears, who lay encamped in the valley still called by his name, about eight miles from Ronceval, towards Gascony, being carried so far by supernatural power. Charles would have flown to his succour, but was prevented by Ganalon, who, conscious of Orlando's sufferings, insinuated it was usual with him to sound his horn on light occasions. "He is, perhaps," said he, "pursuing some wild beast, and the sound echoes through the woods; it will be fruitless, therefore, to seek him." O wicked traitor, deceitful as Judas! What dost thou merit?

Orlando now grew very thirsty, and cried for water to Baldwin, who just then approached him; but unable to find any, and seeing him so near his end, he blessed him, and, again mounting his steed, galloped off for assistance to the army. Immediately after Theodoric came up, and, bitterly grieving to see him in this condition, bade him strengthen his soul by confessing his faith. Orlando had that morning received the blessed Eucharist, and confessed his sins before he went to battle, this being the custom with all the warriors at that time, for which purpose many bishops and monks attended



the army to give them absolution. The martyr of Christ then cast up his eyes to heaven, and cried, "O Lord Jesus, for whose sake I came into these barbarous regions; through thy aid only have I conquered innumerable Pagans, enduring blows and wounds, reproach, derision, and fatigue, heat and cold, hunger and thirst. To thee do I commit my soul in this trying hour. Thou, who didst suffer on the cross for those who deserved not thy favor, deliver my soul, I beseech thee, from eternal death! I confess myself a most grievous sinner, but thou mercifully dost forgive our sins: thou pitiest every one, and hatest nothing which thou hast made, covering the sins of the penitent in whatsoever day they turn unto thee with true contrition. O thou, who didst spare thy enemies, and the woman taken in adultery; who didst pardon Mary Magdalen, and look with compassion on the weeping Peter; who didst likewise open the gate of Paradise to the thief that confessed thee upon the cross; have mercy upon me, and receive my soul into thy everlasting rest!

"Thou art he who preventest our bodies from perishing in the grave, changing them to greater glory: thou, O Lord, art he, who hast said, 'thou rather wouldest the sinner should live than die.' I believe in thee with my whole heart, and confess thee with my lips; therefore I beseech thee to receive me into the enjoyment of a better life when this is ended. Let my sense and intellects be in the

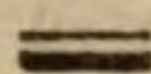


same measure improved as the shadow differs from the substance." And now, grasping the flesh and skin near his heart (as Theodoric afterwards related), he continued his speech with bitter groanings. "O Lord Jesus Christ, Son of God, and of the blessed Virgin, with my inmost soul do I confess that thou, my Redeemer, dost live, and that at the day of judgment I shall rise, and in my flesh behold thee, my God and my Saviour!" And thrice, thus grasping his breast, did he repeat those words; and, laying his hand upon his eyes in like manner, he said, "And these eyes shall behold thee!" Uncovering them, he again looked up to heaven, and, signing himself with the sign of the cross, he uttered, "All earthly things are vain and unprofitable; I am now taught of Christ, that eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive, the good things that God hath prepared for them that love him." Then, stretching his hands to heaven, he uttered this prayer for them that perished in the battle:—

"Let thy bowels of compassion, O Lord, be open to thy faithful servants, who have this day perished by the hand of the barbarians. Hither did they come to vindicate thy faith; for thy sake are they fallen. Do thou, O Lord, mercifully blot out their offences, accounting them worthy to be delivered from the pains of hell. Send thy archangels to rescue their souls from darkness, and bear them to the regions of light, where thy blessed martyrs



eternally live and reign with thee, who dost live and reign with God the Father, and the Holy Spirit, to all ages. Amen!"—Immediately after this confession and prayer, his soul winged its flight from his body, and was borne by angels to Paradise, where he reigns in transcendent glory, united by his meritorious deeds to the blessed choir of martyrs.



CHAP. XXIV.

*Of Orlando's Rank and Virtues.*

No longer it becomes the heart to mourn  
A hero of immortal joys possess'd ;  
Of noble rank, and noble parents born,  
For nobler deeds in heav'n with glory blest.

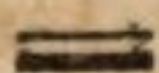
To none inferior, thine was native worth ;  
Thy feet still tending to the temple's bounds ;  
A glorious model to the wond'ring earth,  
A faithful balsam to thy country's wounds.

The Clergy's refuge, and the Widow's friend,  
Bounteous to guests, and liberal to the poor ;  
To heav'n thy parting steps may safely bend,  
Whose works have open'd wide salvation's door.

Thy tongue the fount of heav'nly eloquence,  
That still would slake the thirst, and never pall,  
Endued with graceful wit, and manly sense,  
Proclaim'd thee common father, friend of all.



Blest Chief, farewell ! but not the marbled urn  
 That holds thy ashes can thy soul contain :  
 Our wond'ring eyes to heav'n above we turn,  
 Where thou for ever dost triumphant reign.



## CHAP. XXV.

*Archbishop Turpin's Vision, and the King's Lamentation  
 for Orlando.*

What more shall we say ? Whilst the soul of the blessed Orlando was leaving his body, I, Turpin, standing near the King in the valley of Charles, at the moment I was celebrating the mass of the dead, namely on the 16th day of June, fell into a trance, and, hearing the angelic choir sing aloud, I wondered what it might be. Now, when they had ascended on high, behold there came after them a phalanx of terrible ones, like warriors returning from the spoil, bearing their prey. Presently I inquired of one of them what it meant, and was answered, " We are bearing the soul of Marsir to hell, but yonder is Michael bearing the Horn-winder to heaven." When mass was over, I told the King what I had seen ; and whilst I was yet speaking, behold Baldwin rode up on Orlando's horse, and related what had befallen him, and where he had left the hero in the agonies of death, beside a stone in the meadows at the foot of the mountain ; whereupon the whole army immediately marched back to Ronceval.



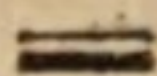
The King himself first discovered the hero, lying in the form of the cross, and began to lament over him with bitter sighs and sobs, wringing his hands, and tearing his hair and beard. "O right arm," cried he, "of thy sovereign's body; honor of the French; sword of justice, inflexible spear, inviolable breast-plate, shield of safety; a Judas Maccabeus in probity, a Samson in strength; in death like Saul and Jonathan; brave, experienced soldier, great and noble defender of the Christians, scourge of the Saracens; a wall to the clergy, the widow's and orphan's friend, just and faithful in judgment!—Renowned Count of the French, valiant captain of our armies, why did I leave thee here to perish? How can I behold thee dead, and not expire myself? Why hast thou left me sorrowful and alone? A poor miserable King! But thou art exalted to the kingdom of heaven, and dost enjoy the company of angels and martyrs. Without cease shall I lament over thee, as David did over Saul and Jonathan, and his son Absalom.

Thy soul is fled to happier scenes above,  
And left us mourning to lament thee here;  
Blest in thy God and Saviour's fav'ring love,  
Who wipes from ev'ry eye the trickling tear.

Six lustres and eight years thou dwell'dst below,  
But, snatch'd from earth to heav'n, thou reign'st on high,  
Where feasts divine immortal spirits know,  
And joys transcendent fill the starry sky.



Thus did Charles mourn for Orlando to the very last day of his life. On the spot where he died he encamped; and caused the body to be enbalm'd with balsam, myrrh, and aloes. The whole camp watched it that night, honoring his corse with hymns and songs, and innumerable torches and fires kindled on the adjacent mountains.



## CHAP. XXVI.

*How the Sun stood still for three Days; the Slaughter of four thousand Saracens; and the Death of Ganalon.*

Early on the next day they came to the field of battle in Ronceval, and found the bodies of their friends, many of them still alive, but mortally wounded. Oliver was lying on his face, pinioned to the ground in the form of the cross, and flead from the neck to his finger ends; pierced also with darts and javelins, and bruised with clubs. The mourning was now dismal; every one wept for his friend, till the groves and vallies resounded with wailing. Charles solemnly vowed to pursue the Pagans till he found them; and, marching in pursuit with his whole army, the sun stood still for three days till he overtook them on the banks of the Ebro, near Saragossa, feasting and rejoicing for their success. Attacking them valiantly, he then slew four thousand, and dispersed the rest. What further? We now returned to Ronceval, bearing



with us the sick and wounded to the spot where Orlando fell. The Emperor then made strict inquiry after the treachery of Ganalon, which began to be universally rumoured about. Trial was ordained by single combat, Pinabel for Ganalon, and Theodoric for the Accuser; when, the latter gaining the victory, the treason was proved. Ganalon was now sentenced to be torn to pieces by four wild horses, which was accordingly executed.

---

CHAP. XXVII.

*The Embalming of the Dead.*

They now embalmed the dead bodies of their friends; some with myrrh and balsam, some with salt, taking out the bowels, and filling the bodies with aromatic drugs, or with salt only. Some were buried on the spot; others conveyed to France; but many that became putrid and offensive were buried on the road. Wooden carriages were made for the dead, but the sick and wounded were borne away on litters upon their shoulders.

---

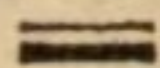
CHAP. XXVIII.

*Of the consecrated Cemeteries of Arles and Bordeaux.*

Two chief burying grounds were now consecrated at Arles and Bordeaux by seven Bishops; Maximin of Aix, Trophimus of Arles, Paul of Narbonne, Saturnine of Thoulouse, Frontorne of Perigord, Martial of Limoges, and Eutropius of Xantonge; where the



major part of the warriors were interred that fell in the battles of Ronceval and Mount Garzim.



CHAP. XXIX.

*Of the Burial of Orlando and his Companions at Blaye, and other Places.*

Charles deferred the burial of Orlando till he came to Blaye. His body was laid upon gold tapestry on two mules, covered with a pall, and at length honorably interred in the Church of St. Roman, which he had formerly built, and endowed with regular Canons. His helmet was placed upon his head, and his ivory horn at his feet. But the body was afterwards translated to St. Severin in Bordeaux, the chief city of these provinces, where it was joyfully welcomed, as it had liberally tasted his munificence.

At Blaye likewise were buried Oliver, and Galdebode King of Friezeland; Ogier, King of Dacia; Aristagnus, King of Brittany; Garin, Duke of Lorraine; and many other warriors. Happy town! graced with the sepulchres of so many heroes. At Bordeaux, in the Cemetery of St. Severin, were buried Gayfere, King of Bordeaux; Angelerus, Duke of Aquitaine; Lambert, Prince of Bourges; Galerius Galin; Rinaldo of the White-Thorn; Walter of the Olive-Trees; Vulterinus, and five thousand of their soldiers. Ocellus, Count of Nantes, and most of the inhabitants of Brittany,



were buried in that city. Charles gave twelve thousand pieces of silver and talents of gold for the repose of their souls, and fed the poor for many miles round the city of Blaye; endowing the church likewise with rich vestments, and silver ornaments, for the love he bore Orlando; freeing the Canons from all service but prayers for him and his companions. He moreover cloathed and entertained thirty poor men on the anniversary of their martyrdom, establishing Minstrels, Masses, and other solemnities, which the Canons were not to neglect on that day, as they hoped to merit a crown of glory; which they promised to perform.

---

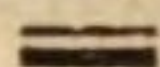
CHAP. XXX.

*Of those buried at Arles.*

After this the King and his army proceeded by the way of Gascony and Thoulouse, and came to Arles, where we found the army of Burgundy, which had left us in the hostile valley, bringing their dead by the way of Morbihan and Thoulouse, to bury them in the plain of Arles. Here we performed the rites of Estolfo, Count of Champagne; of Solomon; Sampson, Duke of Burgundy; Arnold of Berlanda; Alberic of Burgundy; Gumard, Esturinite, Hato, Juonius, Berard, Berengaire, and Naaman Duke of Bourbon, and of ten thousand of their soldiers. Constantine, Governor of Rome, and other Romans, were conveyed thither by sea, and buried in Apulia.



The King gave twelve thousand pieces of silver, and as many talents of gold, for the repose of their souls, and to the poor of Arles.



CHAP. XXXI.

*Of the Council held at St. Denis.*

We then came to Vienne, where I remained to be healed of the scars and wounds I received in Spain. The King, much fatigued, at length arrived at Paris; and, assembling a council of his chief princes and bishops at St. Denis, returned thanks to God for his victory over the Pagans, and gave all France as a manor to that church, in the same manner as St. Paul and St. Clement had formerly endowed the bishopric of Rome. The French Bishops were likewise to be ordained there, and not made amenable to the See of Rome. Then, standing by the tomb of St. Denis, he entreated the Lord for all who had died in his cause.

The very next night St. Denis appeared to the King in his sleep, assuring him that full pardon of sin was granted to all that followed him, and had fought and perished in the wars with the Saracens; that they likewise should recover of their wounds who had bestowed money on the church; which being made known by the King, very liberal offerings were made by the people, who thus acquired the name of Franks; and the whole land, formerly called Gaul, was now changed to France,



as being freed from all servitude, and having dominion over other nations. The King then went to Aix la Chapelle, in the county of Liege, to bathe and drink the waters, where he liberally endowed St. Mary's Church with gold and silver, ordering it to be painted with ancient and modern histories, and his palace to be decorated with the representation of his wars in Spain ; with emblems of the seven liberal arts, and other excellent embellishments.

---

CHAP. XXXII.

*Of the King's Death.*

Soon after, the King's approaching death was revealed to me ; for, behold, as I was praying in the church of Vienne, I fell into a trance, as I was singing psalms, and saw innumerable companies of soldiers pass before me by the Lorraine road. A certain one, black as an Ethiop, followed them, of whom I inquired whither he was going, and received for answer that he was awaiting the death of Charles to take possession of his soul. " I conjure you, then," said I, " by the name of the Lord Jesus, to return when you have completed your errand." When I had rested some time, and begun to explain the psalms, behold they returned back, and, speaking to the same person I before addressed, I inquired whom he had been seeking, and was answered, " the Gallician ;" but the stones and timber of the churches he founded balanced so greatly in his favor, that his



good works out-weighed his bad, and his soul was snatched from us, and at this the demon vanished. Thus I understood Charles died that day, and was carried into the bosom of God and St. James. But as I had requested him, before we parted at Vienne, to send me notice of his decease in case it preceded mine, being then grievously sick, and remembering his promise, he encharged a certain learned soldier to bring me word the moment he died. What more need I add? The messenger arrived on the fifteenth day after it happened. He had, indeed, been grievously afflicted with illness from the hour he left Spain, and suffered still more in mind than in body for the friends he lost on the unfortunate 16th of June. On the same day that I saw the vision, namely on the 5th of February, in the year of our Lord 814, he departed this life, and was sumptuously buried in the round church of St. Mary, which he had himself built; and this sign I was credibly informed happened yearly for three years together before his death,—“The Sun and Moon became dark, and his name, Charles the Prince, inscribed on the church, was totally obliterated of itself; and the portico likewise, between the church and the palace, fell to the very foundation.” The wooden bridge also which he built six years before over the Rhine at Mentz was destroyed by fire, self-kindled. And the same day, as a traveller was on his journey, he saw a great flame, like the flame of a funeral pile, pass from right to left before him; which terrifying him greatly, he fell



from his horse, but was presently relieved by his friends.

We therefore believe that he now enjoys the crown of the blessed martyrs, whose labours he imitated, whose pattern and example he followed. Whereby we may understand, that whoever builds a church to God's glory, provides for himself a residence in his kingdom. For this cause was Charles snatched from the hands of demons, and borne by good angels to heavenly habitations.



**FLORESTA**  
DE VARIOS  
**ROMANCES**  
SACADOS  
DE LAS HISTORIAS ANTIGUAS  
DE LOS  
**Doce Pares de Francia.**

---

*Por DAMIAN LOPEZ de TORTAJADA. 1764 (vgl. S. XIII)*

---

**THE FLOWER**  
OF THE  
*BALLADS*  
OF THE  
**Twelve Peers of France,**  
TAKEN FROM ANCIENT HISTORIES:  
WITH  
ENGLISH METRICAL VERSIONS,  
*By THOMAS RODD.*



THE FLOWERS

ROMANESQUE

BEING A HISTORY OF THE

ARTS OF THE

ANTIENT

THE FLOWERS

ROMANESQUE

BEING A HISTORY OF THE

ARTS OF THE

ANTIENT

ROMANESQUE

BEING A HISTORY OF THE

ARTS OF THE

ANTIENT



# PREFACE

## TO THE BALLADS.

---

FEW gentlemen, I believe, have visited Spain without contracting a great predilection for the ancient literature of the country : not that the Spaniards of modern days are by any means deficient in works of merit and genius, but their true Augustan era is the age of Philip the Second. Before his time, however, and soon after the invention of printing, the works of Boiardo and Ariosto contributed to increase the love of Romance already so prevalent in Spain, whether originating in the ancient Celtæ, the Moors and Arabians, or in the Provençal language, which at this very time is, or was, spoken by many of the French settled on its southern coasts, prior to the invasion of Bonaparte. In these warm countries, the clear serenity of the evening sky, after the intense heat of the day, leads the inhabitants to assemble in parties, and chaunt their ditties to the simple notes of the guitar : but the very long ballads are not sung



throughout by one person ; each, in succession, repeats his verse till the whole is completed.

The real or supposed invasion of Spain, in ancient times, by the French, has furnished the subject of the Paladine Ballads, which are so frequently mentioned in *Don Quixote*. References to them are continually occurring, so that I flatter myself they will be no unacceptable present to English literature. Even in Spain the collection is far from common, especially the earlier editions of it. But, before we proceed further, I shall present the reader with an account of Charlemagne's expedition, as I find it recorded by Antonio Beuter, an eminent Spanish historical writer, who, after mentioning several miracles performed in favor of Alfonso the Second, the ninth King of Leon, proceeds in these words :—

“ During this interval the King's sister Doña Ximena was brought to bed of a son, whom she had by Don Sancho (or as others called him Sandias) of Saldaña, of whom she was enamoured, and was privately married to him with—

---

En este comedio su hermana Doña Ximena pario un hijo del Conde Don Sancho (otros dizen Sandias) de Saldaña, de quien se enamorava, y sin saberlo el Rey se casaran. Quando el Rey lo supo con grandissimo enojo puso a su hermana en un monasterio, y al Conde mando



PREFACE TO THE BALLADS. v

out the King's knowledge. The moment he heard of it, he was highly incensed, confined his sister in a monastery, and laid the Count in irons in the castle of Luna, or Lima ; but took the boy, named Bernardo, afterwards (from a certain castle he built near Salamanca) Bernardo del Carpio, and brought him up as his own son. This Bernardo in the sequel became so valiant and experienced, that the King governed the whole court by his assistance. At this juncture Charles the Emperor and King of France was warring against the Moors in Catalonia, gaining fresh territory, which when Alfonzo heard, it appeared to him that the whole of Spain would be happy under his protection ; he therefore privately sent ambassadors, offering to surrender up the whole kingdom of Leon, if he would assist

---

poner en hierros en el castillo de Luna, otros dicen Lima, y tomo el muchacho que se llama Bernaldo, y por un castillo que despues labro cerco de Salamanca, llamado el Carpio, se dixo del Carpio, y hizole criar como à su hijo. Este salio tan valeroso y bien quisto, que se governava casi toda la Corte por el. En este sazón Don Carlos, Rey de Francia y Emperador, hazia guerra en Cathaluña contra los Moros, gañando la tierra, y llegado las nuevas dello al Rey Don Alfonso, pareciole que en manos de tan buen Rey estaria bien la España, por este embiándole secretamente sus Embaxadores, ofreciéndole darle el Regno de Leon, si le venia à socorrer contra los Moros



him in his wars against the Moors of Cordova, as he was now old and without children. The Emperor accepted the offer, and the ambassadors returned home. But when this agreement was publicly divulged, the Princes or Grandees of Spain assembling in council, emboldened greatly by Bernardo del Carpio, plainly told the King they would rather die free than live subjects to the French, and that therefore he must disannul the treaty with the Emperor, otherwise they would deprive him of the kingdom. King Alfonso then sent a message to Charles to beg he would hold him excused, but the latter, greatly resenting it, marched his army forward, declaring that since he had broken his word he would deprive him of the kingdom, and chastise those persons that would not own himself for their

---

de Cordova, pues que se hallava viejo y sin hijos. El Emperador acepto el ofrecimiento y dixo que era contento, y assi se bolvieron los Embaxadores. Luego se supo en la corte este concierto, y juntandole los Principes de España, insistiendo mucho Bernardo del Carpio, dixerón el Rey, que mas querian morir libres que sugetos a Franceses, por ende que deshiziesse lo que concertara con el Emperador Carlos, sino queria que lo echassen del Reyno. Por esto embio el Rey a dezir al Emperador que le tuviesse por escusado. Mas ensañandose desta el Emperador, movio el exercito contra el, diziendo, que pues le quebrava la palabra, que le havia de quitar el Reyno, y castigar los que no le que-



master. When the Spaniards accordingly heard the French were approaching, they united together from the Asturias, Biscay, Alva, Navarre, Ruchonia, and Arragon, and summoning the Moorish Kings, their allies and subjects, to their assistance, marched boldly to meet the enemy. King Charles's army lay at the back of the Pyrenees, near France, in the valley still called Hospitaval; but, hearing that the Spaniards were coming, he marched through the valley of Charles, which lay more convenient to ascend the mountainous road, with his troops in good order.

“In the first squadron of the French army came Orlando, Count of Britany, Count Anselm, and Æghard, the Emperor's Chamberlain, with several of the twelve Peers, and a great body of cavalry. The centre likewise had many brave

---

rian por señor. Quando los Españoles supieron la venida de los Franceses, ayuntaranse de las Asturias, Viscaya, Alva, Navarra, Ruchonia, y Aragon, muchas gentes, y llamando los Reyes Moros que eran sus vasallos, o aliados, salieron al encuentro à los enemigos. El exercito de Carlos estava a las haldas de los Pyrineos hazia Francia en el valle que aun se llama Hospitaval, y sabiendo que los Españoles vinieran, movio por la valle dicha de Carlos, que es mas llana para subir à la cumbre de los Pyrineos, puesta la gente en muy buen orden. En la primera esquadra iba Don Roldan adelantado de Bretanie, y el Conde Anselmo, y Egiado mastresalo del Emperador



Knights attached to it. The Emperor, with whom marched Count Galaron, brought up the rear. The Spanish army lay in the red valley, which we call Ronceval; and, as the first squadron came up, they attacked it so furiously, that those were best off who died upon the spot, for those that fled were dashed to pieces by falls from the rocky precipices. The van thus suddenly destroyed, and Orlando and his companions slain, as the main body slowly advanced, fatigued and encumbered with their arms, the Moors reserved for this purpose resolutely attacked it, who, seeing the van routed, were likewise defeated in turn, and fled, pursued

---

Carlos, y muchos de los doze Pares con gran cavalleria. La segunda esquadra llevaba gran numero de Cavalleros, y el Emperador iba en la postrera batalla, do se hallava el Conde Galaron. El exercito de los Españolos estava en la valle Rocida, que dezimos Roncesvalles, y assi como la primera esquadra llego, dieronle tal mano, que los que mejor libraron fueron los que alli murieron à manos de los Españoles, porque los que quisieron salearse despediéndose por los riscos del monte, penaron mas en morir despedezados. Destrocada subitamente la primera batalla y muertos Roldan y los otros que alli venian, como ivan cargados de armas y cansados de la subida, dieron los Moros en la segunda batalla, para la qual fueran assignados, y como vieron los Franceses, perdida y destrozada la primera batalla, de ellos tenian la mayor fuerça,



by the Moors, who destroyed the rest of the twelve Peers. All this was achieved while the Emperor lay in the valley of Charles, marching leisurely on. French and Spanish chronicles ascribe this loss to Count Galarron, who detained the Emperor on the road, so that he could not assist his friends. The Moors, slaughtering and making prisoners all they overtook, King Charles saw the magnitude of his loss, and retired greatly terrified, under the impression that Bernardo del Carpio was ready to fall upon his rear, having made his way by the back of the mountains of Aspe and Serla, with a great troop of Moors and Christians.

---

enflaquescieron peleando desmayadamente, y assi fueron tambien vencidos y puestos en huyda, muriendo los que hizieron rostro a los Moros, como fueron los que alli iban de los doze Pares. Todo esto fue despachado detenien- dose el Emperador en dicha valle de Carlos, viniendo muy a su passo y de espacio. Dizen la Coronica de España y la Francesa, que el Conde Galarron, dio ocasion a la esta perdida de los Franceses, causando que el Empe- rador se detuviesse, y no pudiesse socorrer à los suyos. Siguiendo pues los Moros à los que huyan, matando y aprisionando los que alcançaron, vio Carlos su grandissima perdida, y subitamente amedrentado, porque le dixeron que Bernardo del Carpio le venia por las espaldas que passara los montes por Aspe y Serla con grandissimo poder de Moros y Christianos, sono su bozina recogiendo



Sounding therefore a retreat, he collected the few that escaped, and departed in amazement at his loss, raised his camp confusedly, and returned to his own country. The camp was pillaged, and, the dead being ascertained, a Monastery was built upon the spot for the interment of the twelve Peers, with a hospital to this day remaining. The body of Orlando was taken to Blaye, which was his seigniory, and there interred.

“Bernardo performed many memorable actions in this battle, but nevertheless King Alfonso would not liberate his father from prison.

---

a su compania, los que iban derramados, y huyendo, y rehaziendose conocio su grandissimo daño y perdimiento. Assi lleno de confusion y de lloros alzo su real, y bolviose a sus tierras. Fue robado el Campo y reconidos los muertos, hizose un monasterio en el mismo lugar por enterimiento de los doze Pares con un hospital que hasta hoy permanecen. El cuerpo de Roldan fue traydo a Blays, cuyo era señor, do esta en un sepulchro. Hizo estrañas cosas en la batalla don Bernaldo del Carpio, mas no pudo recaudar con el Rey Don Alfonso que sacasse de prision a su padre el Conde Don Saldaña. Murio poco despues el Emperador Carlos en la villa de Grigi, frontera de Brabancia y fue enterrado en Aquisgran, donde se tiene hasta hoy como Santo, y le hazen oracion. Huvo despues el Rey Don Alfonso muchas vitorias de los Moros, y murio año del señor Ochocientos y veynte.

*Chronica de Valencia, por Ant. Beuter, fol. 1604, p. 178.*



The Emperor soon after died in the town of Ghent on the frontiers of Brabant, and was buried at Aix la Chapelle, where prayers are still made for his repose. King Alfonso afterwards won many victories over the Moors, and died in the year 820."

Such is Antonio Beuter's \* narrative: in confirmation may be added what is said at the end of the *Mere des Chroniques*, "Thus say the French and Spanish Chronicles, but the Germans speak differently."

French historians are very solicitous to lessen their loss at Ronceval; there is likewise a confusion in their accounts: some assert that the Emperor returned into Spain after his defeat, that he slew King Ibraim, and experienced this loss at his return into France. Indeed, the whole history of his conquests must be regarded as problematical. It may be wondered, however,

---

\* Beuter's history will at least furnish us with one reflection, *The danger of breaking the spirit of a free people*; for it may be presumed, when under the like pretences, in modern times, Bonaparte marched his troops into Spain, and treacherously seized the chief garrisons, that, if the Cortes had then been in existence, some wise head among them would have foreseen French perfidy, and steadily denied them admittance into the kingdom. Good heavens! what miseries, what calamities, would not this have prevented! Centuries of peace will scarcely heal them: happy if at last the efforts of Freedom prevail, the spirit of Patriotism conquers!



that these Ballads came to obtain so great a share of popularity in a country that was the object of his invasion. But the wonder will cease, when we reflect that the motive of his expedition was subsequently considered as directed wholly against the Moors, the natural and avowed enemies of the Spaniards, with whom they never ceased to wage war till they finally expelled them from the kingdom. Their own songs of Bernardo del Carpio, the Cid, and other heroes, in the Romancero, the Cancionero General, and numerous other collections, abound with victories over them, composed, perhaps, at the very time they happened ; for the Spaniards are remarkably ready at extempore productions of this nature, deriving the custom (as we mentioned before) from the Eastern or Northern nations of the world, either of which may claim equal antiquity on their side for this practice\*.

---

\* We have two remarkable instances of the ancient ballad in the 21st Chapter of Numbers, which may be thus paraphrased :

Spring up, O well, oh ! sweetly spring,  
Let thy pleasant waters flow,  
And the laughing vallies sing,  
Where they, sweetly murmuring, go,  
The Lawgiver, he gave command,  
The willing Princes heard the sound,  
And all the Nobles of the land  
With staves up-dely'd the oozy ground.



The measure of verse, I have uniformly adopted, bears a near resemblance to the Spanish, so far as to eight and seven alternate syllables. Rhyme in the latter we are not to expect; it is sufficient that the vowels of the 2d and 4th lines correspond. Great care has been taken in printing the Spanish part of this edition, so that I flatter myself few errors have passed uncorrected, though the original, bearing the date of 1764, was far from being without faults.

The word Floresta properly signifies a Wood or Forest, but I have rendered it Garden, as more analogous to our ideas. I am of opinion

---

Again, at verse 27th,

To Israel's sons, at God's command,  
The voice of ancient proverbs said,  
Come into Heshbon, sons of men,  
Be Sihon's strong foundations laid.

A wasting fire from Heshbon's gone,  
We saw the flame through Sihon go,  
That Ar of Moab hath consum'd,  
And laid the Lords of Arnon low.

Woe, woe to Moab ! let her weep,  
Their hands let Chemosh' people wring  
Her sons are ta'en, her daughters made  
Fast captive to a mighty King.

We shot our arrows at the foe,  
Heshbon to Dibon is destroy'd;  
E'en unto Nophiah all is waste,  
That reacheth to Medeba's side.



the whole of the Spanish collection has been made expressly to illustrate Don Quixote, as several others in the book are mentioned in Avellanada's Pseudo-Don Quixote, and are none of them to be found in other collections.

I now take leave of the reader, wishing him entertainment from the productions submitted to his perusal.



CONTENTS TO VOL. I.

OF THE

Spanish Ballads.

---

|                                                                     |     |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------|-----|
| <i>Ballad of the Moor Calainos.....</i>                             | 3   |
| <i>The Ancient Ballad of Rinaldo of Montalban....</i>               | 35  |
| <i>The Ancient Ballad of Orlando.....</i>                           | 73  |
| <i>The Ancient Ballad of Count Grimwald and<br/>Montesinos.....</i> | 107 |
| <i>The Ancient Ballad of Count Irlos.....</i>                       | 167 |



**ERRATUM.**

Page 59, line 13, for "tow'rds" read "towards."



ROMANCE del MORO  
CALAINOS.  
V A cavaleja Calainos  
A la sonada de una olive, to oye  
THE  
ANCIENT BALLAD  
OF  
CALAINOS.

---

THIS Ballad (supposed by Ritson to be one of the most ancient) is mentioned in the 1st book of the 3d volume of Don Quixote, chapter 9th. Whilst the Knight and Sancho are conversing together in the streets of Toboso, a peasant chances to pass by singing the Ballad of Roncesvalles, which the Knight hearing, exclaims, "Let me die, Sancho, if any thing lucky will befall us to-night: don't you hear what that peasant is singing?"—"Yes," said Sancho; "but what has the defeat at Roncesvalles to do with our affair? If he had sung the Ballad of Calainos, it would have been all the same with regard to our good or evil fortune."



ROMANCE del MORO  
CALAINOS.

---

**Y**A cavalga Calainos  
A la sombra de una oliva,  
Un pie tiene al estrivo,  
Subia de gallardia.  
Mirando estaba Sansueña,  
Su gran torre con la villa,  
Por si veria algun Moro,  
A quien preguntar podria  
Donde estaban los Palacios  
A do Sevilla vivia.  
Vido estàr un Moro viejo,  
Que à ella guardar solia ;  
Calainos que lo vido,  
A èl llegadose havia,  
Por Dios te ruego Moro,  
Assi te alargue la vida,  
Que me muestres el Palacio,  
Do està la Infanta Sevilla,  
De quien triste soy cautivo,  
Y por quien pena sentia,  
Que cierto por sus amores  
Creo yo perder la vida  
Mas si por ella la pierdo,  
No se llamarà perdida.  
Que quien muere por tal dama  
Buena fortuna le guia.



## BALLAD of the MOOR

## CALAINOS.

**I**N yon Olive's shade Calainos  
Mounts his gallant steed to ride,  
Sets his foot upon the stirrup  
Gracefully to vault astride.

At Sansueña is he looking,  
At its lofty tow'rs looks he,  
For some Moor to shew the palace  
Where he may the Princess see.

Watching on the highest turret,  
He at length a Moor espies ;  
And, " where lives the sweet Sybilla,  
" Prythee, gentle Moor ?" he cries.

" Long I've been her faithful captive,  
" Long have felt the tender pain ;  
" With her heav'nly smiles unfavour'd,  
" Life I can no more sustain.

" Yet, fond life for her resigning,  
" Idly lost let no one deem ;  
" He that dies for such a lady  
" Shall be envy's happy theme.



CALAINOS.

Mas porque entiendas Moro  
Por quien preguntado havia,  
Es la mas hermosa dama  
De toda la Moreria,  
Entiende que ella se llama  
La linda Infanta Sevilla.  
Las razones que passaban  
Sevilla bien las oia ;  
Pusose à una ventana  
Muy hermosa amarilla,  
Con muy ricos atavios,  
Los mejores que tenia :  
Era muger muy hermosa,  
Y acabada en demasia.  
Calainos que la vido  
Desta suerte la decia  
Traygote cartas señora  
De un señor que yo servia,  
Creo es el Rey tu Padre,  
Que Almanzor se decia.  
Si baxais de la ventana,  
Sabreis la mensageria.  
Sevilla, quando lo oyò  
Presto de alli descendia ;  
Apeòse Calainos  
Gran reverencia le hacia.  
La dama quando esto vido  
Tal pregunta le hacia ;  
Quien soys vos el Cavallero,  
Que mi padre acà os embia ?



“ For the fairest am I asking  
“ Of the lovely Moorish race,  
“ Sweet Sybilla, you shall know her  
“ By her beauty, wit, and grace.”

All this heard the youthful Princess,  
At the window as she stood,  
List’ning to the Moor Calainos,  
Who his courtly speech pursu’d.

(In pale yellow robes so lovely  
Shone the sweet enchanting maid,  
And her person ev’ry beauty,  
Each attracting grace display’d.)

“ Hark !” he cries, in gentle accents,  
“ From Almanzor, from the King ;  
“ Whom I serve, your noble father,  
“ Lady, I a letter bring.

“ Hasten, hasten from the window,  
“ And your father’s letter read.”  
Fair Sybilla then descended,  
And Calainos left his steed.

From his back alighting nimbly,  
On his knees he graceful bends :  
“ Who is he,” cries fair Sybilla,  
“ Who is he, my father sends ?”



Calainos soy señora,  
Calainos el de Arabia,  
Señor de los montes claros  
De Constantina la llana,  
De las tierras del Gran Turco  
Yo gran tributo llevaba;  
Y el Preste Juan de las Indias  
Siempre parias me embiaba;  
Y el Soldàn de Babylonia  
Siempre a mi mandar estaba.  
Reyes, Principes, y Moros,  
Siempre señor me llamaban,  
Sino el Rey, vuestro Padre,  
Que yo à su mandar estaba;  
No porque yo se lo debo,  
Mas por nuevas que me daba  
Que tenia una hija  
Que Sevilla se llamaba,  
Y que era la mas hermosa  
De quantas Moras se hallan.  
Por vos le servì siete anos,  
Sin interès, ni soldada,  
Ni el tampoco me la diò  
Ni yo se la demandara.  
Por tus amores, Sevilla,  
Passè yo la mar salada,  
O he de perder la vida,  
O has de ser mi enamorada.



“ Lady, you behold Calainos  
“ Of Arabia’s happy land ;  
“ Constantina’s pleasant city  
“ Humbly bows to my command.

“ Tribute does the Grand Turk pay me,  
“ Babylon’s rich Soldan too ;  
“ Prester John with gifts attends me,  
“ Gifts of value not a few.

“ Lords, and princely Moors unnumber’d,  
“ My supreme commands obey,  
“ Save the King alone, your father,  
“ And to him respect I pay.

“ Not that such my bounden duty ;  
“ But to him a daughter’s born,  
“ Loveliest of the Moorish ladies,  
“ Lovelier than the blushing morn.

“ You belov’d, ador’d Sybilla,  
“ And for your dear valu’d sake,  
“ Sev’n long years I serv’d your father,  
“ But his pay I scorn’d to take.

“ You to win what toils I suffer’d,  
“ Vent’ring on the stormy sea !  
“ Life itself’s of little value,  
“ Fairest, if unblest with thee.”



Quando Sevilla lo oyò  
Esta repuesta le daba ;  
Calainos, Calainos,  
De esso yo no soy vezada.

Siete amas me criaron,  
Seis Moras, y una Christiana :  
Las Moras me dieron leche,  
La Christiana me enseñaba.

Segun que me aconsejó,  
Bien mostraba ser Christiana ;  
Esta me dió un consejo,  
De que bien me acordaba,

Que jamás yo permitiese  
Ser de nadie enamorada,  
Hasta que primero huviesse  
Dèl algun dote, ò arra.

Calainos que esto oyera,  
Està respuesta le dà :  
Bien podeis pedir Señora,  
Que no se os negarà :

Si quereis castillos fuertes,  
Ciudades en tierra llana,  
O si quereis plata, y oro,  
O moneda armonedada,



When his speech Calainos ended,

Silence thus the damsel broke:—

“ New to me, my Lord Calainos,

“ Ev’ry single word you spoke.

“ Nurses sev’n had I to tend me,

“ Six were Moors, a Christian one;

“ And the last instruction gave me,

“ But the others food alone.

“ Well indeed do I remember

“ What the subtle Christian taught,

“ Not to be of Knights enamour’d

“ Till they had my pleasure wrought;

“ Till they had a portion giv’n me,

“ Gifts that I might gladly chuse;

“ Nor till these they humbly proffer’d

“ E’er my youthful heart to lose.”

When Calainos heard the Princess,

He without delay reply’d,—

“ Lady, say what best will please you;

“ It can never be deny’d.

“ Will fair towns or castles suit you,

“ On the mountain, on the plain?

“ Gold and silver shall I bring you,

“ Slaves a rich and costly train?”



Sevilla oyendo estos dones  
Todos se los desechaba,  
Sino que si èl queria  
Tenerla por enamorada,  
Que vaya dentro en Parìs,  
Que era ciudad en la Francia,  
Y le trayga tres cabezas  
Las que ella demandaba.  
Y que si aquesto hiciesse  
Seria su enamorada.  
Calainos quando oyò  
Lo que ella le demandaba,  
Respondiòle muy alegre,  
Que èl se maravillaba  
Dexar villas, y castillos,  
Y los dones que le daba,  
Por pedirles tres cabezas,  
Que a èl no costaràn nada ;  
Dixo que las señale,  
O còmo se llamaràn.  
Luego la Infanta Sybilla  
Las comenzò de nombrar,  
La una es de Oliveros,  
La otra de Don Roldan,  
La otra del esforzado  
Reynaldos de Montalvàn.  
Yà señalados los nombres,  
Y a quien havia de buscar,  
Despidiòse Calainos  
Con un muy cortès hablar.  
Dame la mano tu Alteza  
Que se la quiero besar,



All these gifts the Moorish damsel  
Did alike with scorn reject :  
“ If,” cry’d she, “ you prize my favor,  
“ If my person you respect ;

“ To fair France, to Paris bend you,  
“ Where resides its potent king,  
“ And three heads that I shall mention  
“ As a welcome tribute bring.”

To the maid Calainos listen’d,  
Wond’ring at this strange demand,  
That she chose nor gold, nor silver,  
Castles strong, nor fertile land :

But three heads alone requested,  
Little costing to bestow—  
“ Tell me, tell me, fair Sybilla ;  
“ Whose the heads I fain would know.”

“ One,” she cry’d, “ is Oliveros,  
“ One Orlando highly fam’d ;  
“ Stout Rinaldo of Montalban  
“ Is the third bold warrior nam’d.”

When he knew the three brave chieftains,  
Ev’ry head that she requir’d,  
Courteously, before he left her,  
He to kiss her hand desir’d.



Y la fe, y prometimiento  
De conmigo se casar,  
Quando traygo las cabezas  
Que quisistes demandar.  
Placeme dixo el grado,  
Y de buena voluntad,  
Y allì se toman las manos,  
La fe se fueron à dar,  
Que ni el uno, ni el otro  
No se pudiessen casar,  
Hasta que yà Calainos  
De allà huviesse de tornar,  
Y que si del otro fuisse,  
Le mandaria avisar.  
Yà se parte Calainos,  
Yà se parte, yà se vâ,  
Hace bordar sus pendones,  
Y en todos una señal  
Cubiertos de ricas Lunas;  
De color de sangre estan,  
Yà camina Calainos,  
Camino de Francia vâ;  
Andando per sus jornadas  
A Parìs llegado ha,  
En la guardia de Parìs,  
Junto a San Juan de Lateràn,  
Allì levantò su seña,  
Y empezàra de hablar.  
Tañen luego las trompetas,  
Como quien vâ à cavalgar;  
Porque lo sientan los Doce,  
Que dentro en Parìs estàn.



“ By this lovely hand, Signora,  
“ You then plight your faith to mine,  
“ When I lay these heads before you,  
“ In fair wedlock’s chains to join ?”  
  
“ Take my hand, I freely give it,  
“ This the pledge that I comply ;  
“ When you lay those heads before me,  
“ Nothing shall my lips deny.  
  
“ Single you shall surely find me  
“ When from France you come again ;  
“ Chance what may, each falsehood scorning,  
“ I your future bride remain.”

Joyous now departs Calainos,  
Quick to France pursues his way ;  
See his banners, proudly waving,  
High the red half moon display.

Never rests he till he enters  
Paris, round so strongly wall’d ;  
At the guard-house boldly stopping,  
Near the church the Lateran call’d.

There his banners high he raises,  
Then he bids his trumpets sound,  
That the Twelve may hear the challenge,  
All in Paris so renown’d.



El Emperador aquel dia  
Era salido à cazar,  
Con èl iba Oliveros,  
Con èl iba Don Roldan  
Con èl iba el esforzado  
Reynaldos de Montalvàn.  
Tambien Dardin Dardenà,  
Y el buen viejo Don Beltràn,  
Y esse Gastòn de Claros,  
Y aquel Romano Fincàn.  
Tambien iba Baldovinos,  
Y Urgèl de la fuerza grande,  
Tambien iba Don Guarinos  
Almirante de la Mar.

El Emperador entre ellos  
Comenzàra de hablar,  
Escuchad mis caballeros,  
Que tañen en la Ciudad.

Ellos estan escuchando  
Vieron un Moro passar,  
Armado và à la Morisca,  
Empiezanle de llamar :  
Ya que es llegado el Moro  
Do el Emperador està,  
El Emperador que lo vido  
Comenzòle à preguntar;  
Adonde caminas, Moro,  
Como en Francia osaste entrar,  
Grande osadìa tuviste  
De hasta Parìs llegar ?



That same morn the Emperor sally'd  
With his nobles to the chase ;  
With him valiant Oliveros,  
And Orlando high of race.

Brave Rinaldo of Montalban,  
And Dardena sternly bold ;  
Gaston Claros of Montalban,  
And Count Bertram call'd the old.

Then the fam'd Romano Fincan,  
Baldwin next, and then Urgel ;  
Last the Admiral Guarinos,  
Who at sea still battled well.

As the Emperor rode amidst them,  
“ Friends,” he cries, “ regarding round,  
“ Or my ears they much deceive me,  
“ Or I hear a trumpet sound.”

As he spoke a Moor rode by him,  
In the Moorish fashion arm'd ;  
But aloud the Emperor call'd him,  
At his presence unalarm'd.

“ Moor,” he shouts, “ how dare you enter,  
“ Thus equipp'd, the fields of France ?  
“ Much indeed you proudly venture,  
“ When to Paris you advance.”



El Moro que aquesto oyera,  
Tal respuesta le fue à dâr ;  
Busco al Emperador  
De Francia la natural,  
Que le traygo una embaxada  
De un Moro principal,  
A quien siervo de trompeta,  
Y tengo por Capitan.

El Emperador que esto oyò  
Luego le fue à preguntar,  
Què era lo que queria,  
Que assi lo iba à buscar ?  
Yo soy el Emperador  
De Francia la natural.  
El Moro quando lo supo  
Comenzòle de hablar ;  
Señor, tu Magestad sepa,  
Y tu cetro Imperial,  
Que este Moro Calainos  
Me ha embiado acà,  
Desafiendo à su Alteza,  
Y à quantos contigo estan,  
Que salgan lanza por lanza,  
Para con èl pelear.  
Señor, veis aqui su seña  
Donde tiene de aguardar ;  
Perdoneme vuestra Alteza  
Respuesta le voy à dâr.  
Quando fue partido el Moro,  
El Emperador fue à hablar.



“ I am come to seek the Emperor ;  
 “ Hither I a message bring  
 “ From a potent Lord to Paris,  
 “ ’Tis a message to the King.

“ He’s my Captain ; long I’ve serv’d him,  
 “ I enjoy the trumpet’s\* post ;  
 “ Wealth and honors he possesses,  
 “ Towns and cities he may boast.”

“ What’s your pleasure ? I’m the Monarch  
 “ That he sent you here to seek.”  
 When he found it was the Emperor,  
 Thus the Moor was heard to speak :—

“ Signor, ’tis the Moor Calainos,  
 (And he is a princely Knight)  
 “ That hath sent me here to challenge  
 “ You and all your peers to fight,

“ Lance to lance in single combat—  
 “ Lo ! his signal staff I bear ;”  
 And aloft he rais’d the banner  
 Of the crescent in the air.

“ I shall tell my Lord Calainos  
 “ That I have the Emperor seen.”  
 On rode he, and thus the Emperor  
 Spoke with stern resentful mien :—

---

\* The second state officer among the Moors.



Quando yo era mancebo,  
Que armas solia llevar,  
Nunca Moro fue ossado  
En toda Francia assomar.

Mas ahora que soy viejo,  
A Parìs los veo llegar.  
La mengua no es de mi solo,  
Pues no puedo pelear.

Mas es mengua de Oliveros,  
Y assimismo de Roldan ;  
Mengua de todos los Doce,  
Y de quantos aqui està.

Por Dios à Roldan me llamen,  
Que lo quiero embiar,  
A aquel Moro de la guardia  
Lo hiciesse de alli quitar.

Y lo traygan muerto, ò preso  
Porque se haya de acordar  
De como vino a Parìs  
Para me desafiar.

Don Roldan que aquesto oyera  
Empiezale he hablar ;  
Muy escusado es Señor  
Embiarme à pelear,  
Porque teneis caballeros  
A quien podeis embiar.



“ When I was a youthful warrior,  
“ Active and inur’d to arms,  
“ Never France Moor dar’d to enter,  
“ Threat’ning it with rude alarms;

“ Much less, then, to come to Paris,  
“ And its valiant chiefs defy:  
“ I am old and not dishonor’d,  
“ Since I can no more comply.

“ But it is to Oliveros,  
“ And Orlando, a disgrace,  
“ And to the Twelve Peers that heard him,  
“ Peers of our illustrious race.

“ Hither call me, brave Orlando,  
“ I will send him to the Moor;  
“ From the guard-house he shall drive him,  
“ And our honor thus restore.

“ Dead or living he shall bring him:—  
“ Such a bold audacious deed,  
“ As to brave me here in Paris,  
“ What can the affront exceed!”

When Orlando heard the Emperor,  
“ I,” cry’d he, “ the task resign;  
“ Other Nobles here are present,  
“ Such as may in combat shine.



Que quando son entre damas  
Bien se saben alabar,  
Que aunque vengan dos mil Moros  
Los osaràn guardar,  
Y quando son en batalla,  
Veolos atràs tornar.  
Todos los doce callaron  
Sino el de mayor edad,  
Al qual llaman Baldovinos  
De animo principal;  
Las palabras que dixera,  
Cierto fueron de notar:  
Mucho estoy maravillado  
De vos Señor Don Roldan,  
Que menosprecieis los Doce,  
Haviendolos vos de honrar.  
Si non fuerades mi tio  
Con vos me fuera à matar;  
Porque entre todos los Doce  
Ninguno podeis nombrar,  
Que lo que dice de boca  
No lo sepa hacer verdad.  
Levantòse con enojo  
Esse Paladin Roldan,  
Baldovinos que lo vido,  
Tambien se fue à levantar,  
El Emperador entre ellos  
Por el enojo quitar.



“ Well you know that Moors two thousand  
“ I should dare to face them all ;  
“ Let the fight to some proud boaster  
“ In the ladies’ presence fall.”

All the Twelve alike were silent,  
Answ’ring not a single word,  
Save the youngest\*, valiant Baldwin,  
Who, amaz’d, Orlando heard.

“ Much I wonder thus to hear you  
“ These illustrious Knights despise ;  
“ Never king possess’d such warriors ;  
“ Merit well he knows to prize.

“ Happy that you call me Nephew,  
“ Or these words should cost you dear !  
“ I would make you own the valour  
“ Of each gallant Noble here.

“ Not a single Knight among them  
“ But of firm undaunted breast ;  
“ What his lips have dar’d to utter,  
“ That his sword shall dare attest.”

Furious rose renown’d Orlando,  
Baldwin full as furious rose ;  
But the Emperor, to calm them,  
Did his royal pow’r oppose.

---

\* The Spanish calls him the eldest ; but this is a mistake, as it plainly appears in the sequel he was the youngest.



Ellos estando en aquesto  
Baldovinos fuè à llamar  
A los mozos que traia,  
Por las armas fue à embiar.

El Emperador que esto vido  
Empezòle de rogar,  
Que le hiciesse un placer  
Que no fuesse à pelear.  
Porque el Moro era esforzado  
Podiale maltratar ;  
Que aunque animo tengais  
La fuerza os podrá faltar.  
Era diestro el Moro en armas,  
Muy vezado à pelear.  
Baldovinos que esto oyò  
Empezòse a desviar,  
Diciendo al Emperador,  
Licencia le quiera dàr,  
Y que si no se la daba,  
El se la queria tomar.  
Quando el Emperador vido  
Que no se podia excusar,  
Quando llegaron las armas  
El mismo le ayuda armar.  
Diòle licencia que fuesse  
Con el Moro à pelear.  
Yà se parte Baldovinos,  
Yà se parte, yà se vâ.  
Yà es llegado à la guardia  
Do Calainos està.  
Calainos que lo vido  
Empezòle de hablar.



Baldwin, to his Squire then turning,  
Bids him bring his armour bright :  
“ Not thus shall the Moor insult us,  
“ Whilst I have an arm to fight !”

“ Baldwin, Baldwin,” cry’d the Emperor,  
“ Tempt not thou the doubtful fray,  
“ For the Moor is skill’d in combat,  
“ And his skill may win the day.”

But, the hardy Chief persisting,  
Nothing could the King prevail ;  
“ Leave I crave to march to battle,  
“ You shall soon a conq’ror hail.

“ But if leave you will not grant me,  
“ Leave I am resolv’d to take.”  
When the Emperor saw ’twas fruitless,  
Further speech he scorn’d to make,

And himself assists to arm him ;  
Then permits him forth to go,  
Trusting he may shortly see him  
Triumph o’er the Paynim foe.

Forth hies Baldwin now undaunted,  
At the guard-house finds the Moor ;  
When Calainos first perceives him,  
Rudely thus he taunts him o’er :



Bien vengais el Caballero  
De Francia la natural,  
Si quereis venir conmigo  
Por Page os quiero tomar.

Llevaros he à mis tierras,  
Do podreis placer tomar.  
Baldovinos, que esto oyera  
Tal respuesta le fue à dâr,

Calainos, Calainos,  
No debieras assi hablar.  
Mas antes que de aqui vayas  
Te lo tengo de mostrar.

Vengo à matarme contigo,  
No para contigo estàr.  
Quando el Moro esto oyò  
Empezò assi de hablar:

Tornate buen Francesico  
A Parìs essa Ciudad,  
Que si essa porfia teneis  
Cara te podrà costar  
Hombre que à mis manos viene  
Nunca puede bien librar.



“ Cavalier of France, you’re welcome ;  
“ Come with me, and I engage  
“ High in honor soon to raise you ;  
“ You shall be my trusty Page.

“ To my happy soil I’ll lead you,  
“ Where you may in joys delight ;  
“ Such a youth it suits far better  
“ Than to tempt unequal fight.”

Thus reply’d the gallant Baldwin,—  
“ I shall teach you, ere we part,  
“ That in battle I can conquer ;  
“ Mine no trembling coward’s heart.

“ Come, Calainos, I await thee,  
“ In fierce combat here to join ;  
“ I am come to slay thee, boaster,  
“ Not to thy proud arms resign.”

Yet again these accents breathing,  
Does the Moor Prince Baldwin spurn ;  
“ Turn,” he cries, “ good youth, to Paris,  
“ To thy city back return.

“ Stripling, if thou dar’st to meet me,  
“ Dear the combat’s sure to cost !  
“ Never Knight I yet encounter’d,  
“ But his honor soon he lost.”



El mancebo que esto oyera  
Tornò luego à porfiar,  
Que se aparejasse presto,  
Que con èl se ha de matar.

El Moro que viò al mancebo  
Desta suerte porfiar,  
Dixòle, Vente Christiano  
Presto para me encontrar,  
Que antes de poco rato  
Conoceras la verdad.  
Que fuera mucho mejor  
Connigo no pelear.  
Vanse el uno para el otro  
Con un animo sin par,  
A los primeros encuentros  
El mancebo en tierra està,  
El Moro muy diligente  
Luego se fuera à apear.  
Sacò un alfange muy rico  
Para haverlo de matar;  
Mas antes que lo hiriese  
Empezòle à preguntar:  
Quien es, ò como se llama,  
O si es de los doce Pares.

El mancebo estando en esto  
Luego le dixo la verdad:  
Que le llaman Baldovinos,  
Sobrino de Don Roldan.



“ Turn thee, Moor, to battle turn thee,  
“ ’Tis the dastard only yields;  
“ But the brave maintains the contest,  
“ Fighting in the hostile fields.”

“ Turn thee, Christian; I shall make thee  
“ This audacious deed repent:  
“ Thou shalt find the Moor Calainos,  
“ When he pleases, can resent.”

Swift they spur their steeds to combat,  
And with dreadful fury meet,  
But the first severe rencontre  
Throws Prince Baldwin from his seat.

Nimbly from his charger leaping,  
See Calainos, on the ground,  
Draw his scimiter to give him  
In the breast a mortal wound.

As he rais’d his arm to strike him,  
This loud question Baldwin hears:—  
“ Who art thou, young warrior? tell me,  
“ Art thou of the Twelve bold Peers?”

“ I’ll declare the truth,” cry’d Baldwin,  
“ For these lips disdain to lie;  
“ Baldwin, Nephew to Orlando,  
“ Of the Twelve bold Peers am I.”



Quando el Moro tal oyò  
Desta suerte fuera à hablar :  
Por ser de tan pocos dias,  
Y de esfuerzo principal,  
Yo quiero darte la vida,  
Que no te quiero matar :  
Mas quierote llevar preso,  
Por que te venga à buscar,  
Tu pariente Oliveros,  
Y esse tu tio Roldan,  
Y essotro tan esforzado  
Reynaldos de Montalvàn,  
Que por estos tres ha sido  
Mi venida a pelear.

Don Roldan adonde estaba,  
No cessa de suspirar,  
Viendo que el Moro ha vencido  
A Baldovinos Infante.

Sin mas hablar con ninguno  
Don Roldan se fue à armar,  
Ibase para la Guardia,  
Por del Moro se vengar.

Quando el Moro le vido,  
Empezòle à interrogar,  
Quien es, como se llama,  
O si es de los Doce Pares?



When Calainos heard this answer,  
“ Youth,” he cry’d, “ thou art so brave,  
“ That thy forfeit life I give thee ;  
“ But thou shalt become my slave.

“ When thy kinsman Oliveros,  
“ When Orlando, too, the bold,  
“ And when high renown’d Rinaldo,  
“ Hear thy fatal capture told,  
“ Those three Knights will come to seek thee,  
“ These the Knights I wish to find ;  
“ With these chiefs the lists to enter  
“ I alone in France design’d.”

Brave Orlando saw the combat,  
And it griev’d him to the soul ;  
When he found his Nephew captur’d,  
Scarce he could his rage control.

Not a single word he utters,  
But in haste to arms proceeds,  
And to meet the Moor Calainos  
To the guard-house swiftly speeds.

When the Moor beholds the Chieftain,  
He aloud demands his name ;  
“ Art thou of the Peers so highly  
“ Vaunted by the voice of fame ?”



Don Roldan que aquesto oyera,  
Respondierale muy mal :  
Esta razon, Perro Moro,  
Tu no lo has de preguntar,  
Y esse à quien tienes preso,  
Yo te lo harè soltar ;  
Presto aparejate Moro,  
Empieza de pelear.  
Vase el uno para el otro  
Con animo general,  
Danse tan recios encuentros,  
Que el Moro caído ha.  
Roldan que lo vido en tierra,  
Luego se fue à apear ;  
Tomò el Moro por la barba,  
Empezòle de hablar :  
Dime tu cuitado Moro,  
Tu me lo quieras contar,  
Quien te hizo tan osado  
De en toda Francia parar,  
Y desafiar los Doce,  
Y aqui poner tu señal ?  
Qual diablo te engaño,  
Tan junto a París llegar ?  
El Moro que aquesto oyera,  
Tal respuesta le fue à dar :  
Tengo una cautiva Mora,  
De linage principal ;  
Yo la requeri de amores,  
Y ella me fue à demandar,



Roughly stout Orlando answers,  
“ Hope not, Moor, a soft reply,  
“ But prepare for instant combat,  
“ And ere long expect to die.

“ And that noble youth, thy captive,  
“ Soon shall be releas'd again.”  
At these words the warriors, wheeling,  
Meet upon the hostile plain.

Soon Orlando overthrows him,  
And alighting keeps him down ;  
By the beard then furious takes him,  
Ending all his past renown.

“ Tell me, Moor, what led thee hither ?  
“ Such a daring, desp'rate deed,  
“ As to raise aloft thy banners,  
“ And to France in arms proceed ;

“ All the noble Twelve to challenge,  
“ Hither when thy course was held  
“ To the ancient walls of Paris,  
“ 'Twas some demon sure impell'd !”

To this speech the Moor replying,  
Thus to brave Orlando said,—  
“ I, alas ! was long enamour'd  
“ Of a high-born beauteous maid.



Que la diesse tres cabezas  
Dè Parìs essa Ciudad.  
Y que si essas llevaba,  
Connigo havia de casar.  
La una era de Oliveros,  
La otra de Don Roldan,  
La otra del esforzado  
Reynaldos de Montalvàn.  
Don Roldan que aquesto oyera  
Assi le empezò de hablar,  
Muger que tal te pidiò,  
Essa te queria mal,  
Porque essas no son cabezas,  
Que tu las puedas cortar.  
Mas porque te sea castigo,  
Y otros se hayan de guardar,  
De desafiar los Doce,  
Ni venirlos à buscar,  
Echò mano à la su espada,  
Para el Moro degollar,  
La cabeza de los ombros  
Luego se la fue à cortar.  
Llevòla al Emperador,  
Y fuessela à presentar,  
Los Doce de muy alegres,  
Todos le vàn à abrazar,  
En vèr havia muerto al Moro,  
Cosa de maravillar;  
Tambien truxo à Baldovinos,  
Que èl mismo le fue à soltar.  
Assi murió Calainos  
En Francia la natural,  
A manos del esforzado  
Esse Paladin Roldan.



“ Towns nor castles for her portion,  
“ Riches neither she desir’d,  
“ But the heads of three bold Chieftains  
“ For her marriage gift requir’d.

“ First the head of Oliveros,  
“ Of Orlando next the brave,  
“ Last Rinaldo’s of Montalban,  
“ Did the subtle damsel crave.”

Thus Orlando fiercely answer’d,  
“ Maiden, that could frame this thought,  
“ When she bade thee seek those warriors,  
“ Thy pure mischief only sought.

“ But to punish deed so daring,  
“ And for other boasters’ dread,  
“ Moor, I draw my trusty sabre,  
“ And I take thy forfeit head.”

From his shoulders then he cleft it,  
And to Charles triumphant bore :  
All the Twelve his praises chaunted,  
When they saw the vanquish’d Moor.

Baldwin thus the Chief deliver’d ;  
Thus in France Calainos dy’d  
By the hand of brave Orlando,  
Whom he in the field defy’d.



**ROMANCE**

DE

**DON REYNALDOS**

DE

**MONTALVAN.**

---

QUANDO aquel claro lucero  
Sus rayos quiere embiar,  
Esparcidos por la tierra  
Por cada parte y lugar.



THE  
 ANCIENT BALLAD  
 OF  
 RINALDO OF MONTALBAN.

---

IN the regions of Romance there are few so famous as Rinaldo, who, as we find recorded in the first chapter of Don Quixote, "was the Knight's chief favorite, as he hugely admired him for his prowess in sallying from his Castle to rob travellers, and, above all things, for his dexterity in stealing the idol of the Impostor Mahomet, which, according to the history, was of solid gold." This story is not mentioned in any of these ballads, nor in Turpin's history; but is to be found in the false Turpin, and likewise in a note of Stephanus to Saxo Grammaticus. Some of Rinaldo's other pranks are, however, made honorable mention of by Orlando in the ballad that immediately follows this. Galalon, who was the betrayer of the French army at Roncesvalles, is made the general author of mischief in these Romances; for which reason, in the same chapter of Don Quixote it is said, "that, for an opportunity of pummelling Galalon, the Knight would have willingly given his house-keeper body and soul to the devil, and his niece into the bargain."

---

WHEN the glorious sun revolving  
 Spreads his golden radiance round,  
 Genial warmth all nature cheering,  
 Clothes with verdure soft the ground.



Quando los prados floridos  
Suaves olores dån,  
A mipreciado vergel  
Me fuì para dår lugar  
A la triste vida mia  
Y muy gran necesidad.

Vida las rosas en flor,  
Que querian yà ganar,  
Hice una guirnalda de ellas  
No hallando à quien la dår.

Por un bosque despoblado  
Comencè de caminar,  
Y diera en una floresta  
Do nadie suele passar.  
En el dulce mes de Mayo  
Yo me fuì por descansar,  
Por medio de una arboleda  
De ciprès, y de rosal.  
De una huerta muy florida  
De jazmines, y arrayan,  
Los cantos eran tan dulces,  
Què me hicieron parar,  
De avecitas que por ellas,  
No hacen sino volar,



Then the meads are all enamell'd,  
Then the blooming flow'rs appear ;  
Ev'ry eye with rapture glist'ning  
Sees sweet Spring approaching near.

I alone to range my garden  
Bent my solitary way,  
Musing on the life of sorrow  
Still I led each irksome day.

There I saw the roses blowing ;  
O how lovely was their hue !  
And a chaplet twin'd, but no one  
Found to give the chaplet to.

Through a grove then devious wand'ring,  
I perceiv'd a bed of flow'rs ;  
'Twas the month of May, and pleasure  
Wanton'd in the shady bow'rs.

In a fair alcove I rested  
Of the rose and cypress made ;  
All around this lovely garden  
Was in beauteous tints array'd.

There the jasmine and the myrtle  
Pleas'd in gentle union grew ;  
Whilst the birds in soft notes thrilling  
Form'd a heav'nly concert too.



Papagayo, y rui señor  
Decian en su cantar ;

Donde vàs el Caballero,  
Atràs te quieras tornar,  
Hombre que por aqui passa,  
No puede vivo escapar.

Mirando essas avecitas,  
Su canto, y armonizar,  
A sombra de un verde pino  
Me sentè por descansar.

Hiciera mi cabacera  
Encima de un arrayan,  
Los cuidados dos à dos  
Me cercaron sin parar.  
Con un suspiro muy fuerte  
Comencè de querellar :  
O tu noble Emperador,  
Mi gran señor natural  
Mira quan pobre, y cuitado  
Me podrias acatar ;



Long I listen'd with enchantment,  
As they flew from spray to spray,  
When the nightingale, sweet singing,  
Thus attun'd his plaintive lay :—

“ Whither art thou wand'ring, whither ?

“ Listen to my warning strain ;

“ Never Knight yet enter'd hither,

“ And escap'd with life again.

“ Pleasure here too fondly reigning,

“ Will the hero's nerves unbrace ;

“ Circe's wanton cup disdaining,

“ Fly, oh ! fly the fatal place.”

I arose, and still I listen'd,

As along the walks I stray'd ;

Then beneath a shady pine-tree

Down my listless length I laid.

Bord'ring box I made my pillow,

Fain my eyes had courted sleep,

But a thousand cares fast rising

Kept me still to wake and weep.

Of rude fortune then complaining,

Loud I spoke, with heaving sigh,

“ O my noble Lord and Emperor,

“ Here forlorn how hard to lie !



Sè que de mi mal te place,  
Aunque estoy à tu mandar.

Acordarse debia  
Que te fuiste à enamorar  
De la Infanta Belisarda,  
Hija del Rey Trasionar.

Por librarte à tì de pena  
Yo me puse à la cobrar  
Con el noble Paladin,  
El esforzado Roldan.

Hicimonos por servirte  
Mercaderes por el mar,  
Yo la saquè de su tierra  
Y la puse à tu mandar:

O todos los Doce Pares,  
O Oliveros, y Roldan,  
O vos el noble Angeleros,  
Y Angelinos el Infante,  
Yà no os acordais de mi,  
Ni he con que os pueda honrar.



“ Why should my distress delight you ?

“ That you are my king, I know ;

“ This neglect, alas ! has doom’d me

“ To a heavy load of woe.

“ Should you not indeed remember,

“ When with love your amorous breast

“ Burnt for blooming Belisarda,

“ And nor night nor day could rest :

“ When for King Trasionar’s daughter

“ Deep and tender was the wound,

“ Brave Count Palatine Orlando

“ And myself alone you found ;

“ Found to brave, with dauntless valor,

“ Storms at sea, and war’s alarms,

“ Till thro’ many a hardship battling

“ You were happy in her arms !

“ O ye Peers of France, illustrious,

“ Oliveros, highly fam’d ;

“ Brave Orlando, Angeleros,

“ Prince of this fair region nam’d ;

“ Angelinus too, no longer

“ Do you recollect your friend,

“ Who his days in silent anguish

“ Is condemn’d unseen to spend ?



O vos Duque Don Estolfo,  
De Inglaterra Capitan,  
O mis señores, y amigos,  
Quan lexos os veo estàr.

Tomòle tal pensamiento  
De se haver de desterrar,  
En las tierras de los Moros  
Por su ventura probar.

Estando en este propuesto  
Se tornò à Montalvàn  
Sin despedirse de alguno  
Luego al momento se và.

Por sus jornadas contadas  
A París llegado ha,  
A Roldan fue à rogar luggo  
Que le quiera acompañar;

Que se và à unos tornèos  
Que hacen allende el mar.  
Don Roldan que es codicioso  
De fama, y honra ganar

Aderezca su partida,  
Sin en nada discrepar,  
En forma de peregrinos  
Por los Moros engañar.



And thou noble Duke Estolfo,  
“ Captain of fair England’s soil ;  
“ Gallant friends, alas ! you think not  
“ Of Rinaldo’s painful toil !”

Musing thus, the hero, starting,  
Now a sudden thought conceives ;  
To Montalban’s walls returning,  
Swift his foot the garden leaves.

Forth he means to seek adventures  
In the Moorish realms afar ;  
Leaping on his steed then fiercely  
Pants his mighty soul for war.

And at Paris gates arriving,  
Brave Orlando he address’d ;  
“ Wilt thou go with me, brave Chieftain ?  
“ Dost thou scorn inglorious rest ?

“ To the tourney am I wending  
“ Leagues beyond the bord’ring sea.”  
Pleas’d to hear it, stout Orlando  
Did with his brave friend agree.

And together thence departing,  
Nothing to their friends they say,  
But in stranger guise the better  
To mislead pursue their way.



Andando por sus jornadas,  
Muy cerca vàn à llegar,  
Jueves era aquel dia,  
La vispera de San Juan.

Que el tornèo es aplazado,  
Por ser dia principal,  
Essa noche à una floresta  
Se fueron à descansar.

Otra dia de mañana,  
Clarines oyen sonar,  
Que sacan à la Princesa,  
Por la fiesta mas honrar.

Lleva encima la cabeza  
Una corona real,  
Sus cabellos esparcidos,  
Que acrecientan su beldad.

Ella estaba tan hermosa,  
Que à todos hace turbar,  
Muchas doncellas delante,  
Todas dicen un cantar.

Comenzò de hablar luego  
El esforzado Roldan :  
O Dios, y que linda dama  
En el mundo no hay su par.



Trav'ling fast by daily journies,  
Soon the Moorish realms they gain ;  
On Saint John's fam'd eve, a Thursday,  
In a grove the Knights remain.

For the next with pomp preparing,  
For Saint John's illustrious fête,  
Ev'ry bosom pants for glory,  
Ev'ry Knight with hope elate.

On that morn so joyous sounding,  
While the swelling clarions play,  
Forth they lead the lovely Princess,  
More to grace the festive day.

On her head a crown of diamonds  
Doth the blooming maiden wear,  
Whilst, her beauty more exalting,  
Loosely floats her tressy hair.

Damsels young, before her walking,  
Chaunt in soft melodious strain ;  
Ev'ry eye extols her beauty,  
Ev'ry bosom throbs with pain.

“Heavens!” exclaims amaz'd Orlando  
“What a fair enchanting maid !  
“Never have I seen such beauty,  
“Such engaging charms display'd !



Sin ofender à Doñalda  
Yo la quisiera gozar!

Reynaldos con turbacion,  
De lo que dixo Roldan,  
Con gesto demudado  
Le comenzò de hablar.

Primo, escusado os fuera  
De tal suerte blasonar,  
Porque Celidonia es mia,  
Yo la entiendo de ganar.

Si no me sois enemigo  
En ello me haveis de hablar.  
Con gran enojo que tiene  
Se pone encima Bayarte.

Và derecho para el campo,  
Pos los tornèos ganar ;  
Vido muchos caballeros  
Del caballo en tierra dâr.

Mira el mas valiente dellos,  
Que era el Rey Gargaray,  
Derrocando caballeros,  
Quantos topaba à lanzar.



“ Were it not for my Doñalda,  
“ Fain would I enjoy those charms ;  
“ And with transport clasp the damsel  
“ In these fond encircling arms !”

At these words Rinaldo turning  
Pale, in hasty accent, cries,  
“ Speak not so, my valiant Cousin,  
“ Tho’ she may enchant your eyes.

“ For the lovely Celidonia  
“ I alone aspire to gain :  
“ In my ears then, I beseech you,  
“ Breathe not thus your amorous pain.

“ And if you will more befriend me,  
“ To the maiden kindly speed.”  
Utt’ring this, he spurs Bayarte,  
Briskly spurs his fiery steed.

Eager to the field repairing  
Where the famous tilt was held ;  
Ev’ry Knight unhors’d before him  
On the ground lay prone impell’d.

But the noblest Knight among them  
Was the brave Prince Gargaray,  
Whose strong arm the Chiefs o’erturning,  
Like a whirlwind swept the way.



Tomàra entonces su lanza,  
Y al Moro fue à encontrar,  
Por encima del arzon,  
Que le fue à derribar.

Al Moro, y caballo en tierra,  
Y al caballo fue à picar,  
Derrocando à quantos topa  
Y podia alcanzar.

Raras maravillas hace,  
Que espanto pone en mirar ;  
En esto aquel gran Rey Moro  
Tornò presto à lidiar.

Yà se parte Don Reynaldos  
Otra vez por le encontrar ;  
Tan fuerte golpe le diera,  
Que otra vèz le fue à lanzar.

Con el corage el Rey Moro  
No tiene en nada su mal.

Nadie justa con Reynaldos,  
Nadie le osa esperar,  
De los golpes que reciben  
Vàn huyendo sin parar.



But his lance Rinaldo couching,  
So impetuous meets the Moor,  
That the weighty blow he deals him  
Lays him low his steed before.

Horse and rider fell together :  
O'er the field Bayarte flew ;  
Ev'ry Knight that he encounter'd  
Brave Rinaldo overthrew.

Wonders thus in arms achieving,  
Long they gaze with pale affright,  
Till the fallen Prince, grown furious,  
Seeks again to prove his might.

Like a bolt again Rinaldo  
Tow'rds the Prince impetuous wheels,  
And a second time o'erthrows him,  
As the dreadful stroke he deals.

But the Moor, with courage glowing,  
Ev'ry wound a trifle held,  
While for glory highly panting  
His impatient bosom swell'd.

Not a Knight the lists dar'd enter  
With our great unrivall'd Chief,  
Whose strong arm o'er all prevailing,  
Flight alone could give relief.



Yà Febo se declinaba,  
Azia el Oceano mar,  
Quando el gran Rey Argolandro  
Clarines mandò sonar.

Porque paren los tornèos,  
Y vayan à reposar,  
Hasta en el dia siguiente,  
Que los tiene de acabar.

Reynaldos iba tan fuerte  
Que espanto pone en mirar,  
Don Roldan que cerca estaba,  
Vinolo luego à abrazar.

Què es aquesto Primo mio,  
Como andais sin aguardar?  
Tanto holgaba de veros,  
Que olvidaba el pelear.

Viendo vuestra gran destreza  
Contra el gran Rey Gargaray;  
Vos lo decis señor mio,  
Que me quereis motejar.

Vamenos Señor al monte,  
Do solemos alvergar,  
No nos conozcan los Moros,  
No entremos en la Ciudad.



Phœbus now, with speed declining,  
In the ocean dipp'd his ray,  
When the great King Argolander  
Bade the sounding clarions play.

This the signal for retreating  
From the lists to welcome rest ;  
For the next day's fête preparing,  
As the King his will express'd.

Fiercely rode renown'd Rinaldo  
Like a lion round the field,  
Whilst Orlando gladly saw him  
Make the proudest champions yield.

" O brave Knight, not one so valiant  
" Hath victorious shone in arms ;  
" I forgot to fight, your valor  
" Blaz'd with such transcendent charms.

" When I saw you boldly lancing  
" That great Prince, King Gargaray,  
" Sure," cry'd I, " such noble prowess  
" Ne'er did valiant Knight display.

" But delay not ; to the mountain  
" Let us back retire again :  
" These same Moors are sure to know us,  
" If at night we here remain."



El fuerte Rey que los vido,  
Comenzòlos de llamar ;  
O vos fuertes peregrinos  
Donde vos vais à holgar ?

Señor, vamonos al monte,  
No teniendo que gastar ;  
No nos quieren dàr posada,  
Por Dios, ni por caridad.

Passamos al gran Mahoma,  
Por su templo visitar ;  
Señores, si vos pluguise,  
Yo vos quiero aposentar.

Don Reynaldos, hablò luego,  
Cumplase vuestro mandar,  
Hicieronles dàr posada  
En acertado lugar,  
Que el Moro es acostumbrado  
A Romeros alvergar.  
Luego les vino mensaje,  
Que el Rey los embia à llamar,  
Dixo que los caballeros  
Son Reynaldos y Roldan.

Que su amigo Galalon  
Lo embia à avisar.  
Todos se ponen en armas,  
Para haverlos de matar.



When the King beheld the heroes  
From the field together bend ;  
“ Valiant strangers, say, where mean you  
“ Night’s approaching hours to spend ?”

“ Tow’rd the mountain are we bending,  
“ Money have we none to boast ;  
“ Wanting gold, no house receives us,  
“ None will act the friendly host.

“ To the temple are we journeying  
“ Where the Prophet’s body lies.”  
“ Signors, I’ll provide you quarters ;  
“ Follow me,” the Monarch cries.

“ Sire, a thousand thanks bestowing,  
“ We accept the proffer’d aid :”  
Then the King a Khan assign’d them,  
For the Moorish pilgrims made.

Scarce they enter’d, when he bade them  
To his presence back repair,  
For Rinaldo and Orlando  
’Twas announc’d the strangers were.

Galalon had sent this warning  
From the ancient realms of France ;  
Fain in arms the Moorish Chieftains  
Would against the Knights advance.



El buen Rey que aquesto vido  
Altas voces fue à dar.  
A Caballeros galanes  
De corte tan principal  
Yo no soy de paracer,  
Que assi hayan de tratar  
Los mejores Caballeros  
De toda la Christiandad ;  
Pues que yo les di seguro  
Yo no les puedo faltar.  
Mas luego siendo de dia,  
Os podeis todos armar,  
Y como gentiles hombres  
Con ellos en campo entrar.

Yà se partià el buen Rey,  
Yà los Romeros se vàn ;  
O los nobles Caballeros,  
Reynaldos, y Don Roldan,  
Seades los bien venidos,  
Los dos Christianos sin par.  
Sabed que Don Galalon  
Una carta fue à embiar,  
En que dàn decir por ella  
Que venioses à matar  
Al noble Rey Agolandro  
Y èl nos hiciera llamar.



But the generous King forbids them ;

“ Friends, ’twill be a lasting shame  
 “ To molest those Knights that hither  
 “ To display their prowess came.

“ ’Gainst two Cavaliers so noble

“ Let this hasty rancour cease ;  
 “ I have pledg’d my word ; let no one  
 “ Then presume to break the peace.

“ But to-morrow, friends, your valor

“ In the tilt prepare to shew ;  
 “ And like Knights of worth and honor,  
 “ If you can, the Chiefs o’erthrow.”

Utt’ring this, King Argolander

To the palace bent his way,  
 But to those illustrious warriors  
 Thus exclaim’d Prince Gargaray :—

“ Valiant Chieftains, welcome hither ;

“ Flow’r of Christians, welcome thrice !  
 “ Know, ’twas Galalon that falsely  
 “ Sent the valiant King advice,

“ Hither that you came to slay him,

“ Thence arose your sudden call ;  
 “ But his honor lets no mischief  
 “ On your heads indignant fall.



Do se determinò luego  
De venir vos à matar,  
Sino por respeto mio  
Que nunca les di lugar.

Mas sabed que en la mañana  
En batalla haveis de entrar  
Vos, y el noble Paladin,  
Con quantos allí vendrán;  
Y vos Señor Don Reynaldos,  
No os podeis escusar,  
Que conmigo y quatro Reyes  
En campo os haveis de hallar.  
Por ende esforzaos mucho:  
Luego los fuera à abrazar.

Don Reynaldos le responde:  
Grande es señor tu bondad,  
Grandemente nos obligas  
Mas que podrais pensar.

El Rey se despidió dellos,  
Y à su casa se fue à cenar;  
Otra dia el Sol salido,  
El Rey los vino à llamar.

Yà se ponen los arneses,  
Y el Rey los ayuda à armar;  
Y quando armados los vido  
Comenzòles de hablar.



“ And, moreover, honor bids me  
“ Disbelieve the base design ;  
“ But to-morrow in the combat  
“ You must each prepare to shine.

“ And, Rinaldo, since your valor  
“ Blaz’d with such renown before,  
“ In the lists with me you enter,  
“ And with four stout Princes more.

“ Knights, adieu ! let manly courage  
“ In your ardent bosoms reign,  
“ And your former glory nobly  
“ In a second tilt sustain.”

“ Prince,” Rinaldo courteous answers,  
“ In your breast true merit lies ;  
“ Grateful for these unsought favors,  
“ High your gen’rous worth we prize.”

To his palace then retiring,  
Back the Prince pursues his way,  
But again rejoins the warriors  
At the early break of day.

First their fiery steeds they harness ;  
Then to arm the gallant Knights,  
Gargaray himself assisting,  
In the office much delights.



O los nobles Caballeros  
Queradesme perdonar,  
Porque en viendoos armados  
Enemigo os soy mortàl.

Dicho esto, fuesse luego  
Sin mas palabras hablar,  
Aprestanse los dos Primeros  
Y à la batalla se vàn.

Bayartè que vè la gente,  
Espanto pone en mirar,  
Dando corcobos, y empinos,  
Comienza de relinchar.

Tan fuerte và para ellos,  
Que la tierra hace temblar,  
Reynaldos mira à los Reyes  
Con quien ha de pelear.

Tambien mira à Celidonia,  
Que en Cadahalso està;  
Tanto corage le crece,  
Que comienza de hablar.

O vosotros los Romanos  
Todos venid à ayudar  
A aquestos cinco Reyes  
Que conmigò han de ajustar.



“ O !” cries he, “ ye valiant Nobles,  
“ Well ye may my zeal excuse ;  
“ When I see you arm’d, no longer  
“ I the name of foe refuse.”

As he spoke, the gen’rous warriors  
To the field with joy repair,  
Anxious each the palm of glory  
From the Moorish Knights to bear.

When he eyes the Moorish army,  
Such a numerous host around,  
Loud Bayarte neighs for battle,  
Paws, and furious strikes the ground.

Then so swiftly bounds tow’rds them,  
That the ground beneath him quakes ;  
Each stout King Rinaldo eyeing,  
As the dread attack he makes.

At fair Celidonia gazing,  
Who in a balcony stood,  
Still more high the hero’s bosom  
Pants, and courage fills his blood.

“ O ye ancient Romans,” shouts he,  
“ Let your vigorous arms assist  
“ These five Kings that with Rinaldo  
“ Dare to enter in the list.



Porque en el dia de oy,  
Yo les quiero demostrar  
Las fuerzas que Dios me diò,  
Por su santa Fè ensalzar.

Dà de espuelas al caballo,  
En el campo fue à entrar.  
Los Moros que entrar lo vèn  
Juntos lo vèn à encontrar ;

De tal suerte que las lanzas  
En piezas hacen volar.  
Mas Reynaldos con esfuerzo  
Encontrò al Rey Gargaray,

De tal suerte, que la lanza  
Le passò al espaldar.  
No le duraron los otros,  
Que à todos los fue à matar.

Y quebrada la su lanza,  
A Fisberta fue à sacar.  
Haciendo mil maravillas  
Por con el campo quedar,

Hasta topar à su Primo  
El buen Paladin Roldan,  
Que llevaba un gran tropel  
De Morisma à mas andar.



“ For this day his arm shall teach them  
“ In disputed fields to bend ;  
/ “ Prove the strength that heav’n has giv’n him,  
“ And the Christian faith defend.”

Forward then he spurs Bayarte,  
Swifter than the rapid wind,  
Thunders on the Kings, who meet him  
In the dreadful shock combin’d.

In an instant all their lances  
Shiver’d into fragments fly,  
But beneath Rinaldo’s valor  
Gargaray was first to lie.

Thro’ the shoulder pierc’d, Rinaldo  
Sees the hapless Monarch fall ;  
Round his steed then nimbly wheeling,  
Soon his prowess slays them all.

When his lance was broke, Fisberta  
His high temper’d sword he drew,  
And, his wondrous strength exerting,  
Round the field like lightning flew,

Till he met brave Count Orlando  
Compass’d with a host of foes,  
And perceiv’d his valiant Cousin  
Dealing round his weighty blows.



Despues que juntos se vieron,  
Muy gran contento se dàn,  
Con esfuerzo denodado,  
Renuevan el pelear.

Tantos matan de los Moros  
Que no hay quenta, ni par ;  
El alarido es tan grande,  
Que al cielo quiere llegar.

Alzò los ojos Reynaldos  
A do el cadahalso està,  
Vido muchos Caballeros  
A la Princesa guardar.

Allegòse para ellos,  
Con muy gran ferocidad,  
El estruendo que traia  
La tierra hace temblar.

A la bella Celidonia  
Fue en su caballo sentar ;  
Arremete con denuedo  
Por la batalla dexar.

Los Moros que aquesto vieron  
No le ossaban dañar,  
Por no dàr à la Princesa,  
Ni le hacer algun mal.



Both their manly hearts uniting,  
Join intrepid in the fight ;  
Both by many a gallant action  
Prove their unexampled might.

Moors in such amazing numbers  
Fall beneath their slaught'ring arms,  
That their shrieks to heav'n ascending,  
Rend its vault with dire alarms.

To the spot Rinaldo turning  
Where the lovely Princess stood,  
Saw her by a squadron guarded,  
And his rapid course pursu'd.

Then so fiercely he attacks them,  
That his fury none withstand ;  
Taking then the gentle maiden,  
Celidonia, by the hand ;

On his steed he lightly seats her,  
And again vaults up before ;  
Then essays to leave the battle,  
Since the envy'd prize he bore.

When they saw the Princess seated  
At the hardy warrior's back,  
Dreading with their spears to wound her,  
They desist from the attack.



Con sollozos, y gemidos  
Que al Cielo quieren llegar,  
Lloran su gran perdicion,  
La muerte de Gargaray.

La Princesa yà vencida,  
Deste que no tiene par,  
Con una voz delicada  
Comenzòle de hablar.

O Señor, en què peligro  
Os poneis en me llevar !  
Mas queria yo morir,  
Que no vuestro peligrar.

Abrazandola muy fuerte,  
En el rostro fue à besar,  
Por sus delicados ojos  
Lagrimas vieron saltar.

Temiendo de lo perder,  
Viendo tanto aquexar,  
Que su rostro de Reynaldos  
En agua hizo tornar.

Buelvese à consolarla  
Con amoroso hablar  
Esforzad Señora mia,  
No querades desmayar.



And, with dreadful shrieks bewailing  
Their disasters in the fray,  
Grieve to see the captive Princess,  
And the slain Prince Gargaray.

But the lovely Celidonia,  
By renown'd Rinaldo won,  
In a sweet and tender accent  
This endearing speech begun :—

“ O, my Lord, what pain to see you  
“ Such great hazards undertake,  
“ And expose a life so valu'd  
“ For poor Celidonia's sake !”

Round he clasp'd the gentle maiden,  
Gave her lips a balmy kiss ;  
In his eyes the tears stood trembling,  
Tears of soft delicious bliss.

Much he dreads some fatal mischief,  
Dreads to lose the maid again ;  
And his heart, with terror beating,  
Throbs with agonizing pain.

But the lovely fair consoling,  
Much he strives to calm her fear ;  
“ Sweetest Princess, to my bosom  
“ Life itself is not so dear.”



Ellos estando en aquesto,  
Su hermano fuera à llegar,  
Dado le ha cruel herida,  
Su cuerpo le fue à passar.

En los brazos de Reynaldos,  
Que su fin fuera à causar,  
Con voz ronca, y muy plañida,  
Comenzarà de hablar.

O amor mio, y bien,  
De mi os querais acordar,  
Pues yo recibo la muerte,  
No me querais olvidar.

Sabiendo vos amor mio,  
Que os iba yo à acompañar,  
Dexando yo al Rey mi Padre,  
Con tanto enojo, y pesar.  
O què pena, y què passion  
Llevo en aqueste pensar !  
El rostro se le desmaya,  
La habla fuera à cessar ;  
Con un suspiro muy fuerte  
Vieron su fin allegar.

Don Reynaldos que esto oyera  
El color perdido ha ;  
Con vos triste, y dolorosa  
Comenzòse à lamentar.



Thus, in gentle converse speaking,  
Her stern brother came in view,  
And a deadly wound he gave her,  
For he pierc'd her body through.

In the arms of brave Rinaldo,  
Bleeding, see the Princess lies;  
But her lips console the hero,  
As her drooping spirit flies,

“ O, brave youth, whom truly loving,  
“ Since for you I bow to death,  
“ Still you'll hold me dear to mem'ry,  
“ While you shall enjoy your breath !

“ Well you know I left my parents,  
“ Left my native home for you,  
“ And, believe me, Celidonia  
“ Ne'er had prov'd to love untrue.

“ O, farewell ! my wand'ring spirit  
“ Now must other regions seek ;  
“ O, farewell !” for ever closing  
Then her lips, no more could speak.

One deep groan she gave—Rinaldo  
Groan'd alike with deadly pain,  
Whilst these words he faintly utter'd  
In a piteous, mournful strain :—



Hay desdichado de mì,  
Yà no me quiero nombrar  
El esforzado Reynaldos,  
Ni èl me quiero llamar !

O muerte, por què no vienes  
No quiero vivo quedar ;  
O Celidonia, amor mio,  
Donde te irè yo à buscar.

Yo fuè de tì homicida,  
Yo solo te fuì à matar ;  
O traydor mal caballero,  
Què piensas aqui aguardar.

Buelvese contra los Moros,  
Para en ellos se vengar,  
Puso en tierra à Celidonia,  
Sintiendo mucho su mal.

Và buscando al Caballero,  
Que le hizo tal pesar,  
Hiriendo, y matando Moros,  
Quantos podia topar.

Hace tal matanza en ellos,  
Que es cosa para espantar,  
Hasta topar su enemigo  
No dexa de atropellar.



“ Ah, unhappy me ! no longer  
“ Let the voice of lofty fame  
“ The renown'd, the great Rinaldo,  
“ Call my misery-stricken name.

“ Death, how kind would'st thou but take me !  
“ For I value life no more ;  
“ Lovely Celidonia losing,  
“ All my bosom did adore.

“ But I'll seek her ruthless murd'rer,  
“ And the treacherous wretch destroy,  
“ Who hath thus in wanton malice  
“ Robb'd me of my only joy !”

On the ground he lays the Princess,  
And again remounts his steed,  
Then, with tenfold fury burning,  
Hastens to avenge the deed.

Ranks of Moors soon fall before him ;  
Round he casts his glaring eye,  
And, on all sides fiercely looking,  
Seeks his cruel foe to spy.

Not a warrior stands before him ;  
Sure and mortal ev'ry wound  
From the hero's sword, who, raging,  
Now the murderous Chieftain found.



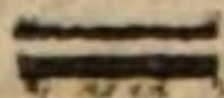
Vido andar en la batalla,  
Que parece un gaviàn,  
Arremetiò para èl  
Con esfuerzo singular,

Trabòlo por los cabellos  
Del caballo lo fue à echar,  
Atòle fuerte los pies,  
Y al suyo lo fue à passar,

Despue à su guisa lo tuvo,  
Tornò presto à cavalgar,  
Và atropellando los Moros,  
Hasta su Primo topar,

Despues que juntos se vieron  
Comienzan de caminar  
Para la noble de Francia,  
Llevando muy gran pesar,

La muerte de Celidonia  
No le dexa consolar,  
Hasta vèr à Galalon  
Que tanto mal fue à causar,





In the battle like a giant  
Rode the haughty Paynim foe,  
But Rinaldo from his charger  
Strikes him with a furious blow.

By the hair then backward drags him,  
Ties his hands, and binds his feet;  
And across Bayarte throws him,  
When in France his death to meet.

Then again his steed remounting,  
Swift he gallopp'd as the wind,  
Till his cousin Count Orlando  
Battling with the Moors he join'd,

When the Chiefs were met together,  
Forth they sally'd from the fray,  
And, to native France returning,  
Homeward fast pursu'd their way.

But for the lamented maiden  
Not a joy Rinaldo knew,  
Till false Galalon was punish'd,  
From whose arts this mischief grew.

---



## ROMANCE

DE

## DON ROLDAN.

EN Francia la noblecida  
 En esse tiempo passado,  
 Quando el Emperador Carlos  
 La tenia à su mandado.  
 Quando florecia Reynaldos  
 Y Roldan el esforzado,

Quando casi todo el mundo  
 De Moros era ocupado.  
 En la ciudad de Parìs  
 Gran fiesta se ha celebrado,  
 La qual dicen de San Jorge,  
 Patron de Aràgon llamado;



THE  
ANCIENT BALLAD  
OF  
ORLANDO.

---

THIS ballad relates the cause of Rinaldo's disgrace, and another treachery of Galalon's, which drives Orlando into banishment, who becomes General to one of the Moorish Kings, and lays siege to Paris. Rinaldo is then summoned to Charlemagne's assistance.

---

IN fair France's fertile region,  
When King Charles the sceptre held,  
And Rinaldo and Orlando  
Ev'ry rival Knight excell'd ;

When the Moors, like locusts swarming,  
Scarce a nation could withstand,  
But in ev'ry quarter spreading,  
Far and near o'errun the land ;

To renown'd St. George's honor  
Was proclaim'd a royal fête,  
Held in Arragon, the patron  
Of its fair, illustrious state ;



Hacela el Emperador,  
Porque tambien le ha ayudado :  
Manda llamar à los grandes  
Quantos tiene à su mandado.

Que cada uno viniesse  
Segun fuesse su estado ;  
Allì vino Oliveros,  
Y Roldan el esforzado,

Que de atavios, y galas  
Este era el mas señelado ;  
Tambien Bettràn Salazar  
Con su pompa y su estado.

Y vinieron Don Estolfo,  
Y Don Salino su hermano,  
Y vinieron tantos grandes,  
Que es imposible contallo,

Quando todos fueron juntos  
La fiesta se ha celebrado ;  
Nunca vino Don Reynaldos,  
Que en Montalvàn no se hallado.

Quando el falso Galalon  
Deste fue certificado,  
Fuesse al Emperador  
Con un rostro mesurado,  
Arrodillòse à sus pies,  
Desta suerte le ha hablado.



Whose strong arms in war prevailing,  
Help'd to win the glorious day :  
All his Peers the Emperor summon'd,  
All that own'd his royal sway,

Each to come in courtly splendor,  
As his fair estate allow'd ;  
Oliveros and Orlando  
First before his presence bow'd.

In high pomp and costly grandeur  
Never fête did so exceed :  
Bertram Salazar was present,  
Fam'd for many a martial deed,

Count Estolfo, and his brother  
Valiant Count Salino, came ;  
And so many Peers and Nobles,  
More than any tongue could name.

Thus the gallant Peers assembling,  
To the Emperor's court repair ;  
But Rinaldo of Montalban  
Bow'd not with his fellows there.

This false Galalon perceiving,  
To the Emperor's footstool went ;  
And, with looks of serious import,  
On his knees deceitful bent ;



O señor Emperador,  
Dios te prospere tu estado,  
Y te dexe vèr cumplido  
Lo por ti yà descado.

Bien has visto, y conocido  
Quien està à tu mandado,  
Todos los que estàn en Francia  
Han venido à tu llamado.

Sino aquel Don Reynaldos  
Que te ha menospreciado,  
Que el mandamiento tuyo  
Muy poco lo ha estimado.

Porque te ruego, Señor,  
Que luego le dè el pago,  
Y que en presencia de todos  
Por traidor le sea dado.

Allì hablò el Emperador,  
Y tal respuesta le ha dado ;  
Placeme Don Galalon,  
Esso harè yo de grado.

Por hacer à vos placer  
Y porque queda castigado,  
Allì én presencia de todos  
Por traidor le havia dado.



Then in fawning words address'd him,  
 " Mighty Sov'reign, deign to hear ;  
 " Heav'n in peace preserve your kingdom,  
 " Guard the life we hold so dear !

" Joyful we've obey'd the summons  
 " Issu'd from your royal throne ;  
 " Of your worthy Peers, Rinaldo  
 " Disobeys your will alone.

" Ev'ry other Lord is present,  
 " All your pleasure is obey'd ;  
 " But Rinaldo hath disdain'd you,  
 " Hath no just obedience paid.

" Humbly let me then entreat you  
 " To avenge this open shame ;  
 " That Rinaldo for a traitor  
 " On the spot you may proclaim."

Furious rose the angry Monarch,  
 What he said you soon shall know :—  
 " Galalon, it well becomes you  
 " Just resentment thus to shew.

" For my honor's sake chastisement  
 " Shall upon th' offender fall ;  
 " Count Rinaldo for a traitor  
 " I proclaim before you all."



Mucho pesàra à los Grandes,  
Que à la sala se han hallado,  
Quando aquesta triste nueva  
Por Parìs se ha divulgado.

Fuesse luego Oliveros,  
Y a Don Roldan ha hablado,  
Contòle la traycion  
Que Galalon havia armado.

Quando el fuerte Don Roldan  
Desto fue certificado,  
Descavalgò de una mula,  
En un caballo ha cavalgado,

Por las calles de Parìs  
Malamente vò enojado ;  
Fuesse para el Emperador,  
Desta suerte le ha hablado.

Mucho me pesa, Señor,  
Desto soy muy enojado,  
Que à Reynaldos en ausencia  
Tan mal le hayais tratado,

Por el consejo de un traydor  
No merecia tal pago,  
Debieraseos acordar  
De aquesse tiempo passado,



Highly did it grieve the Nobles  
 In the royal presence found ;  
 Highly did it grieve all Paris,  
 When the news was spread around.

Oliveros then withdrawing,  
 Valiant Count Orlando sought,  
 And related all the treachery  
 Galalon had falsely wrought.

Soon as Count Orlando hears it,  
 From his mule he lights in haste,  
 Mounts his gallant steed, and swiftly  
 Through the city streets he pac'd.

To the palace then ascending,  
 To the Emperor straitly goes,  
 And, in fearless language speaking,  
 Thus his indignation shews :—

“ Much I'm griev'd to find Rinaldo  
 “ By his foes hath been defam'd,  
 “ And, because the Knight is absent,  
 “ For a traitor loud proclaim'd.

“ Such a vile perfidious counsel  
 “ 'Twas a traitor only gave ;  
 “ Sire, to brave Rinaldo's merits  
 “ Your attention let me crave.



Quando estabades perdido  
De amores appassionado,  
De las Infanta Belisarda,  
Mora de muy gran estado ;

Y quando èl os vido herido,  
Y de amor appassionado,  
Puso su vida por vos  
Hasta haveros remediado.

Y passò a los sus Reynos,  
Y à su padre havia matado ;  
Matò tambien tres gigantes,  
Que la estaban guardando.

Matò muchos caballeros  
Que en su nao havian entrado,  
Y à pesar de todo el Reyno  
A la Infanta se ha llevado.

Pusola en vuestro poder  
Por quitaros de cuidado,  
Y allà en Cordova la llana  
Recordaos lo que ha passado,

Que si no fuera por èl  
Quedaredes cautivado,  
Mas con sus ingenios, y artes  
El os hizo libertado.



- “ When for blooming Belisarda  
 “ Pin’d with love your amorous breast,  
 “ And when night nor day your passion  
 “ Fiercely burning let you rest ;
- “ For the lovely Moorish Princess  
 “ When you felt the tender wound,  
 “ For your sake his life Rinaldo  
 “ Freely risk’d on hostile ground.
- “ Bravely did he slay her father ;  
 “ Captive then he led the maid,  
 “ By three mighty giants guarded,  
 “ Whom in dust his valour laid.
- “ In his ship, too, many a Chieftain  
 “ Highly fam’d the hero slew ;  
 “ And, though battling hosts oppos’d him,  
 “ From her realms the Princess drew.
- “ In your arms his courage plac’d her ;  
 “ For your person well he fought,  
 “ And in Cordova triumphant  
 “ By his deeds your safety wrought :
- “ Else, a captive there remaining,  
 “ You had sigh’d and sigh’d in vain ;  
 “ Destin’d long to wear in misery,  
 “ And in tears, the galling chain.



Matò à Madama Ruenca,  
Reyna de tan gran estado ;  
Muchas cosas vos ha hecho,  
De todas le dais mal pago.

Mas el falso Galalon  
Que tal os ha aconsejado,  
Antes que venga mañana  
De mì recibirà el pago.

El Emperador con enojo  
Un bofeton le havia dado,  
Diciendo mal caballero,  
Vos haveis de ser osado

En la presencia del Rey  
Hablar tan desmesurado.  
Yo os juro por mi corona,  
Que vos seais castigado.

El bueno de Don Roldan  
Malamente se ha enojado,  
En un altar que allì havia  
Un juramento ha jurado.

De jamàs entrar en Francia,  
Hasta que fuesse vengado.



“ Did he not slay Queen Ruenca,  
 “ Queen of such a pow’rful state ?  
 “ Did he not, too, feats a thousand,  
 “ More than tongue can e’en relate ?

“ Would you, then, so ill requite him,  
 “ And false Galalon regard ?  
 “ Ere to-morrow shall his treach’ry  
 “ Meet from me a just reward.”

In a furious rage the Emperor  
 Gave the hardy Chief a blow ;  
 “ Dare you,” cry’d he, “ in my presence,  
 “ Dare you this resentment shew,

“ And in words so bold address me ?  
 “ Ill do you respect your king !  
 “ Hence, Orlando ; fierce chastisement  
 “ On your head this speech shall bring !”

Stung to madness, brave Orlando  
 To an altar instant went,  
 And, his hand upon it placing,  
 Thus proclaim’d his firm intent :—

“ Not till I have ample vengeance  
 “ For the cruel wrong I’ve borne,  
 “ Will I enter this proud palace,  
 “ Or from foreign lands return.”



Estas palabras diciendo  
Echò la escalero abaxo,  
Fuerase para su casa,  
Malamente và enojado ;  
Demandò presto sus armas  
Y muy apriesa fue armado.  
Sin poner pie en el estrivo  
En el caballo ha cavalgado ;  
Yà se sale de París,  
Malamente và enojado.

Por sus jornadas contadas  
En España fue llegado,  
Andando por sus caminos  
Su ventura và buscando.

Encontrò con un Morico,  
Que la mar està mirando ;  
Guarda era de una puente,  
Que nadie dexa passar.

Sino por fuerza, ò por grado,  
Con èl hay de pelear,  
Porque su Señor el Rey  
Assi lo fuera à mandar,

Hombre que viniesse armado  
No le dexasse passar,  
O que dexasse las armas,  
Si en el Reyno queria entrar.



Down the steps then instant flying,  
To his mansion back he goes,  
Quick demands his arms, and quicker  
On his stubborn armour throws.

On his steed then fiercely vaults he,  
To the stirrup ne'er attends,  
But, wild transports frantic breathing,  
From the city portal bends.

Many a day he journies forward  
Till he sees the fields of Spain,  
On all sides adventures seeking,  
Where to vent his mortal pain.

'Twas a Moor he first encounter'd,  
Where the distant sea-beach lay,  
On a bridge the causeway guarding,  
Suff'ring none to pass that way.

From his King command receiving,  
If resistance any dar'd,  
Forth to stand, and, girt with armour,  
Be for all attacks prepar'd.

Loud he shouts to bold Orlando,  
"Hence, I warn you, Cavalier!  
"Down those arms! it is not suffer'd  
"To approach in armour here."



Don Roldan con gran enojo  
Que lo havia de escuchar,  
Hablòle muy denodado,  
Tal respuesta le fue à dâr,  
Que por tal hombre como èl  
Las armas no ha de dexar,  
Que en el mundo no es nacido  
Quien las haya de llevar,

Respondierale el Moro,  
Tal respuesta le fue à dâr,  
Si assi quieres Caballero,  
Luego se haya de librar ;

Que yo te las quitarè,  
O yo quedarè con mal ;  
Luego abaxaron sus lanzas,  
Y se fueron à encontrar.

Y à los primeros encuentros  
Las lanzas quebrado han ;  
Echan manos à las espadas,  
De priessa, y no de vagar ;  
Tan fuertes golpes se daban,  
Que era cosa de mirar ;  
Alzò el Moro la su espada,  
A Don Roldan fuera acertar,  
Encima de su cabeza  
Que lo hizo arrodillar.



With deep rage Orlando glowing,  
 To the Moor undaunted cries,  
 "Moor, thou seest no trembling coward;  
 "I those haughty threats despise.

"Never have I seen the warrior  
 "That could make me quit my arms;  
 "Yet unborn is he whose courage  
 "Shakes my soul with rude alarms."

Thus the Moor to stout Orlando  
 In an equal fury cry'd,  
 "Cavalier, ere long your valour  
 "In the battle shall be try'd;

"For, in spite of all that boasting,  
 "Will I pluck those arms away."  
 Boldly then their lances couching,  
 They begin a 'desp'rate fray.

Lances both were instant shiver'd;  
 Then the Chiefs their sabres drew,  
 And, with fiery choler battling,  
 Round the sparks like lightning flew.

There the Moor, of force gigantic,  
 With his gleaming faulchion see,  
 On the head Orlando striking,  
 Beat him down upon his knee.



Don Roldan que esto vido  
Un tal golpe le fue à dâr  
Con el tajo de su espada,  
Que el cuerpo le fue à cortar.

El Moro que assi se vido  
Con herida tan mortal,  
Dabale tan grandes golpes  
Que à Roldan hacia temblar.

Quando Roldan esto vido  
Comenzàra de hablar,  
O maldito sea el hombre  
Que no siente su mal,  
Tiene las tripas colgando,  
Y quiera mas pelear !  
Respondierale el Moro,  
Tal respuesta le fue à dâr,  
Bien veo que mi vivir  
No puede mucho durar,  
Mas tu vida, y la mia,  
Juntas tienen de acabar,  
Baxase à adobar la espuela  
Que se la queria quitar,  
Desque fuera abaxado  
No se pudo levantar;  
Muriò luego prestamente,  
Sin mas palabras hablar;  
Quitale luego las armas,  
El bueno de Don Roldan  
Y quitòle los vestidos,  
Los suyos le fue à dèxar,  
Y vistiòselos al Moro,  
Y de sus armas se fue armar.



But Orlando at the Paynim  
Aims a deep and deadly blow,  
And his trusty sabre buries  
In the bowels of his foe.

Well the Moor, with anguish writhing,  
Knew he had a mortal wound,  
And, about him madly striking,  
Whirl'd his sabre round and round.

"Curse on him," exclaim'd Orlando,  
"Who ne'er heeds his desp'rate plight,  
"But, with bowels pierc'd, still fiercely  
"Pants for vengeance in the fight!"

"Wretch!" the Moor cries, "dost thou curse me?  
"Since 'tis thus my lot to die,  
"Thou shalt not escape my vengeance,  
"But beneath my sabre lie:

"Both our lives shall end together."  
Now to loose his spur he bends,  
But, the moment he was rising,  
With a groan his life he ends.

When the Moor was dead, Orlando  
Quick his armour pluck'd away,  
And, his own alike unbracing,  
Soon assum'd the Moor's array;



Y con un pagesito  
En Francia le fue à embiar ;  
Que le dicesse à su esposa,  
Que era su esposo Roldan ;  
Y que muy solemnemente  
Le hiciesse enterrar ;  
El bueno del Pagecito  
Hizo luego à su mandar,  
Y llevòlo para Francia  
A casa de Don Roldan,  
Y dicele la embaxada  
Que Roldan le fue à mandar.  
Con palabras lastimeras  
Le empezaba de hablar,  
Este es el cuerpo, Señora  
De aquel que no tenía par,

El que Moros, y Christianos  
Nunca pudieron sobrar.

Desque la triste Doñalda  
El cuerpo fue à mirar,  
Conociò luego el sayo,  
Las armas otro que tal.

Pensà que era su esposo  
El esforzado Roldan,  
Los llantos que hazia  
Dolor era de escuchar.



And, a messenger procuring,  
Sends his armour and his clothes,  
Bidding him assure his lady  
He was slaughter'd by his foes;

Bids him, too, the body shew her  
In his own bright armour dress'd :  
Rides the courier swift to Paris,  
And his errand thus express'd :—

“ Sad the news I bring you, lady,  
“ Sad indeed the news I bring !  
“ This is brave Orlando's body,  
“ In his noble mind a king :

“ In his actions great and gallant,  
“ Ne'er did hero so excel ;  
“ But, alas ! by Moors o'erpower'd,  
“ In the desp'rate fight he fell.”

When the fair Doñalda heard it,  
On the corse her eye she cast ;  
Knew the armour, knew the helmet,  
And with sorrow stood aghast.

Then, with shrieks her loss lamenting,  
Sent forth many a piercing cry ;  
Tears each other swiftly chasing  
From the fountain of her eye.



Dentro de muy pocas horas  
Por París se fue à sonar,  
Por èl lloraban los doce,  
El Emperador otro que tal.  
Lloraba toda la Corte,  
Y el comun en general,  
Y en unas solemnes andas  
Le llevan à enterrar ;  
Arzobispos, y Prelados,  
Quantos en la Corte estan,  
Con gran pesar, y tristeza  
Lo llevan à enterrar,  
Don Roldan muy bien armado  
De las armas que fue à tomar,  
Fuerase para la armada  
Do el Rey Moro suele estàr,  
El Rey Moro era mancebo  
Ganoso de pelear,  
Con los doce Pares de Francia  
Sus fuerzas queria mostrar.

Pensò que era el Moro valiente,  
Que los Reynos solía guardar,  
Dixole que buenamente  
Havia muerto à Don Roldan,

Y que à la noble de Francia  
Su cuerpo fuera à embiar ;  
El Rey Moro de alegria  
Hizolo su Capitan.



Soon the news was spread through Paris,  
All the Twelve were full of grief;  
Long it was before the Emperor  
From his sorrow found relief.

Ev'ry Chief with anguish weeping  
Slow attends him to the ground;  
Ev'ry Bishop, ev'ry Prelate,  
Was at this sad funeral found.

While this happen'd, brave Orlando,  
In the armour of his foe,  
To the Moorish city wending,  
To the King resolves to go.

Young the King, and long desirous  
To display his dauntless might,  
And with the Twelve Peers so famous  
Enter in the doubtful fight.

When he saw Orlando coming,  
He believ'd it was the Moor,  
Who, his kingdom bravely guarding,  
To him some glad tidings bore.

“Sire, I've slain brave Count Orlando,  
“And his body sent to France.”  
“Friend, I will reward thy merit;  
“To a Captain's post advance.



Diòle luego tanta gente  
Quanta èl quiso tomar,  
Embiòle luego à Francia  
Que fuesse à París cercar.

Los Moros que vàn con èl  
Pensaban à su pensar,  
Que era el esforzado Moro  
Que los Reynos solia guardar.

Andando por sus jornadas  
A París vàn à llegar,  
Ponen luego su assiento,  
Assentaron su Real.

Embiaron mensageros  
Que luego se hayan de dàr,  
Y si esto no quisiessen,  
Que salgan à pelear.

Que èl haria assi de todos  
Como hizo de Roldan.

Respondiò el Emperador  
Tal respuesta le fue à dàr,  
Que le placia de buen grado  
De salir à pelear.



“ You shall have as many soldiers  
 “ As your heart can wish to take ;  
 “ And to Paris will I send you,  
 “ That proud city’s siege to make.”

Not a Moor but thought Orlando  
 Was the Chief whose daring hand  
 Kept the bridge, and willing marches,  
 Bowing to his stern command.

On they hie with daring spirits,  
 And to Paris journey fast ;  
 Where they pitch’d their tents, and trenches  
 Round about the city cast.

Furious wrath Orlando breathing  
 Deeper spreads his fierce alarms,  
 Threat’ning vengeance if they do not  
 Soon surrender to his arms ;

That, if any dare to fight him,  
 Low upon the dusty plain  
 He would stretch them, like Orlando,  
 By his arm already slain.

Back the Emperor sends a message,  
 That without the city wall  
 On the morrow he would meet him,  
 For his threats he scorn’d them all.



Otra día de mañana  
Salese de la ciudad,  
Con èl iba Don Urgèl,  
Con èl iba Merian  
Con èl salian los doce  
Que à una mesa comen pan ;  
Los caballos vàn olgados  
Comienzan de relinchar ;

Con una furia muy grande  
En los Moros van à dâr,  
Haciendo tan cruda guerra,  
Que es maravilla mirar,  
Mas los Moros eran tantos  
Gran gente van cautivar.  
Y mucho de los doce Pares,  
Que à merced fueron tomar.  
El Emperador que esto vido  
Empezàra de llorar,  
Messando los sus cabellos,  
De su barba otro que tal ;  
Mandò llamar su consejo,  
Todo lo hizo juntar,  
Dixoles de esta manera,  
Empezòles de hablar :  
Parientes, y amigos mios,  
A lo que os hizo llamar,  
Es que os demando consejo  
Que me querais aconsejar,  
Que harè de tan gran daño,  
Como se ha de reparar ?



Early in the morn then sallying,  
Forth his Chiefs the Emperor drew ;  
Sally'd out the brave Count Urgel,  
Sally'd young Prince Merian too.

All the Twelve fam'd Peers so warlike,  
Who at one round table eat,  
Pant their steeds to join the battle,  
Neigh aloud, and paw their feet.

On the Moors then furious darting,  
Soon the stormy fray begun ;  
But the hostile Moorish squadrons  
Full as soon the skirmish won.

Many a noble pris'ner taking,  
Many a Peer of high renown ;  
Back the Emperor thus was driven  
With his army to the town.

There his hands in anguish wringing,  
Long he beats his wretched breast,  
And, his royal council calling,  
Thus his gloomy fears express'd :—

“ Friends and subjects brave, you're summon'd  
“ Here on urgent need to meet ;  
“ To repair this fatal mischief,  
“ And retrieve our late defeat.



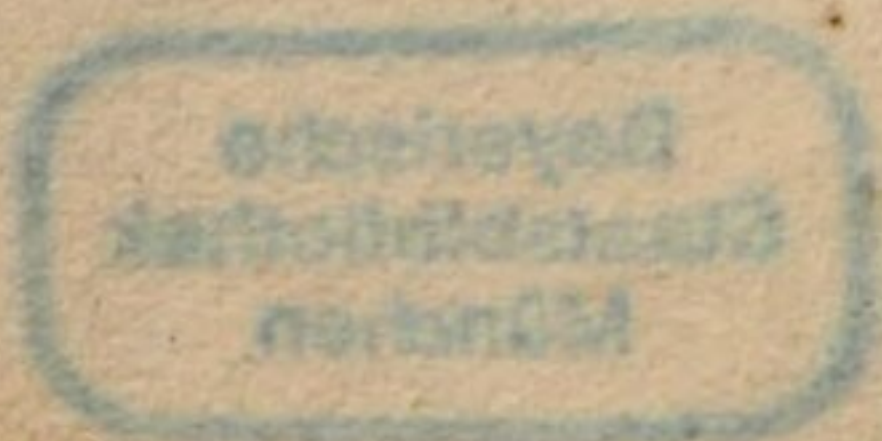
Allì respondieron todos,  
Y le fueron aconsejar,  
Que embiesse por Reynaldos,  
Y lo hiciesse llamar.

Y que èl bastaria solo  
Para Parìs descercar,  
Y que le haga mercedes,  
Y le haya de perdonar.

El Emperador muy contento  
Embialo à llamar;  
Contabale todo el hecho,  
Y como fuera à passar,  
Y que el Moro valiente  
Matò à su Primo Roldan.

Yà se sale Don Reynaldos  
Con los Moros pelear,  
Consigo lleva Doñalda,  
La esposa de Roldan.

Mas tambien sabia Reynaldos  
Bien sabia la verdad,  
Que aquel Moro valiente  
Era su Primo Roldan,  
Que un tio que tenia  
Le dixerá la verdad;





“Speak your thoughts then?” “Sire,” they answer,  
 “To renown’d Rinaldo send,  
 “And, your anger thus foregoing,  
 “Make the gallant Chief your friend.

“Soon his valour in the combat,  
 “As in other trials shewn,  
 “Shall defend your royal city,  
 “And defeat the Moors alone.

“Promise favors high to grant him,  
 “When the Moors are once subdu’d.”  
 Well the council pleas’d the Emperor,  
 Who this prudent step pursu’d.

When he came, the King imparted  
 All that pass’d in plaintive strain;  
 Told him how brave Count Orlando  
 By the Moorish Chief was slain.

Forth Rinaldo speeds to battle  
 With the hostile Moorish band,  
 Brave Orlando’s spouse, Doñalda,  
 Gently leading by the hand.

Well the truth Rinaldo knowing,  
 That the Moor, who seem’d so bold,  
 Was his cousin Count Orlando,  
 As his aged Uncle told ;



Por arte de Nigromancia  
El le fuera à hallar,  
Que Don Roldan era vivo,  
Y que està en el Real,  
Y el cuerpo que à Paris truxeron  
Era un Moro que èl fue à matar.  
Quando fue cerca del campo  
Reynaldos empezó à llamar;  
Que salga el Moro esforzado  
Con èl solo à pelear.  
A los primeros encuentros  
Los dos conocido se han.  
Conocieronse entrambos  
En el ayre del andar;  
Quando iban à encontrarse  
Las lanzas vàn à baxar,  
Y vanse con mucho amor  
Los dos Primos abrazar.  
Y desque se vieron juntos,  
Los Moros manda llamar,  
Y desque los tuvo juntos  
Empezòles de hablar:  
Esforzados Caballeros,  
Vosotros vos querais tornar;  
Y decidle al Rey Marfin,  
Que yo era Don Roldan,  
Y que yo matè al Moro,  
Que era su Capitan.



Who, by necromantic figures,  
That the Count was living knew,  
And the corse interr'd in Paris  
Was the Moor Orlando slew.

At the Moorish camp arriving,  
Loud he shouts with all his might,  
“ Let your Chief come forth to meet me,  
“ And alone attempt the fight.”

Nimbly then their steeds they flourish,  
Lightly prancing on the ground ;  
Both the heroes know each other  
By their gait and airy bound.

At the moment of rencontre,  
Both their lances couching low,  
In each other's arms swift rushing,  
In their bosoms raptures glow.

Then the Moors about them calling,  
Thus renown'd Orlando cries,—  
“ Moors, I see you gaze upon us  
“ With strange marks of deep surprise,

“ To Marsilio's court I send you,  
“ To the Prince return again ;  
“ Tell him I am Count Orlando,  
“ And by me his Moor was slain.



Los Moros desque oyeron  
Tan triste nueva hablar,  
Lleganse unos con otros,  
Y hacen un Capitan.

Dicen que los prisioneros  
Que se los han de llevar,  
Todos se ponen en armas  
Para matar à Roldan.  
Reynaldos que aquesto vido  
Comenzò de pelear,  
Y Roldan por otra parte  
Muy crudos golpes les dàn.

Mas los Moros eran tantos  
Que el Sol querian quitar  
Haciendo muy fiera guerra  
Los presos vàn à soltar,  
Tomaban de aquellas armas  
Comienzan de pelear.

Dentro de muy pocas horas  
Todos los vàn desbaratar,  
Quedan señores del campo,  
Que no hay con quien pelear.



“ That he made me, too, his Captain,  
“ And I did my duty well.”  
When the Moors heard this, what sorrow  
On their troubl’d bosoms fell !

Then apart awhile consulting,  
They a valiant General chuse,  
And with hardy speech their pris’ners  
To release from bonds refuse ;

And, to arms in concert flying,  
Brave Orlando strive to slay ;  
But his steed Rinaldo spurring,  
Soon begins the bloody fray.

Nobly, too, Orlando battling  
Deals round many a vengeful blow ;  
Numbers ne’er appal the Chieftains,  
Still they rush upon the foe.

First their captive friends releasing,  
Arms the noble warriors sieze,  
And, with manly courage fighting,  
Wound and slaughter as they please.

Thus the field their valor clearing,  
Soon the hostile squadrons fly ;  
When the Chiefs unite, no longer  
They a single foe espy.



Quando vido Doñalda  
 A su esposo Don Roldan,  
 De gran placer que tenia  
 Comenzàra de llorar.

Quando el Emperador supo  
 Todo la certinidad,  
 Salelos à recibir  
 Con mucha solemnidad.

Abrazaba à Don Reynaldos,  
 Abrazaba à Don Roldan,  
 Diciendo que tales dos  
 En el mundo no hay su par.

Y de esta manera entraron  
 Con gran fiesta en la Ciudad.



When Doñalda clasp'd her hero,  
Brave Orlando, in her arms,  
All her soul with transport melting,  
Long she wept with sweet alarms.

And the Emperor, high rejoicing  
When the happy truth he knew,  
With a noble train attending,  
Tow'rds the gallant Chieftains drew.

Greeting these brave friends and warriors,  
Scarce his praise expression found ;  
"Not the world," he cry'd, "possesses  
"Two such heroes so renown'd."

Thus with pomp the city ent'ring,  
All the bells of Paris ring ;  
Joy prevails in ev'ry quarter ;  
Commons, Clergy, Court, and King.

---



## ROMANCE

## DEL CONDE GRIMALTOS,

Y DE

## MONTESINOS.

---

PARTE PRIMERA.

---

MUCHAS veces le oí decir,  
Y à los antiguos contar,  
Que ninguno por riqueza  
No se debe de ensalzar ;



THE  
ANCIENT BALLAD  
OF  
COUNT GRIMWALD,  
AND  
MONTESINOS.

—  
PART I.  
—

THIS Ballad is not mentioned in Don Quixote, but the name of Count Grimwald's son, Montesinos, is highly celebrated. In the 5th chapter of the 3d volume the Knight visits the cave of Montesinos, in La Mancha, and falls fast asleep within it; but, at his return, gives a wonderful account of his adventures. This is not the only place where Charlemagne's Peers have left their names. In the bay of Almeria, in Granada, there is a remarkable round promontory known by the name of the round table of Orlando. There may be likewise other local memorials which have not come to my knowledge.

---

OFTEN have I heard it notic'd,  
And by sage experience told,  
Pride doth not become the bosom,  
Though possess'd of store of gold;



Ni por pobreza que tenga,  
Se debe menospreciar.

Miren bien tomando exemplo,  
Do buenos suelen mirar,  
Que el Conde Don Grimaltos,  
Que en Francia suelen llamar,  
Que llegè en Cortes del Rey,  
Pequeño, y de poca edad.

Fue luego page del Rey,  
Del mas secreto lugar,  
Porque èl era muy discreto,  
Y de èl se podia fiar.

Y desque de algunos tiempos,  
Quando mas entrò en edad,  
Lo mandò ser Camerero,  
Y Secretario Real.  
Y despues le diò un Condado,  
Por mayor honra le dâr :

Y por darle mayor honra,  
Y estado en Francia sin par,  
Lo hizo Governador,  
Que el Reyno pueda mandar,

Por su virtud, y nobleza,  
Y grande esfuerzo sin par,  
Le quiso tomar por hijo,  
Y con su hija le casar.



And that poverty, though humble,  
And the man of lowly birth,  
Should not be despis'd and counted  
As a drug of little worth.

Let Count Grimwald's fair example  
Our reflection now engage,  
At the Emperor's court arriving  
Little, and of tender age.

First a private page of honor  
By his royal master made,  
And of ev'ry trust found worthy,  
Trust that never was betray'd.

Then his Chamberlain, and likewise  
Royal Secretary nam'd ;  
Next a Count's high title giv'n him,  
Still for ev'ry virtue fam'd :

And, to do him greater honor,  
And exalt his happy fate,  
Regent of the Land appointed,  
And high Counsellor of State.

Ev'ry station still became him ;  
And his worthy conduct won  
All the Emperor's love, who made him,  
By a daughter's gift, his son.



Celebraronse las fiestas,  
Con placer, y sin pesar ;  
Yà despues de algunos dias  
De sus honras, y holgar,

El Rey le mandò al Conde,  
Que fuesse à governar,  
Y poner cobro en las tierras  
Que le fuera à encomendar.

Placeme, dixera el Conde,  
Pues no se puede escusar.

Yà se ordena la partida,  
Y el Rey manda aparejar  
Sus caballeros, y damas,  
Para haverle de acompañar.

Yà se parte el buen Conde,  
Con la Condesa à la par,  
Y caballeros, y damas,  
Que no le quieren dexar.

Por la gran virtud del Conde  
No se pueden apartar,  
De Parìs hasta Leon  
Lo fueron à acompañar.



Many a fête with splendor holding,  
All the Court resounded joy,  
Till the day the Count was destin'd  
To commence his high employ.

"Count," the Emperor cries, "to Lyons  
"With the morrow's dawn you go,  
"And the trust the State reposes  
"By impartial justice shew.

"You shall rule that noble city ;  
"Let your high discretion shine."  
"Sire," reply'd the Count, "your pleasure,  
"Your imperial will, is mine."

Then, yet more to shew his favor,  
And his gen'rous love display,  
Charlemagne commands his courtiers  
To escort him on his way.

From the Emperor's court departing,  
See the Count and Countess bend ;  
Lords, and princely Peers, and Nobles,  
With a gallant train attend.

Such the high respect they bear them,  
That to leave 'em each denies,  
Till they see the Spires of Lyons  
Midst its lovely champaign rise.



Buelvense para París,  
Despues de placer tomar,  
Las nuevas que dàn al Rey,  
Es descanso de escuchar.

De como rige à Leon  
Y le tiene à su mandar,  
Y el estado de su Alteza  
Como lo hacia abatar.

De tales nuevas el Rey  
Gran placer fuera à tomar;  
No prosigo mas del Rey,  
Sino que lo dexo estàr.

Tornemos à Don Grimaltos,  
Como empieza à governar,  
Bien querido de los grandes,  
Sin la Justicia negar.

Trata à todos de tal suerte  
Que à ninguno dà pesar.

Cinco años èl estuvo  
Sin el buen Rey ir à hablar,  
Ni del Conde à èl ir quexas,  
Ni de sentencia apelar.



Then, to Paris back returning,  
This glad news the courtiers bring,—  
Brave Count Grimwald's safe arrival,  
With his Countess, to the King;

That fair Lyons, rich and happy,  
Prosper'd hourly more and more,  
And its royal master's glory  
Ne'er was so upheld before.

With delight the Emperor listens,  
Pleas'd his high deserts to feel,  
And himself concern no longer  
Gives for Lyon's happy weal.

Nobly he begins to govern,  
Justice careful to dispense ;  
To the poor he proves a guardian,  
To the rich gives no offence.

Ne'er the widow nor the orphan  
Tell their piteous tale in vain ;  
Still he heeds the cry of sorrow,  
Still he hears the poor complain.

Thus five years in honor spending,  
Though to Court he never went ;  
None for fresh decisions seeking,  
Long he liv'd in sweet content.



Mas fortuna que es mudable,  
Y no puede sossegar,  
Quiso serle tan contraria,  
Por su estado le quitar.

Fue, que el falso Don Tomillas  
Quiso en traycion tocar,  
Rebolviòle con el Rey,  
Por mas le escandalizar.

Diciendole que su yerno  
Se le quiere revelar,  
Y que en Villas, y Ciudades  
Sus armas hace pintar.

Y por Señor absoluto  
El se manda intitular,  
Y en las Villas, y Lugares,  
Guarnicion quiere dexar.

Quando el Rey aquesto oyera,  
Tuvo dello gran pesar,  
Pensando en las mercedes  
Que al Conde le fue à dàr.

Solo por buenos servicios  
Lo pusiera en tal lugar,  
Y despues por galardón,  
Tal traycion le ordenar;



But the fickle wheel of fortune,  
In a moment shifting round,  
Dash'd his former cup of glory,  
Unexpected, to the ground ;

For the traitor, false Tomillas,  
Thus abus'd the royal ear,  
To the king a scandal bearing,  
That it griev'd him sore to hear.

His bold son-in-law, he whisper'd,  
Had against his pow'r rebell'd,  
And from ev'ry town and city  
Soon his troops would be expell'd.

O'er the gates his arms were sculptur'd,  
Like a monarch's on the throne :  
Lord he styl'd himself, and would be  
Call'd a sov'reign Prince alone.

When the king heard this, his bosom  
Was with cruel pain oppress'd ;  
All the favors he had shewn him  
Still revolving in his breast.

“ What,” cry'd he, “ have I then plac'd him  
“ In a seat so rich and high,  
“ But to trample on my people,  
“ And my royal pow'r defy !



El ha determinado  
De hacerle justiciar.

Dexemos lo de la corte,  
Y al Conde quiero tornar,  
Que estando con la Condesa  
Una noche à bel folgar.

Adurmiòse el buen Conde,  
Recordàra con pesar,  
Las palabras que decia,  
Son de dolor, y pesar.

Què te hice vil fortuna,  
Porque te quieras mudar,  
Y quitarme de mi silla,  
En que el Rey me fue à sentar.

Por falsedad de traydores  
Causarme tanto de mal,  
Que segun yo creo, y pienso  
No lo puede otro causar.

A las voces que dà el Conde  
Su muger fuè à despartar ;  
Recordò muy espantada  
De verle assi hablar.



“ He shall find it wrong to trifle  
“ With the honor of my crown,  
“ For the hand aloft that rais’d him  
“ Can as shortly pluck him down.”

Little of this mischief doubting,  
Still the Count his station kept,  
Never ought his temper ruffling,  
Till one night he soundly slept;

Slept beside his lovely Countess,  
When a dream oppress’d his heart,  
And, his voice an utterance finding,  
Did his terrors thus impart :—

“ Cruel fortune ! why so changeful ?  
“ Why so ill thy victim treat ?  
“ Why by a reverse disgraceful  
“ Cast me from my regal seat ?

“ Traitors, that I ne’er offended,  
“ Falsely have my truth accus’d ;  
“ And, alas ! my Lord and Sov’reign  
“ Is, by their deceit, abus’d !”

Loud he groans ; the Countess wakes him,  
“ Ah ! my Lord,” she cries, “ what mean  
“ These sad words ? Your mind is labouring  
“ In some strange, unhappy scene.



Y hacer lo que no solia,  
Y de condicion mudar.  
Què haveis mi Señor el Conde,  
En que podeis vos pensar ?

No pienso en otro, Señora,  
Sino en cosa de pesar,  
Porque un triste, y mal sueño  
Alterado me hace estàr.

Aunque en ellos no fiemos,  
No sî à què parte lo echar ;  
Que parecia muy cierto,  
Que vî una aguilâ volar.

Siete halcones tras ella  
Mal aquexandola vâ,  
Y ella por guardarse dellos  
Retrujose à mi Ciudad.

Encima de una alta torre,  
Allî se fuera à sentar,  
Por el pico echaba fuego,  
Por las alas alquitran.

El fuego que della sale  
La ciudad hace quemar,  
A mi quemaba las barbas,  
Y à vos quemaba el brial.



“ Ne’er in this wild fashion have I  
“ Heard you cry and talk before :  
“ Tell me, then, what cruel terrors  
“ Hard upon your fancy bore ?”

“ Gentle Countess, I was dreaming,  
“ And the dream my soul distress’d ;  
“ Grief wrung hard, and thus I utter’d  
“ Those sad accents from my breast.

“ But all dreams are false and fruitless,  
“ Each vain terror I defy ;  
“ Though indeed I saw an eagle  
“ Tow’ring in the air on high ;

“ And seven falcons close behind him  
“ Vex’d with taunts the noble bird ;  
“ Though he scorn’d their noisy clamour,  
“ Still with grief their mocks he heard.

“ And for refuge to our city  
“ Flying to a lofty spire,  
“ From his beak the black pitch issu’d,  
“ From his wings consuming fire.

“ And the flames destroy’d fair Lyons ;  
“ Swift from street to street they flew ;  
“ All my hair and beard close singeing,  
“ And your lovely visage too.



Cierto tal sueño como este  
No puede ser sino mal.  
Esta es la causa, Condesa,  
Que me sentistes quejar.  
Bien lo mereceis, buen Conde,  
Si dellos os viene algun mal,  
Que bien ha los cinco años  
Que en corte no os vèn estàr.  
Y sabeis vos el Conde,  
Quien allì os quiere mal.  
Que es el traydor de Tomillas,  
Que no suele reposar,  
Y no lo tengo à mucho  
Que ordene alguna maldad.  
Mas Señor si me creeis,  
Mañana antes de yantar  
Mandad hacer un pregon  
Por toda essa Ciudad,  
Que vengan los Caballeros,  
Que estàn à vuestro mandar,  
Y por todas vuestras tierras,  
Tambien los mandeis llamar,  
Para una jornada cierta,  
Todos se hayan de juntar.  
Desque todos estèn juntos,  
Decirles heis la verdad,  
Que quereis ir à París,  
Para con el Rey hablar ;



“ Surely such a dream, so dreadful,

“ Evil can forebode alone !

“ And for this, with horror trembling,

“ In my sleep you heard me groan.”

“ Count, indeed the world may blame you,”

Thus his gentle lady cry'd ;

“ Five long years to Court ne'er bending,

“ Careless here you still abide.

“ And of this advantage taking,

“ Has perchance Tomillas told

“ To our Sov'reign some feign'd story,

“ And his love now waxes cold.

“ Long your foe some secret mischief

“ In revenge his heart intends ;

“ Good, my Lord, then deign to listen,

“ Summon all your worthy friends ;

“ Round an invitation sending

“ At your palace to appear,

“ And, some early day appointing,

“ Give them all a welcome here.

“ Then amidst the full assembly

“ Gently open your design,

“ That you mean to see fair Paris,

“ And at Court with splendor shine.



Y que se aperciban todos  
Para en tal caso os honrar,  
Segun dellos sois querido  
Creo no os podrà faltar.

Irosheis con todos ellos  
A Parìs essa Ciudad,  
Besareis la mano al Rey,  
Como la soleis besar ;  
Y entonces sabreis, Señor,  
Lo que èl os quiere mandar ;  
Que si enojo de vos tiene,  
Luego os lo demostrarà,  
Y viendo vuestra venida,  
Bien se le podrà quitar.

Placeme, dixo, Señora,  
Vuestro consejo tomar.  
Partese el Conde Grimaltos  
A Parìs essa Ciudad,

Con todos sus caballeros,  
Y otros que èl pudo juntar.  
Desque fue cerca Paris,  
Bien quince millas, ò mas,

Mandò parar à su gente,  
Sus tiendas mandò plantar,  
Hizo aposentar los suyos,  
Cada qual en su lugar.



“ Tell them much they’ll do you honor  
“ By attending in your train ;  
“ And, believe me, scarce a Noble  
“ From pure friendship will refrain.

“ Then to distant Paris journey,  
“ Where your duty bids you go ;  
“ Kiss the Emperor’s hand, and shortly  
“ All his royal pleasure know.

“ Thus, if anger grieves his bosom,  
“ You will know the cause ere long,  
“ And the King, your zeal perceiving,  
“ Will acquit your heart of wrong.”

“ Countess, wise indeed you’ve spoken,  
“ And the counsel strait I’ll take.”  
All the Nobles then he summon’d,  
In his journey speed to make.

From fair Lyons then departing,  
To the Emperor’s Court they bend,  
With them many a Noble riding,  
Many a brave and gallant friend.

When the Count drew near to Paris,  
Miles fifteen, or little more,  
There he pitch’d his tents, dispatching  
Letters of respect before.



Luego el Rey dèl huvo cartas,  
Respuesta no quiso dâr.  
Quando el Conde aquesto vido  
En Parìs se fue à entrar,

Fuerase para el Palacio,  
Donde el Rey solìa estar,  
Saludò à todos los Grandes,  
La mano al Rey fue à bèsar.  
El Rey de muy enojado,  
Nunca se la quiso dâr,  
Antes mas le amenazaba  
Por su sobrado osar,  
Haviendo hecho tal traycion  
En Parìs osasse entrar.  
Jurando, que por su vida  
Se debia maravillar,  
Como vista la presente  
No lo hacia degollar.

Y si no huviera mirado  
Su hija no deshonnar,  
Que antes que el dia passàra  
Lo hiciera justiciar.

Mas por dâr à èl castigo,  
Y à òtros escarmentar,  
Le mandò salir del Reyno,  
Y que en el no pueda estàr.



But though with respect he sent them,  
Yet the King deign'd no reply :  
Griev'd the noble Count perceiv'd it,  
Since he knew no motive why.

But with speed to Paris bending,  
In the royal Court he stands ;  
First salutes the Peers, requesting  
Then to kiss the Emperor's hands.

But the King, enrag'd, withheld them,  
And his hardy boldness blam'd ;  
“ How he dar'd to visit Paris !”  
In high wrath his voice exclaim'd ;

Swearing that it much inclin'd him  
Off to take his guilty head ;  
That it would be barely justice,  
And for other traitors' dread.

But that 't would disgrace his daughter,  
For whose sake, and whose alone,  
He would not assert the honor  
Of his highly injur'd throne.

Yet least others might, presuming,  
On his clemency rely,  
From the peaceful kingdom banish'd,  
He must thence for ever fly.



Plazo le dòn de tres dias,  
Para el Reyno vaciar ;  
Y el destierro es desta suerte,  
Que gente no ha de llevar,  
Caballeros, ni criados,  
No le hayan de acompañar.

Ni lleve caballo, ò mula,  
En que puede cavalgar ;  
Moneda de plata, y oro,  
Dexe, y aun la de metal.

Quando el Conde esto oyera,  
Ved qual podia estàr,  
Con voz alta, y rigorosa,  
Cercado de gran pesar,  
Como hombre desesperado,  
Tal respuesta le fue à dàr.

Por desterrarme tu Alteza,  
Consiento en mi desterrar,  
Mas quien de mì tal ha dicho,  
Miente, y no dice verdad.

Que nunca hice traycion,  
Ni pensè en maldad usar ;  
Mas si Dios me dà la vida,  
Yo harè vèr la verdad.



Three short days the King allows him ;  
If the fourth he finds him stay,  
For his disobedience justly  
Shall his life the forfeit pay.

And so harsh were the conditions  
Of this fatal sentence made,  
Friend or servant to attend him  
On his way the King forbade.

Neither steed nor mule allows him,  
Not the poorest beast to ride ;  
Neither money for his service  
In his journey to provide.

To this stern decree attending,  
Grief his manly bosom wrung,  
And these words, in anguish breathing,  
Fell impatient from his tongue :—

“ Not this banishment afflicts me ;  
“ Well I may the sentence bear ;  
“ But that you should think me guilty,  
“ Drives me, drives me to despair.

“ Ne’er have I imagin’d treason  
“ ’Gainst my sacred Lord and King ;  
“ And, if God my life shall spare me,  
“ Time the truth to light shall bring.”



Yà se sale de Palacio  
Con doloroso pesar,  
Fuese à casa de Oliveros,  
Y allì hallò à Don Roldan.

Contabales las palabras  
Que con el Rey fue à passar,  
Despidiendose hasta de ellos,  
Pues les dixo la verdad.

Jurando que nunca en Francia  
Lo verian assomar,  
Hasta que punido fuesse  
Quien tal cosa fue à ordenar.

Yà se despedia dellos,  
Por Parìs comienza à andar,  
Despidiendose de todos  
Con quien solìa conversar.  
Despidiòse de Baldovinos,  
Y del Romano Fincàn,  
Y del Gaston Angeleros,  
Y del viejo Don Beltràn.  
Y del Duque Don Estolfo,  
De Malgesi otro que tal,  
Y de aquel solo invencible  
Reynaldos de Montalvàn ;  
Yà se despide de todos  
Para su viage tomar,  
La Condesa fue avisada,  
No tardò en Parìs entràr.



From the presence then departing,  
    Sadly bent he o'er the ground,  
And in Oliveros' palace  
    Valiant Count Orlando found.

To those friends he then repeated  
    All the angry Emperor said ;  
Ev'ry deep affront unbosom'd,  
    Ev'ry cruel wrong display'd ;

Vowing they should never see him  
    In the fields of France again,  
Till he'd ample vengeance taken  
    On the author of his pain.

Pressing then their hands most kindly  
    Through the city streets he bends,  
Leave of ev'ry Noble taking  
    Long he'd number'd with his friends.

Baldwin, and Romano Fincan,  
    Gaston Angeleros too ;  
Old Count Bertram, Duke Estolfo,  
    Malgesi he bids adieu.

Last Rinaldo of Montalban :  
    Then disconsolate he goes,  
Whilst the Countess flies to Paris,  
    When the fatal tale she knows.



Derecha fue para el Rey,  
Sin con el Conde hablar,  
Diciendo, que de su Alteza  
Se queria maravillar.

Como el buen Conde Grimaltos  
Lo quisiesse assi tratar,  
Que sus obras nunca han sido  
De tan mal galardonar.

Y que suplica à su Alteza,  
Que en ello mande mirar,  
Y si el Conde no es culpado,  
Que al traydor haga pagar.

Lo que el Conde no merecia  
Si aquesse fuesse verdad,  
Y assi será castigado  
Quien lo tal fue à ordenar.

Quando el Rey aquesto oyera,  
Luego la mandò callar,  
Diciendo, que si mal habla,  
Como a èl la ha de tratar.  
Y que le es muy escusado  
Por el Conde le rogar,  
Quien por traydor ruega,  
Traydor se puede llamar.  
La Condesa que esto oyera,  
Llorando con gran pesar,



To the palace quick ascending,  
Ere she does Count Grimwald seek,  
And, before her father bending,  
Thus he hears her firmly speak:—

“ O my Lord! what fatal story  
“ Hath deceiv’d your royal ear?  
“ What harsh sentence must your daughter  
“ ’Gainst her noble husband hear?

“ Let your Highness, I beseech you,  
“ Timely to the treason see,  
“ And, if no way found transgressing,  
“ Then reverse the stern decree.

“ Punish too the wicked traitor  
“ Who hath this vile falsehood told.”  
But with angry look the Emperor  
Did the weeping fair behold.

“ Silence!” cries he; “ ’tis presumption  
“ To defend a traitor’s cause!  
“ Well he merits this chastisement  
“ Who offends his sov’reign’s laws!

“ Traitors only plead for traitors!”—  
Griev’d the lovely Countess hears,  
And, her eyes with tears o’erflowing,  
In his sight no more appears.



Desciendòse del palacio,  
Para el Conde ir à buscar.  
Viendose yà con el Conde  
Se llègò à le abrazar.  
Lo que el uno y otro dicen,  
Lastima era de escuchar.  
Esto es el descanso Conde  
Que me aviades de dar ;  
No pensè que mis placeres  
Tan poco havian de durar.  
Mas en vèr que sin razon,  
Por placer nos dòn pesar,  
Quiero que quando vais Conde  
Quenta della sepais dàr.

Yo os demando una merced,  
No me la querais negar,  
Porque quando nos casamos  
Arras me haviades de dar.  
Yo nunca las he havido,  
Aun las tengo de cobrar,  
Ahora es tiempo, buen Conde,  
De haverlas de demandar,

Escusado es la Condesa  
Esso aora demandar,  
Porque jamàs tuvo cosa  
Fuera de vuestro mandar.  
Que quanto vos demandeis,  
Por mi fee de lo otorgar.



From the palace then departing,  
Her dear Lord again she join'd,  
And, a tender kiss bestowing,  
Thus reliev'd her aching mind :—

“ Ah ! my Lord, is this the pleasure  
“ Once we fancy'd to enjoy ?  
“ Little did I think what evils  
“ Would our promis'd bliss destroy !

“ In what scenes shall your fond Countess  
“ Find a solace for her grief,  
“ When she knows how much you suffer,  
“ Hopeless of a kind relief ?

“ One sole favor will I ask you,  
“ Happy then we yet may live :  
“ Oh ! remember, what the dowry  
“ To your wife you swore to give.

“ But till now I never claim'd it,  
“ Though full well your love I know.”  
“ Speak,” cry'd he ; “ oh ! speak, my Countess ;  
“ What your pleasure plainly shew.

“ All we freely shar'd together,  
“ No fond suit did I deny ;  
“ And what yet remains to grant you  
“ With delight will I comply.”



Es, Señor, que donde fuereis  
Con vos me ayais de llevar.  
Por la fe que yo os he dado  
No se os puede negar.

Más de las penas que siento  
Esta es la mas principal,  
Porque perderme yo solo,  
Al perder llaman ganar.

Y en perderos vos, Señora,  
Es perder sin mas cobrar ;  
Mas pues assi lo querais,  
No lo queramos dilatar.

Mucho me pesa, Condesa,  
Porque no podeis andar,  
Que siendo niña, y preñada,  
Podiades peligrar.

Mas, pues, fortuna lo quiere,  
Recibidlo sin pesar,  
Que los corazones fuertes  
Se muestran en tal lugar.



“ Take me then, my Lord, oh ! take me ;  
“ Leave me not forlorn behind !  
“ You have pledg’d your honor ; can you  
“ Words so lately said unbind ?”

“ Of my sorrows,” cry’d Count Grimwald,  
“ This indeed the chief of all,  
“ That on you this fatal sentence,  
“ Not on me alone, must fall ;

“ For in losing you, my dearest,  
“ Sorely I the loss shall feel ;  
“ What no time, no hope, no pleasure,  
“ No sweet med’cine, e’er can heal.

“ Oh ! believe me, never can you  
“ This rude toilsome journey bear ;  
“ Young, and in a state that ever  
“ Claims a husband’s tend’rest care.

“ Oft, indeed, I know the weakest,  
“ When true courage fires the breast,  
“ Can sustain a thousand evils,  
“ When by cruel wrongs oppress’d.

“ Come then, if with me disdaining  
“ Ev’ry secret treach’rous foe,  
“ You will tempt rude scenes of danger,  
“ And to distant regions go.”



Tomanse mano por mano,  
Salense de la Ciudad ;  
Con ellos sale Oliveros,  
Y esse Paladin Roldan.

Tambien el Dardin Dardena,  
Y esse Romano Fincàn,  
Y esse Gaston Angeleros,  
Y el fuerte Merian.  
Con ellos và Don Reynaldos,  
Y Baldovinos el galan,  
Y esse Duque Don Estolfo,  
Y Malgesi otro que tal.  
Las dueñas, y las doncellas,  
Tambien con ellos se vàn ;  
Cinco millas de París  
Los huvieron de dexar :  
El Conde, y la Condesa solos,  
Triste se havian de quedar.  
Quando partir, se tenian,  
No se podian hablar,  
Llora el Conde, y la Condesa,  
Sin nadie les consolar,

Porque no hai grande, ni chico,  
Que estuviesse sin llorar,  
Pues las damas, y doncellas,  
Que alli huvieron de llegar,



Hand in hand, then, from the city  
See the pair in sorrow bend ;  
With them sallies many a Chieftain,  
Many an ancient worthy friend.

Count Orlando, Oliveros,  
Fincan, and Dardenña too,  
Angeleros, and Rinaldo,  
Pay them ev'ry honor due.

Gallant Baldwin, Duke Estolfo,  
And the brave Prince Merian came ;  
Many a sweet and lovely damsel,  
Many a courteous noble dame.

Two leagues from the royal city  
They escort them on their way,  
Then, the mourning pair embracing,  
Leave with deep regret to stray.

But, whilst they depart to wander,  
Not a word their lips could speak,  
Though they press'd their hands, and, sighing,  
Wept as if their hearts would break.

Gentle dames and lovely damsels,  
Pierc'd with bitter anguish, cry,  
Not among them all remaining  
Free from tears a pitying eye.



Hacen llantos tan estraños,  
Que no los osso contar,  
Porque mientras pienso en ello  
Nunca me puedo alegrar.

Mas el Conde, y la Condesa,  
Vanse sin nada hablar.  
Los otros caen en tierra  
Con la sobra del pesar.  
Otros crecen mas sus llores,  
Viendo quan triste se vãn.  
Dexo de los caballeros,  
Que à Parìs quieren tornar,  
Buelvo al Conde, y la Condesa,  
Que vãn con gran solemnidad,  
Por los yermos, y aspereza,  
Do gente no suele andar.  
Llegado el tercero dia  
En un aspero buscage,  
La Condesa de cansada  
Triste no podia andar.  
Rasgaronse sus xervillas,  
No tienen yà que calzar  
De la aspereza del monte,  
Los pies no podia alzar,  
Do quiera que el pie ponìa  
Bien quedaba la señal.  
Quando el Conde aquesto vido  
Queriendola consolar,  
Con gesto muy amoroso  
Le comenzò de hablar.



E'en the bard that tells their story  
Feels deep sorrow rend his heart,  
Thus forlorn to see them wander,  
Forc'd from ev'ry friend to part.

Thus the Count and Countess sadly  
Turn their wretched steps along,  
Whilst their friends in mournful silence  
Still lament the cruel wrong.

Back to Paris bend the Nobles,  
Whilst the hapless pair pursue  
Night and day their path o'er mountains  
That no footstep ever knew.

Wand'ring on the third day, weary,  
To a forest rude and wild,  
Scarce the Countess through the brambles  
On her painful journey toil'd.

Wounded by the flints and bushes,  
Both her feet were stain'd with gore;  
Ev'ry step she trod, the herbage  
Tracks of deepest crimson bore.

When the wretched Count perceiv'd it,  
Thus he strove his spouse to cheer,  
Words of gentle pity breathing,  
That she yet might comfort hear:—



No desmayedes Condesa,  
Mi bien querais esforzar,  
Que aqui està una fresca fuente,  
Do el agua muy fria està.

Resposaremos Condesa,  
Y podrèmos refrescar.

La Condesa que esto oyera,  
Algo el passo fue alargar,  
Y en llegando à la fuente,  
Las rodillas fue à hincar.  
Dio gracias à Dios del cielo,  
Que la truxo en tal lugar,  
Diciendo, buen agua es esta  
Para quien tuviesse pan.

Estando en estas razones  
El parto le fue à tomar,  
Y alli pariera un hijo,  
Que es lastima de mirar,  
La pobreza en que se hallan,  
Sin poderve remediar.



“ Still, my love, the gen’rous firmness  
“ Of your noble heart display ;  
“ Lo ! where yonder springs a fountain  
“ To refresh us on our way :

“ There awhile your limbs reposing,  
“ Shall their wonted strength regain ;  
“ Strive, then, for so short a distance  
“ Still to bear this toilsome pain.”

Some few rays of comfort cheer’d her  
To the fountain when she came ;  
Thanks upon her knees she utter’d,  
Praising still her Maker’s name.

“ Fresh,” she cry’d, “ and sweet the water !  
“ Had we but some bread to eat,  
“ This delicious draught would truly  
“ Be a highly welcome treat !”

In these accents faintly speaking,  
Pains of labour fast begun,  
And it pleas’d kind Heav’n in safety  
To bestow her first-born son.

Oh ! what cruel grief and horror  
Such severe distress to see !  
Far from help, from comfort distant,  
In keen want and misery !



El Conde quando viò el hijo,  
Comenzòse de esforzar,  
Con el sayo que traìa,  
Al niño fuera à abrigar.

Tambien se quitò la capa,  
Por la madre cobijar ;  
La Condesa tomo el hijo,  
Par darle de mamar.

El Conde estaba pensando  
Què remedio le buscar,  
Que pan, ni vino no tienen  
Ni cosa de que passar.

La Condesa con el parto  
No se puede levantar,  
Tomòla el Conde en los brazos  
Sin ella el niño dexar.

Subelos en una alta sierra,  
Para mas lexos mirar,  
En unas breñas muy hondas  
Grande humo viò estàr.

Tomò su muger, y hijo,  
Para allà les fue à llevar,  
Entrando en la espesura  
Luego al encuentro le sale.



When the Count, with anguish wringing,  
Did his infant son behold,  
Oft he pluck'd his coat to shield him  
From the bitter piercing cold :

Wrapp'd his cloak, too, round the mother,  
Whilst the tender babe she press'd,  
Heav'n at this sad hour had giv'n her,  
To relieve her yearning breast.

All the time the Count was musing  
Where he might procure relief,  
Bread, nor wine, nor ought possessing,  
Sore his heart was torn with grief.

Weak and faint, no more the Countess  
Could her toilsome way pursue,  
But between his arms he bore her,  
And her pretty infant too.

To a lofty hill ascending,  
All about he cast his eye,  
And beneath within the valley  
Chanc'd a rising smoke to spy.

Tow'rds the smoke his steps directing,  
Bearing his lov'd burden still,  
When he came, with deep amazement,  
Did his sight a hermit fill :



Un virtuoso Hermitaño  
De reverencia muy grande.  
El Hermitaño que los vido  
Comenzòles de hablar.

O valgame Dios del cielo,  
Quien aqui os fuè à portar ?  
Porque en tierra tan estraña,  
Gente no suele habitar,

Sino yo por penitencia,  
Hago vida en esta valle.  
El Conde le respondiò  
Con angustia y con pesar.

Por Dios te ruego Hermitaño,  
Que uses de caridad.  
Que despueo havrèmos tiempo  
De como vengo à contar.

Mas para esta triste dueña  
Dame que la pueda dar,  
Que tres dias con sus noches  
Ha que no ha comido pan.  
Que allà en essa fuente fria  
El parto le fue à tomar.

El Hermitaño que esto oyera  
Movido de piedad,  
Llevòles para la Hermita  
Do el solia habitar.



From a thicket, who advancing  
Met the fond dejected pair,  
And, a rev'rend look possessing,  
Spoke with kind and friendly air :—

“ Heav’n preserve me ! what could lead you  
“ To this wild deserted place,  
“ Where no mortal holds his dwelling,  
“ Void of all the human race,

“ Save myself, through painful penance  
“ In these gloomy precincts found ?”  
Thus the Count his questions answer’d,  
While he felt grief’s keenest wound :—

“ Oh ! for God’s sake, Hermit, let me  
“ Charity’s kind aid request,  
“ And, when time permits, I’ll tell you  
“ Why you see us so distress’d.

“ But this poor unhappy lady  
“ With your choicest morsels treat,  
“ For three days and nights we wander,  
“ And have nothing found to eat.

“ Yet the pangs of child-birth seiz’d her  
“ By yon pleasant fountain’s side ;  
“ Heav’n itself with strength sustain’d her,  
“ Or she there had surely died.”



Diòles del pan que tenia  
Y agua, que vino no hay :  
Recobró algo la Condesa  
De su flaqueza muy grande.

Alli le rogò el Conde  
Quiera al niño bautizar ;  
Placeme dixo de grado,  
Mas còmo le llamaràn.

Como quisieredes padre  
El nombre le podreis dar ;  
Pues nació en asperos montes,  
Montesinos le diran.

Passando y viniendo dias,  
Todos vida santa hacen ;  
Bien passaron quince años,  
Que el Conde de alli no parte.

Mucho trabajò el buen Conde  
En haverle de enseñar,  
A su hijo Montesinos  
Todo el arte militar ;

Còmo ha de jugar las armas,  
Y què honra ha de ganar,  
El mirar bien el enojo  
Que su padre le fuè à dár.



When the Hermit heard this story,  
Pity for their woes he felt,  
And towards his cell he led them,  
Where in happy peace he dwelt :

Bread and water sat before them,  
Wine he had not to bestow ;  
Still the Countess fast recover'd  
From the thrilling pangs of woe.

Then the good Count begs the Hermit  
Will his infant son baptize :

“ What the name you wish to give him,  
“ Gentle wand’rers ?” he replies.

“ Montesinos let us call him ;  
“ For, in mountains rude and wild,  
“ Heav’n was pleas’d, in tender mercy,  
“ To bestow our first-born child.”

Days were come, and days were over,  
Whilst a tranquil life they led  
Fifteen tedious years, nor ever  
From the lonely forest stray’d.

To instruct young Montesinos  
Sooth’d his noble father’s heart ;  
With delight he strives to teach him  
All the valiant soldier’s art ;



Muestrale leer, y escribir,  
Lo que le puede mostrar ;  
Muestrale jugar à tablas,  
Y cebar un gaviàn.

A veinte y quatro de Junio,  
Dia era de San Juan,  
Padre y hijo paseando  
De la Hermita se vàn.

Encima de una alta sierra  
Se suben à razonar,  
Quando en alto se vido,  
Viò à París la gran ciudad.

Tomò al hijo por la mano,  
Comenzòle de hablar,  
Con lagrimas y sollozos  
No dexa de suspirar.



What bright honor it became him  
To achieve in well fought fields,  
Marking in his son the pleasure  
Tale of glorious battle yields.

Then to read and write he shew'd him,  
And the jav'lin high to poise ;  
As his son instruction gathers,  
Hourly reaps he fairer joys.

E'en at chess too did he teach him  
Ev'ry skilful move to know,  
That his son, each science learning,  
Might no awkward ign'rance shew.

June it was the four and twentieth,  
On St. John's auspicious day,  
When the valiant son and father  
From the cell pursu'd their way ;

To a lofty mountain bending,  
Where the eye might Paris reach ;  
When the Count afar beheld it,  
Thus did he begin his speech :

By the hand his brave son taking,  
Breathing forth a tender sigh,  
Whilst, with recollection streaming,  
Tears bedew'd his glist'ning eye :—



ROMANCE  
DE LA  
MISMA HISTORIA.

—  
PARTE II.  
—

CATA Francia Montesinos  
Cata París la ciudad,  
Cata palacio del Rey  
Tu abuelo natural.

Cata tu casa Don Tomillas  
Mi enemigo mortal,  
Que por la su mala lengua,  
Me mandaron desterrar.

Do he passado à causa desto  
Mucha sed, calor y hambre,  
Aguas, nieves, y ventiscos,  
Por estos asperos valles.

Tu madre te pariò en una fuente,  
Sin tener en que te echar.  
Yo triste quitè mi sayo,  
Por poderte cobijar.



THE  
ANCIENT BALLAD  
OF  
COUNT GRIMWALD,  
AND  
MONTESINOS.

—  
PART II.  
—

“ Look at France, brave Montesinos ;

“ Look at Paris so renown'd ;

“ At the palace, where the Emperor

“ Sits with royal splendor crown'd.

“ Look where false Tomillas, also,

“ My base foe, maintains his pow'r,

“ Through whose perfidy I suffer'd

“ Dire distress in evil hour.

“ By his wicked counsels banish'd,

“ Thirst and hunger, cold and heat,

“ Rain and winds, and cruel tempests,

“ Did we in these mountains meet,

“ By a fountain side your mother,

“ In affliction, brought you forth ;

“ Nought except my vest to shield you

“ At the moment of your birth.



Otras mil angustias tristes,  
Que yo no quiero contar.  
El traydor Don Tomillas,  
Todo esto fue à ordenar :  
Mas si Dios me diesse vida,  
Yo lo entiendo de vengar.

Montesinos que esto oyera  
A sue padre fue à mirar,  
Las rodillas puso en tierra,  
Por la mano le besar.

Pidiò le diesse licencia,  
Que à París quièrre llegar,  
Porque havia oïdo decir  
Que sueldo acostumbran dàr  
A los buenos caballeros  
Que lo quisiessen tomar.

Por esso os ruego señor,  
Do ello no tomeis pesar,  
Que si sueldo del Rey tomo,  
Todo se podrá vengar.  
Viendo el Conde su deseo  
La benedicion le fue à dàr ;



“ E’en a thousand keener miseries,  
“ More than tongue can well relate,  
“ Vile Tomillas has engender’d,  
“ Through his never-ceasing hate.

“ But I vow’d, and sure as Heaven  
“ Gives me life, my wicked foe,  
“ Ere another year hath circl’d,  
“ Shall my fiery vengeance know.”

To his noble father turning,  
Montesinos lowly bent,  
And, his hand in duty kissing,  
Thus proclaim’d his heart’s intent :—

“ Sire, your kind permission give me  
“ Tow’rds yon city to depart,  
“ And no longer let vexation  
“ Prey upon your gen’rous heart.

“ I have heard that valiant soldiers  
“ From their sov’reign pay receive,  
“ And, if I become a soldier,  
“ Let not that your bosom grieve ;

“ For I will assert your honor,  
“ And abundant vengeance take :  
“ Father, then bestow your blessing ;  
“ Give it for that honor’s sake !”



Partiendose Montesinos,  
A su padre fue à rogar,  
Que haya por encomendada  
A la Condesa su madre,  
Y de su parte le diga,  
Que a Tomillas và à buscar.  
Placeme dixera el Conde,  
Hijo por te contentar.

Ya se parte Montesinos  
Para en Parìs entrar,  
Y en entrando por las puertas,  
Luego quiso preguntar,  
Por los palacios del Rey,  
Que se los quieran mostrar.  
Los que se lo oyen decir  
De èl se empiezan de burlar.  
Viendole tan mal vestido  
Piensan que es loco, ò truan.

En fin muestran le el palacio  
Por vèr què quiere buscar,  
Sube arriba al palacio  
Entrò en la sala Real.

Hallò que comia el Rey,  
Don Tomillas à la par,  
Mucha gente està en la sala,  
Por èl no quiere mirar.



When the Count bestows his blessing,  
Thence the son departs in haste ;  
To his mother sent his duty,  
And his path to Paris trac'd.

Long the Count, with pleasure glowing,  
Did his gen'rous son behold ;  
Then, o'erjoy'd, his dauntless valor  
To the gentle Countess told.

Now to distant Paris circling  
Where the gates and turrets lay,  
Montesinos, for the palace  
Loudly asking, seeks his way.

All that heard him laugh'd and wonder'd  
Such a young and simple lad  
To the Emperor's court should journey,  
In so poor a vesture clad.

But, at length, the way they shew'd him,  
Just to mark what there he'd do ;  
Then the rich saloon he enter'd,  
Where he did the Emperor view.

At the table was he seated,  
With Tomillas by his side ;  
All the room was full of Nobles ;  
None of these his fury ey'd.



Desque huvieron yantado  
La xedrèz vàn à jugar,  
Solo el Rey, y Don Tomillas,  
Sin nadie à ellos hablar.

Si no fuera Montesinos  
Que llegò à los mirar ;  
Mas el falso Don Tomillas,  
En quien nunca hubo verdad,

Jugàra una treta falsa,  
Donde no pudo callar,  
El noble de Montesinos  
Y publicò su maldad.

Don Tomillas que esto oyera,  
Con muy gran riguridad,  
Levantàra la su mano  
Por un bofeton le dàr.

Montesinos con el brazo  
El golpe le fue à tornar,  
Y con el otro el tablero,  
A Don Tomillas fue à dàr,

Un tal golpe en la cabeza,  
Que lo hubo de matar.  
Muriò el perverso dañado,  
Sin valerle su maldad.



When the royal feast was over,  
Count Tomillas and the King,  
By themselves to play repairing,  
Bid the pages tables bring.

Near them as they play'd, observant,  
Montesinos stood alone ;  
But the traitor false Tomillas,  
In whose heart no truth was known,

When he thought no eye perceiv'd him,  
With deceit began to play ;  
But the youth aloud proclaim'd it,  
Pointing where the tables lay.

In a furious rage Tomillas  
From his seat impatient rose,  
And upon the face to strike him  
With his hand revengeful goes.

On his arm brave Montesinos  
Caught the blow, and nothing said,  
But, the tables instant raising,  
Dash'd them on the traitor's head.

Such a furious blow he struck him,  
That it fell'd him to the ground ;  
Nought his foul deceit availing,  
Death upon the spot he found.



Alborotanse los Grandes  
Quantos en la sala estàn.  
Prendieron à Montesinos,  
Y queriendole matar,  
Sino que el Rey mandò à todos  
Que no le hiciessen mal,  
Por èl queria saber  
Quien le diò tan gran osar,  
Que no sin algun mysterio  
El tal fuera à pensar.  
Quando el Rey le interrogò,  
El dixera la verdad :  
Sepa tu Real Alteza,  
Que soy tu nieto carnal ;  
Hijo soy de tu hija,  
Que la hicistes desterrar,  
Con el Conde Don Grimaltos,  
Vuestro servidor leal,  
Y por falsa informacion  
La quisistes maltratar.  
Mas ahora vuestra Alteza  
Dello se pudo informar,  
Que el falso de Don Tomillas  
Sepan si dixo verdad.  
Y si pena yo merezco,  
Buen Rey mandadmela dar,  
Y tambien si no la tengo,  
Que me mandes soltar.



All the Nobles round him gath'ring,  
Quick the youthful hero sieze ;  
But aloud the Emperor shouting,  
Bids the sudden tumult cease.

“ Not without some secret myst'ry  
“ Would the youth have done this deed ;  
“ Let us, then, before we punish,  
“ Hear him his excuses plead.”

Montesinos then was question'd,  
And the truth he boldly told ;  
“ Sire,” he cries, “ your duteous grandson  
“ At your royal feet behold :

“ Son of that illustrious daughter  
“ Whom you banish'd from your sight ;  
“ Than her husband, brave Count Grimwald,  
“ Lives not a more loyal Knight ;

“ But, bely'd by this vile traitor,  
“ Ill you did my father treat :  
“ Let your Highness seek with candor  
“ If the truth I now repeat ;

“ And, if I deserve chastisement,  
“ Let it fall upon my head ;  
“ But receive us to your favor,  
“ If the truth alone I've said.



Y el buen Conde, y la Condesa,  
Mandes señor tornar,  
Y que les bolvais las tierras,  
Que èl solia gobernar.

Quando el Rey aquesto oyera,  
No quiso mas escuchar,  
Aunque viò ser el su nieto  
Quiso saber la verdad.

Suponese que Don Tomillas  
Ordenò aquella maldad,  
Porque tuvo embidia al Conde,  
Viendose en prosperidad.

Quando el Rey la verdad supo  
Al Conde mandò buscar.  
Gente de à pie, y de à caballo  
Vàn por le acompañar.

Damas para la Condesa,  
Como solia llevar.



“ Let the Countess and my Father  
“ To their native home return,  
“ And no longer sore neglected  
“ In distressful sorrow mourn.  
  
“ To his honors, Sire, restore him,  
“ All that he before enjoy’d ;  
“ For his heart was true and loyal,  
“ Ne’er in treach’rous arts employ’d.”

When the Emperor heard this story,  
He resolv’d to seek the truth ;  
Not his grandson e’en believing,  
Whom he saw in this brave youth ;

And ’twas found that false Tomillas  
Had the noble Count betray’d,  
At the royal favor aiming,  
Had his prey through envy made.

When the truth was full unfolded,  
Horse and foot, a splendid train,  
Sent he to escort Count Grimwald  
To his ancient seat again :

Ladies to attend the Countess,  
As in days when fortune smil’d,  
When the wishes of her bosom  
Were with pleasing care beguil’d.



Llegados juntos à París  
Dentro no quieren entrar,  
Porque quando del salieron  
Los dos fueron à jurar,

Que las Puertas de París  
Nunca las verian passar.  
Quando el Rey aquello supo,  
Luego mandò derribar

Un pedazo de la cerca,  
Por do pudiesse passar,  
Sin quebrar el juramento  
Que ellos fueron à jurar.

Llevaronles à palacio  
Con mucha solemnidad,  
Hacenles muy grandes fiestas,  
Quantos en la Corte estàn.

Caballeros, Dueñas, Damas,  
Las vienen à visitar,  
El Rey delante de todos  
Por mayor honra les dàr.

Les dixo que havia sabido  
Como era todo maldad  
Lo que dixo Don Tomillas  
Quando le hizo desterrar.



At the city gates arriving,  
They refus'd to enter through ;  
But the Emperor, when the motive  
Of this firm resolve he knew,

That, when erst from Paris banish'd,  
Each an oath most sacred swore  
Never through the gates to enter  
Of that hated city more ;

Willing sent his royal mandate  
Down to break a length of wall,  
That their oaths with truth observing  
Might no more their minds appal.

To the palace then proceeding,  
All the court and city round  
Rung with shouts of joy and gladness,  
Rung with music's sweetest sound.

Ladies, Cavaliers, and Damsels,  
Pleas'd a friendly welcome pay ;  
And the King, to do them honor,  
Kindly meets them on the way.

Highly he bewail'd the treach'ry  
Which the false Tomillas feign'd,  
Cause of all the fatal mischief  
By the noble pair sustain'd.



Y porque sea mas creído  
 Allì los tornò à firmar  
 Todo lo que antes tenian,  
 Y el Gobierno General.

Y que despues de sus dias,  
 El reyno haya de heredar  
 El noble Montesinos,  
 Assi lo mandò firmar.

Willing seat his royal mandate  
 Down to break a lance of will,  
 That their courts with truth observing  
 Might no more their minds appeal.

To the palace then proceeding,  
 All the court and city round  
 Hung with silent joy and gladness  
 Hung with music's sweetest sound.

Ladies, Cavaliers, and Dukes,  
 Pleased a friendly welcome pay;  
 And the King, to do them honor,  
 Kneeling next them on the way.

Highly he jewell'd the treasury,  
 Which the late Tenthredin left;  
 Cause of all the fatal mischief  
 By the noble poet named A. Tenthredin.



But, a just amends to make them,  
All that they enjoy'd before,  
Ev'ry title, rank, and honor,  
Did the gracious King restore ;

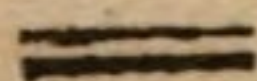
And ordain'd, whenever heaven  
Should the noble father call,  
That his brave son Montesinos  
Should alike inherit all ;

Should both Governor and Regent  
Of the royal State be made,  
And the right should to his children  
Be by firm decree convey'd.



ROMANCE  
DEL CONDE  
DE

IRLOS.



ESTABASE el Conde de Irlos  
Sobrino de Don Beltràn,  
Assentado està en sus tierras,  
Deleytandose en cazar ;

Quando le vinieron cartas  
De Carlos el Emperante,  
De las cartas placer hubo,  
De las palabras pesar ;  
Que lo que las cartas dicen,  
A èl parece muy mal.



THE  
 ANCIENT BALLAD  
 OF  
 COUNT IRLOS.

---

THE utmost we can expect in these Ballads is some foundation for the stories they relate. On looking into Mezeray we find this paragraph in the life of Charlemaine: "All the princes of the earth either feared or loved Charlemaine. Alphonso, King of Galicia and the Asturias, writing or sending to him, would be called no other but his man, or vassal. The haughty Aaron, King of Persia, who despised all other princes in the world, desired no friendship but his: he this year (801) sent him jewels, silks, and spices, and one of his largest elephants. Withal understanding that he had a great devotion for the Holy Land, and the city of Jerusalem, he gave him the propriety of them, reserving to himself only the title of his lieutenant in that country."

But the true origin of the story of this early expedition of the French to the East is, I suspect, to be traced to an old Romance called 'La Conquete de l'Empire de Trebizonde, par Renaud de Montauban.'

---

As Count Irlos, Bertram's nephew,  
 Of a great and noble race,  
 Was at his fair seat, enjoying  
 The diversions of the chase;

Letters from his Lord, the Emperor,  
 Came, and well the letters pleas'd,  
 But, the moment that he read them,  
 Grief his manly bosom seiz'd.



Rogaros quiero sobrino,  
El buen Francès natural,  
Lleveis vuestros caballeros,  
Los que comen vuestro pan ;

Darles heis doblado sueldo  
Del que le sueledes dàr ;  
Dobles armas, y caballos,  
Que bien menester lo han.

Darles heis el campo franco  
De aquello que ganaren ;  
Partirosheis à los Reynos  
Del Rey Moro Aliarde.

Desafiamento me ha hecho  
A mi, y a los Doce Pares ;  
Grande mengua me seria,  
Que todos hayan de andar.

No veo caballero en Francia  
Que mejor pueda embiar,  
Sino a vos el Conde de Irlos,  
Esforzado en pelear.

El Conde que aquesto oyò,  
Tomò tristeza, y pesar,  
No por miedo de los Moros,  
Ni menos de pelear,



“ Count,” he writes, “ my pleasure wills you  
“ Forth to lead your warlike train,  
“ Vassals at your table feasting,  
“ Vassals of your fair domain.

“ Troops, that are to pay accustom’d,  
“ Let them double pay receive ;  
“ Change of arms, and change of horses,  
“ To each valiant soldier give.

“ And besides you’ll freely grant them  
“ All their conqu’ring arms may win ;  
“ For the Moor Aliarde’s kingdom  
“ You will then your march begin.

“ Me to battle hath he challeng’d,  
“ And the Twelve bold Peers defy’d ;  
“ Low indeed will be our honor,  
“ If the challenge be deny’d !

“ Not a hero France possesses  
“ Like Count Irlos, great in fight ;  
“ Foes shall tremble at his valor,  
“ And their safety find in flight.”

Highly did these tidings grieve him,  
Not but he disdain’d the Moor ;  
Oft in fields of glory fighting,  
Oft the victor’s palm he bore ;



Mas tiene muger hermosa,  
Moza, y de poca edad,

Tres años anduvo en armas  
Para con ella casar ;  
El año era cumplido  
Della la manda apartar.

Desque en estò èl pensaba  
Tomò della gran pesar,  
Triste estaba, y pensativo,  
No cessa de suspirar.

Despide los falconeros,  
Monteros manda pagar,  
Despide todos aquellos,  
Con quien solia deleytar.

No burla con la Condesa  
Como solia burlar,  
Mas muy triste, y pensativo,  
Siempre le veian andar.

La Condesa que esto vido,  
Llorando empezó de hablar :  
Triste estades vos el Conde,  
Triste y lleno de pesar.



But a wife both young and lovely  
Pressing in his happy arms,  
He enjoy'd the sweetest treasure  
Heav'n could give him in her charms.

Three whole years by deeds of valor  
Ere he won his blooming bride ;  
Scarce a year his own to leave her,  
All his pleasure, all his pride,—

Hard indeed ! and, deeply musing,  
Deeper still it mov'd his grief ;  
To his heart, with anguish bleeding,  
Nothing could bestow relief.

Huntsmen, falconers discharging,  
All at once he sends away ;  
In the chase no more delighting,  
Pleasure gives no cheering ray.

No more with his lovely Countess  
Does he laugh, and toy, and jest,  
But to melancholy musing,  
And to sorrow, yields his breast.

“ Ah ! for why ? ” his lovely lady  
To her Lord impassion'd cries,  
“ Ah ! for why ? your gen'rous bosom  
“ Ev'ry blissful joy denies.



Deste tan triste partida,  
Para mi de tanto mal.  
Partiros quereis el Conde  
A los Reynos de Aliarde :

Dexaisme en tierras ajenas  
Sola, y sin quien me acompañe :  
Quantos años el buen Conde  
Haceis cuenta de tardar?

Y bolverme he à las tierras,  
A las tierras de mi padre,  
Vestirme he de un paño negro,  
Esse serà mi llevar.

Maldecirè mi hermosura,  
Maldecirè mi mocedad,  
Maldecirè el triste dia,  
Que con vos quive casar.

Mas si vos queriades Conde,  
Yo con vos queria andar ;  
Mas quiero perder la vida,  
Que sin vos della gozar.

El Conde desdeque esto oyera  
Empezòla de mirar,  
Con una voz amorosa  
Tal respuesta le fue à dâr.



“ Is it true, then, must you wander  
“ To the Moorish realms afar ?  
“ Must you leave your faithful lady  
“ For rude scenes of cruel war ?

“ Ah ! how many years of absence  
“ Must my breast in sorrow mourn !  
“ In a foreign land forsaken,  
“ From my Lord so early torn !

“ To my native home returning,  
“ Deep distress my heart shall know ;  
“ And, the robe of sorrow wearing,  
“ Feel its only joy in woe.

“ I cou’d freely curse my beauty,  
“ Curse my youthful blooming age,  
“ Ev’ry charm that first attracting  
“ Did your gen’rous love engage.

“ But if leave you kindly grant me,  
“ Ev’ry toil I’ll willing share ;  
“ And, to distant climes attending,  
“ With a cheerful mind repair.”

When he heard his gentle lady,  
As in accents mild she spoke,  
With a tender look replying,  
Silence in these words he broke :—



No lloredes vos Condesa,  
De mi vida no hayais pesar.  
No quedais en tierra agena,  
Vuestra es, y a vuestra mandar.  
Que antes que yo me parta  
Todo vos lo quiero dár:  
Podreis vender qualquier Villa,  
Y empear qualquier Ciudad,  
Como principal señora,  
Que nada os puedan quitar.

Quedareis encomendada  
A mi tio Don Beltràn,  
Y a mi Primo Don Gayferos,  
Señor de París la grande.  
Quedareis encomendada  
A Oliveros, y a Roldan,  
Al Emperador, y los Doce,  
Que à una mesa comen pan.

Porque los Reynos son lexos  
Del Rey Moro Aliarde,  
Cerca està de la Casa santa  
Allende del nuestro mar.

Siete años la Condesa,  
Todos siete me esperad ;  
Si a los ocho no viniere,  
A los nueve vos casad.



“ Weep not so, my gentle Countess,  
“ Here forlorn you shall not stay ;  
“ All that I possess I give you  
“ Ere I wander far away.

“ You shall part with town or city,  
“ Or what lands soe’er you please ;  
“ As their true and lawful lady,  
“ Freely shall you reckon these.

“ And, besides, I’ll strait commend you  
“ To my uncle Bertram’s care,  
“ To my cousin, Prince Gayferos,  
“ Lord of Paris, rich and fair.

“ Oliveros, brave Orlando,  
“ And the Emperor, I’ll entreat,  
“ And the Twelve that at one table  
“ Of the same rich viands eat ;

“ Their protection kind to grant you,  
“ For the kingdom of the Moor,  
“ Near the Holy House, lies distant  
“ From my much-lov’d native shore.

“ Seven years, my lovely Countess,  
“ Shall you my return await ;  
“ If the eighth you do not see me,  
“ Take at nine the wedded state.



Sereis de veinte y siete años,  
Que es la mejor edad.  
Quien con vos case, señora,  
Mis tierras sean su ajuar,  
Gozará muger hermosa,  
Rica, y de poca edad.

Bien es verdad la Condesa,  
Que conmigo os queria llevar ;  
Mas yo voy para batalla,  
Y no cierto para holgar.

Caballero que và en armas  
De muger no ha de curar,  
Porque con el bien que os quiero  
La honra havia de olvidar.

Mas aparejar Condesa,  
Mandad vos aparejar,  
Ireis con migo à las Cortes  
A París esse Ciudad.

Toquen, toquen, mis trompetas,  
Mandad luego aparejar ;  
Yà se parte esse buen Conde,  
La Condesa otro que tal.



“ You will then be sev’n and twenty ;

“ Can there be a fitter age ?

“ Happy he whose tender service

“ Shall your gentle love engage !

“ He will have a spouse so lovely,

“ Towns and cities large and fair,

“ And a thousand thousand blessings

“ In your sweet possession share.

“ Fain, indeed, shou’d you attend me,

“ But my errand is not joy ;

“ War and all its horrid tumults

“ Will my future hours employ.

“ Ill, indeed, does tender dalliance

“ Suit the bold advent’rous Knight,

“ Who by honor led to glory

“ Hopes to triumph in the fight.

“ But prepare, my gentle Countess,

“ To the Court prepare to go ;

“ To the Emperor firm obedience

“ We’re in duty bound to shew.

“ Sound, my trumpets sound, and forward

“ March my gallant troops in haste !”

Trav’ling now, the Count and Countess

From their home in sorrow pac’d;



La buelta vàn de Parìs  
Apriessa, y no de vagar,  
Quando son à una jornada  
De Parìs la gran Ciudad.

Él Emperador, que lo supo,  
A recebir se los vâ,  
Con èl sale Oliveros,  
Con èl sale Don Roldan ;

Y con èl Dardin Dardenâ,  
Y Urgel de la fuerza grande,  
Con el Infante Guarinos,  
Almirante de la mar.

Con èl sale el esforzado  
Reynaldos de Montalvàn,  
Con èl vàn todos los Doce  
Que à una mesa comen pan ;

Sino el Infante Gayferos,  
Y el buen Conde Don Beltràn,  
Que salieron tres jornadas  
Mas que ninguno adelante.

No quiso el Emperador,  
Que huviessen de aposentar,  
Sino en su Real Palacio,  
Posada les mandò dâr.



And, the road to Paris taking,  
To the city bend their way ;  
But, when from its turrets distant  
Not above a single day,

Forth the Emperor comes to meet them  
With a fair and splendid train ;  
Oliveros and Orlando  
Foremost riding on the plain.

And the brave Dardin Dardenia,  
Urgel too for strength renown'd,  
And the Admiral Guarinos  
On the seas with vict'ry crown'd.

Stout Rinaldo of Montalban,  
Fam'd for many a gallant deed ;  
And the 'Twelve at one round table,  
Who the same rich viands feed.

But the valiant Prince Gayferos,  
And Count Bertram, call'd the Old,  
Far before the Emperor riding,  
Three days journey forward hold.

In the royal palace only  
Would the Emperor let them rest,  
And with courtly pomp and splendor  
Made the noble Count his guest.



Luego empiezan su partida  
Apriessa, y no de vagar ;  
Dale diez mil Caballeros  
De Francia la principal,

Y sin otra demàs gente,  
Gran exercito Real ;  
El sueldo les paga juntos,  
Por siete años, y mas.

Yà tomadas buenas armas,  
Cavallos otro que tal,  
Endereza su partida,  
Comienza de caminar.

Mas el buen Conde de Irlos,  
Ruega mucho al Emperante,  
Que èl, y todos los Doce  
Se quisiessen ajuntar.  
Quando todos fueron juntos  
En la gran sala Real,  
Entrò èl, y la Condesa,  
Mano por mano se van,  
Quando son en medio de ellos,  
El Conde empezò de hablar :  
A vos lo digo mi tio,  
El buen viejo Don Beltran,  
Y à vos Infante Gayferos,  
El mi buen primo carnal.  
Y este delante de todos  
Lo quiero mucho rogar ;



For departure then preparing,  
Lo! the gallant troops advance;  
Cavaliers at least ten thousand,  
All the noblest sons of France.

And, moreo'er, a royal army,  
Many a Chief in bright array:  
When they all were thus assembl'd,  
For sev'n years receiving pay.

Swords and lances highly temper'd  
For their service they provide;  
Tents, provisions, all that's needful  
With the noblest steeds to ride.

But, ere he departs, Count Irlos  
Begs the King his Peers to call,  
And, when round in order seated,  
Thus he speaks before them all;

(As he held his dearest Countess  
Gently by her loving hand,  
And as in the midst advancing,  
Side by side they graceful stand :—)

“ To you do I speak, my Uncle,  
“ Prince Gayferos, speak to you;  
“ All the worthy Peers around me  
“ In their turn address them too.



Y al muy alto Emperador  
Que sepa mi voluntad :  
Como villas, y castillos,  
Ciudades, y lo demàs,

Que lo dexò à la Condesa  
Nadie lo pueda quitar.  
Por principal heredera  
En ellas pueda mandar:

Y vender qualquiera Villa,  
Y empeñar qualquier Ciudad,  
De aquello que ella hiciere  
Todos se han de agradar.

Si à tiempo yo no viniere,  
Royoos la querais casar,  
Al marido que tomare  
Mis tierras dè en ajuar.

Y à vos la encomiendo tio,  
Como à su marido, y padre,  
Y encomiendola à los Doce,  
Y à Carlos el Emperante.

A todos les place mucho,  
De aquello que el Conde hace ;  
Yà se parte el buen Conde  
De Parìs la gran Ciudad.



“ To our high and honor’d Emperor  
“ Likewise let my will be known ;  
“ All my towns and all my cities  
“ Shall the Countess call her own.

“ To her are they freely giv’n,  
“ Ought let no one take away ;  
“ As their mistress, I command them  
“ Her sole pleasure to obey.

“ She may part with town or city,  
“ Or what land she best may please ;  
“ She’s their true and lawful mistress,  
“ All her own possessions these.

“ And in case heav’n shall not bless me  
“ With a kind and prosp’rous fate,  
“ Chuse her then some Lord that’s worthy  
“ To enjoy my fair estate,

“ To you, Uncle, I commend her,  
“ Be you like a father kind ;  
“ In the Twelve and in the Emperor  
“ Let her sure defenders find.”

Highly ev’ry Knight commended  
What they heard Count Irlos say ;  
From fair Paris then departing,  
Forward he pursues his way.



La Condesa que ir lo vido,  
Jamàs lo quiso dexar  
Hasta el mar, y sus orillas,  
Do se havia de embarcar.

Con èl và el esforzado  
Reynaldos de Montalvan,  
Y otros muchos Caballeros  
De Francia la principal.

Tan triste es la despedida  
Que el uno al otro han,  
Que si el Conde iba triste,  
La Condesa mucho mas.

Palabras se estan diciendo,  
Que era dolor de contar,  
El conorte que se daban,  
Era continuo llorar.

Con gran dolor mandò el Conde  
Hacer vela, y navegar ;  
Viendose sin la Condesa,  
Navegando por la mar.

Movido de muy gran saña,  
Y lleno de gran pesar,  
Diciendo por ningun tiempo  
Della lo havia de apartar.



But the Countess never leaves him  
Till she sees her dearest Lord,  
And his noble train of warriors  
Safe their lofty barks aboard.

Brave Rinaldo of Montalban  
To the shore the Count attends ;  
Many a Knight of France rides with him,  
All his firm and faithful friends.

From his dear beloved Countess  
Hard indeed the task to part ;  
If the Count was sad and pensive,  
More it rent her tender heart.

Words they spoke so fond and piercing  
That it mov'd one's grief to hear :  
Comfort 'twas in vain to seek for ;  
All their comfort was a tear.

Now the Count the signal giving,  
O'er the swelling waves they ride :  
When no more he saw his lady  
Fondly seated by his side,

Fierce distraction seiz'd his bosom,  
Loud and bitter was his rage ;  
While the tortures that he suffer'd  
No allurements could assuage.



Juramento tiene hecho  
Sobre un libro Missal,  
De jamàs bolver en Francia,  
Ni en ella comer pan,  
Y que nunca embierà carta,  
Porque de èl no sepan mas.

Navegando sus jornadas  
Por la tempestuosa mar,  
Llegado ha à los Reynos  
Del Rey Moro Aliarde.

Este gran Soldan de Persia,  
Con muy gran ademan,  
Yà le estaba aguardando  
A las orillas del Mar.

Quanto vino cerca tierra,  
Las naveo mandò llegar,  
Con esfuerzo denodado  
Los empieca de esforzar.

O esforzados Caballeros,  
O mi compañía leal,  
Acuerdeseos que dexamos  
Nuestra tierra natural :

Dellos dexados mugeres,  
Y dellos hijos, y padres,  
Solo para ganar honra,  
Y no para ser cobardes.



Not to see his native country  
In an angry mood he swore ;  
Never to send tidings thither,  
With it correspond no more.

Thus on seas tempestuous sailing,  
Swift the ships their course pursue,  
Till the kingdom of Aliarde  
Far in foreign lands they view :

Persia's brave redoubted Soldan,  
On the borders of the sea,  
With his warlike train expects them,  
All in martial gallantry.

To the shore at length approaching,  
As they drew towards the beach,  
Thus the gallant Count address'd them  
In this bold and manly speech :—

“ O, ye brave undaunted warriors  
“ Of my fair illustrious train,  
“ Recollect your native country  
“ Have we left renown to gain ;

“ Have we left our wives and children,  
“ All our friends and parents dear,  
“ Not to play the fearful cowards,  
“ But to conquer bravely here.



Pues esforzados caballeros,  
Esforzados en pelear,  
Lllevare la delantera,  
Y no me querais dexar.

La Morisma eran tanta,  
Tierra no dexan tomar ;  
El Conde era esforzado,  
Y discreto en pelear.

Mandò toda la artilleria  
Encima barcas passar  
Con ingenios que traia,  
Empezòlas de tirar ;  
Los tiros eran tan fuertes,  
Por fuerza hacen lugar,  
Veriais sacar los caballos  
Muy apriessa cavalgar,  
Muy fuerte dan en los Moros  
Tierra les hacen dexar.

En tres años que el buen Conde  
Entendio en pelear,  
Ganados tiene los Reynos  
Del Rey Moro Aliarde.

Con todos sus caballeros  
Parte por iguales partes,  
Tan triste vida hacia,  
Que no se puede contar.



“ Therefore on, my valiant soldiers,  
“ From the combat ne’er recede ;  
“ In the front of battle marching,  
“ I the daring squadrons lead.”

Num’rous was the Moorish army,  
Hosts the gallant Chief oppose,  
But the Count prepares to thunder  
With his engines on the foes.

Stones and arrows, darts and jav’lins,  
From the barks like lightning flew ;  
Close beside the shore the vessels  
Nigh the Moorish squadrons drew.

With tremendous slaughter routed,  
Long th’ attack they dare not stand,  
But desert the beach, and suffer  
All the hostile train to land.

In three years by hard-fought battles,  
From the day he first begun,  
In three years Aliarde’s kingdom  
By his arms Count Irlos won.

All amongst his noble warriors  
Freely the rich spoils he shares,  
But a cheerless life he passes,  
Full of sorrows, full of cares.



El Soldan le hace tributo,  
Y Reyes de allende el mar ;  
De los tributos que daban,  
A todos hacia dâr.

Hacé mandamiento à todos  
Y à los mayores jurar,  
Que ninguno sea osado  
Hombre en Francia embiar.  
Y al que cartas embiasse,  
Luego lo haria matar.

Quince años el Conde estuvo  
Siempre allende el mar,  
Que no escriviò à la Condesa,  
Ni à su tio Don Beltràn.

Ni tampoco à los Doce,  
Ni menos al Emperante ;  
Unos dicen que eran muertos,  
Otros anegados en el mar.



Tribute does the Soldan pay him,  
And the kings beyond the sea ;  
Ev'ry tribute still dividing  
With his train of chivalry.

But he begs them, as they own him  
For their best and steadfast friend,  
Neither letter, nor yet tidings,  
Home to distant France to send ;

And he makes them swear, moreover,  
Death shou'd be the certain pain,  
That whoe'er should disobey him  
By his fellows shou'd be slain.

Years fifteen the Count remaining  
Thus beyond the seas unknown,  
To the Countess never writing,  
Nor the Emperor on his throne ;

Neither to his Uncle Bertram,  
Or the Twelve bold Peers, they thought  
Seas and winds tempestuous raging  
Had his sure destruction wrought.

But he spent his time in sorrow,  
No sweet ray of comfort knew ;  
In one same dull listless languor  
Months and years unheeded flew.



Las barbas, y los cabellos  
Nunca los quiso afeytar,  
Tienelos hasta la centa  
Muy largos, y aun mas.

La cara mucho quemada  
Del muy grande Sol, y Ayre,  
Con el gesto demudado  
Muy feroz, y espantable.

Los quince años cumplidos  
Diez y seis querian entrar,  
Acostaràse en su cama  
Con deseo de holgar.

Pensando estaba pensando  
La triste vida que ha ;  
Està pensando aquel tiempo,  
Que solia festejar;

Quando justas, y tornèos  
Por la Condesa solia armar.

Durmiòse con pensamiento  
Y empezará de holgar,  
Quando hace un triste sueño,  
Para èl de gran pesar :



And his hair, he never cut it ;  
And his beard, he let it grow,  
'Till, to frightful length descending,  
E'en it reach'd his waist below.

And his countenance, grown frightful  
By the sun and parching wind,  
Such a look ferocious darted,  
Scarce he seem'd of human kind.

Years fifteen were now accomplish'd,  
And the sixteenth had begun,  
When upon his hard couch, restless,  
Of the past his fancy run.

Present hours of grief comparing,  
And the wretched life he led,  
With his ancient days of glory,  
Days of joy so swiftly fled ;

When in fêtes and gallant tourneys  
For his lovely Countess' sake,  
Many a spear in manly trials  
He was wont with Knights to break.

In these thoughts to sleep retiring,  
Scarce his head the pillow press'd,  
When a dream most dire and dreadful  
His affrighted soul oppress'd ;



Que veía à la Condesa  
En brazos de un Infante ;  
Salto diera de la cama  
Con un pensamiento grande.

Gritando con altas voces,  
No cessando de hablar,  
Toquen, toquen mis trompetas,  
Mis gentes manden llegar.

Pensando que havia Moros,  
Todos llegados se han ;  
Desque todos son llegados,  
Llorando empezó de hablar.

O esforzados Caballeros,  
O mi compañía leal,  
Yo conozco aquel exemplo,  
Que dicen, y que es verdad,

Que todo hombre nacido,  
Que es hecho de huesso, y carne,  
El deseo mayor que tiene,  
Es en sus tierras holgar.

Yà cumplidos son quince años,  
Diez y seis quieren entrar,  
Que somos en estos reynos,  
Y estamos en soledad.



For he thought he saw his Countess  
In some youthful Prince's arms:  
From his couch he leapt in terror,  
Shouting loud with strange alarms.

All his people calling round him,  
"Soldiers, from your couches rise!"  
"Sound my trumpets, sound a levy,"  
Thus in dreadful voice he cries.

Fast the soldiers flock about him,  
Thinking 'twas the Moorish train:  
When he saw them, thus he utter'd,  
In a bold determin'd strain:—

"Valiant cavaliers and soldiers,  
"Ye whose courage side by side,  
"In the fields of glory fighting,  
"Oft has been in battle try'd;

"I have heard, and from experience  
"Well indeed the truth I know,  
"Each one to his native country  
"Seeks at last in peace to go.

"Years fifteen are now accomplish'd,  
"And the sixteenth is begun,  
"Since in Aliarde's kingdom  
"We a prosperous course have run.



Quien dexò muger hermosa,  
Vieja la ha de hallar ;  
El que dexò hijos pequeños,  
Hallaràlos hombres grandes,

Sin conocer padre à hijo,  
Ni el hijo menor al padre.

Hora es mis caballeros,  
De ir à Francia à holgar,  
Pues llevamos mucha honra,  
Y dineros mucho mas.

Lleguen, lleguen luego naves,  
Mandalas aparejar,  
Ordenemos capitanes,  
Para las tierras guardar.

Yà està todo aparejado,  
Yà empieza de navegar ;  
Quando todos son llegados,  
A las orillas del mar,

Llora el Conde de sus ojos,  
Y les empieza de hablar ;  
O esforzados caballeros,  
O mi compañía leal,  
Rogaros quiero una cosa,  
No me la querais negar.



“ He that left a wife so lovely  
“ Now shall find her chang’d with age ;  
“ He that left his children infants,  
“ Find them tread the manly stage.

“ Son and father to each other  
“ For a time shall rest unknown,  
“ From a length of years so distant  
“ Out of recollection grown.

“ To the realms of France returning,  
“ Let us now our track explore ;  
“ Full of honor, fame, and glory,  
“ And with riches ample store.

“ To prepare his ship so gallant  
“ Let not each bold captain fail ;  
“ Some shall keep the lands we’ve conquer’d,  
“ Some shall with the vessels sail.”

Ev’ry gallant ship then launching,  
High aloft the streamers fly ;  
At the sea-beach when arriving,  
Thus the Count, with tearful eye :—

“ Valiant Cavaliers and soldiers,  
“ One small favor let me claim,  
“ This my wish, that to no stranger  
“ You will ever breathe my name.



## DEL CONDE DE IRLOS.

Quien secreto me tuviere,  
Le he de galardonar,  
Que en parte alguna que sea,  
No me hayais de nombrar.

Porque en el gesto que traygo,  
Nadie me conocerà,  
Viendome con tanta gente,  
Y con exercito Real.

Si os pidieren quien soy yo,  
No les digais la verdad :  
Decid que soy mensagero  
Quien viene allende el mar

Que và con una embaxada  
A Carlos el Emperante,  
Porque he hecho un mal sueño,  
Y quiero vèr si es verdad.

En el alegria que llevan,  
De à Francia se tornar,  
Todos hacen juramento  
De tenerle puridad.

Embarcanse muy alegres,  
Empiezan de navegar ;  
El ayre tiene muy fresco,  
Que placer es de mirar.



“ He that kindly keeps the secret,  
“ Surely I’ll reward him well ;  
“ In this guise they ne’er shall know me,  
“ If my name you do not tell.

“ But when with our royal army  
“ On the shores of France we land,  
“ If they question ought about me,  
“ You shall answer their demand ;

“ That from some far distant country  
“ ’Tis an embassy I bring  
“ To our great and warlike Emperor,  
“ To our sov’reign Lord and King.

“ I have had a dream of horror,  
“ And I go to learn the truth ;  
“ I have seen my lovely Countess  
“ In the arms of princely youth.”

In the joy of home returning,  
Freely ev’ry soldier swore  
Ne’er to breathe his name to strangers  
When they landed on the shore.

Then, with lightsome hearts embarking,  
Soon a pleasant friendly breeze  
Wafts the ships in concert sailing  
Gently o’er the swelling seas.



Allegados son en Francia,  
En su tierra natural,  
Quando el Conde yà partià,  
Empieza de caminar.

No và buelta de las Cortes  
De Carlos el Emperante,  
Mas la buelta de sus tierras,  
Las que solìa mandar.

Y llegado que es à ellas,  
Por ellas comienza à andar :  
Andando por su camino,  
Una villa fue à hallar.

Llegadoseha cerca della,  
Por con alguno hablar,  
Alzò los ojos en alto,  
A la puerta del lugar.

Y llorando de sus ojos  
Comenzàra de hablar,  
O esforzados Caballeros,  
De mi duelo aved pesar,

Que armas que mi padre puso,  
Mudadas las vèo estar.  
O es casada la Condesa,  
O mis tierras vàn à mal.



Thus in France ere long arriving,  
In their much-lov'd native soil,  
Whence in absence long they'd suffer'd  
Years of hard and bitter toil.

To the court Count Irlos goes not,  
Nor to Paris bends his way,  
But to his estates he travels  
In the province where they lay.

There, when he arriv'd, he journey'd  
Round the country far and near,  
Till within his ken a city  
With its tow'rs he saw appear.

To the gate his eyes uplifting,  
Thus with trembling speech he said,  
And with briny torrents flowing  
From the fountain of his head :—

“ Valiant Cavaliers and Soldiers,  
“ Pity my distress severe,  
“ For the arms my father planted,  
“ Lo! no more I see them here.

“ Sure, my Countess must be marry'd,  
“ Or my lands to ruin doom'd!  
“ Else what mischief hath befall'n them:  
“ Who hath this sad change presum'd?”



Allegòse à las puertas,  
Con grande enojo y pesar ;  
Y mirando por entre ellas  
Gente de armas vido estar ;  
Llegado à uno de ellos,  
Mas viejo en antigüedad,  
De la mano le tomàra,  
Y empiezele de hablar ;  
Por Dios te ruego Portero,  
Me digas una verdad,  
De quien son aquestas tierras ?  
Quien las solia mandar ?  
Placeme dixo el Portero,  
De deciros la verdad :  
Eran del Conde de Irlos,  
Señor de aqueste lugar ;  
Ahora son de Celinos,  
De Celinos el Infante.  
El Conde que aquesto oyera  
Buelto se le ha de la sangre,  
Con una voz demudada,  
Otra vez le fuera hablar.  
Por Dios te ruego hermano,  
No te quieres enojar,  
Que esto que ahora me dices,  
Algun tiempo ha de pagar.  
Dime, las heredò Celinos,  
O si las fue à mercar ?  
O si en juego de los dados  
El las viniera à ganar ?



At the gates at length arriving,  
Full of grief and madding rage,  
Folks he saw, and one he question'd  
Of a grave and goodly age :

By the hand he kindly takes him,  
And begins this gentle speech ;—  
“ Tell me, friend, who owns this country ;  
“ Whose it was, too, I beseech ?”

“ You shall learn the truth,” the Porter  
In a like mild accent cries :  
“ It belong'd to good Count Irlos ;  
“ Well he did this city prize.

“ But at present to Celinos,  
“ To the Prince belongs the town.”  
This alarming news distracts him,  
Sore it casts his spirits down.

But again he asks the Porter,  
“ Friend,” he cries, “ I more would hear ;  
“ Answer then my questions kindly,  
“ Nor a grateful blessing fear.

“ How does this same Prince enjoy them ?  
“ Did he these fair regions buy ?  
“ Or by gaming basely win them  
“ By the fatal cast of die ?



O si las tenia por fuerza,  
Que no las queria tornar?  
El Portero que esto oyera,  
Presto le fue à hablar.

No las heredo, Señor,  
Ni vinieron de linage,  
Que hermano tiene el Conde,  
Aunque le querian mal.

Y sobrinos tiene muchos,  
Que las podian heredar;  
Ni menos las ha mercado,  
Que no las basta pagar.

Grandes Villas hay en ellas,  
Que mucho son de estimar;  
Cartas hizo contrahechas  
Que al Conde muerto han;

Por casar con la Condesa,  
Que era rica, y de linage,  
Y ella no casàra cierto,  
Sino contra voluntad,

Y por fuerza de Oliveros,  
Y à porfia de Roldan,  
Y à ruegos de Carlo Magno,  
De Francia Rey Imperante.



“ Or does he by force retain them,  
“ And refuses to restore ?”

Thus the trusty Porter answer’d,  
“ Freely will I tell you more.

“ Signor, he does not enjoy them  
“ As their true and lawful heir,  
“ For Count Irlos has a brother,  
“ And they would become his share.

“ He has many a nephew, likewise,  
“ Who might first a claim pursue :  
“ Neither has he bought them ; riches  
“ More they’d take than e’er he knew.

“ Cities great there are amidst them,  
“ That to endless sums amount ;  
“ But he forg’d deceitful letters,  
“ Dead they spoke the noble Count,

“ All to gain the lovely Countess,  
“ In her birth and lineage fair ;  
“ But the Countess scorn’d to listen,  
“ And did thus her will declare ;

“ Till by force bold Oliveros  
“ And Orlando both combin’d,  
“ And the King, our potent Emperor,  
“ Thus proclaim’d his royal mind :



Por casar bien à Celinos,  
Y ponerlo en buen lugar ;  
Mas el casamiento han hecho  
Con una condicion tal,  
Que no llegue a la Condesa,  
Ni à ella haya de llegar ;  
Mas por èl se desposasse  
Esse Paladin Roldan.  
Ricas fiestas les hicieron,  
De Irlos esse Ciudad,  
Gastos, galos y tornèos  
Muchos de los Doce Pares.  
El Conde que aquesto oyera,  
Buelto se le ha la sangre,  
Por mucho que dissimula,  
No cessa de suspirar,

Diciendo, hermano mio,  
No te enojas de contar,  
Quien fue en estas bodas,  
Y quien no quiso estàr ?

Señor, estuvo Oliveros,  
El Emperador, y Roldan,  
Belardos, y Montesinos,  
El gran Conde de Grimaltos,



“ ‘ Let her wed young Prince Celinos,  
“ ‘ But with these conditions wed,  
“ ‘ Count Orlando shall be proxy,  
“ ‘ He ne’er seek the marriage bed.’

“ Many a fête in this fair city  
“ Have of late the twelve Peers held,  
“ Where, in jousts and costly tourneys,  
“ Ev’ry noble Knight excell’d.”

When Count Irlos heard this story,  
In his veins the blood ran cold ;  
Though he strove to hide his feelings,  
Yet deep sighs his anguish told ;

And again he asks this question,  
“ Friend, there’s more I wish to hear ;  
“ Tell me who was at these nuptials,  
“ Nor my further blessing fear :

“ Tell me likewise who was absent,  
“ For all this I long to know ;  
“ And I will requite your patience,  
“ And no trifling favors shew.’

“ Oliveros and Orlando,  
“ And our King, renown’d in fame ;  
“ Montesinos, and Belardos,  
“ And the good Count Grimwald, came.



Y otros muchos caballeros  
De los francos Doce Pares,  
Pesò mucho à Don Gayferos,  
Pesò mucho à Don Beltràn,

Y à otros muchos caballeros,  
Y al fuerte Merian.

Yà que eran desposados,  
Missa les querían dár,  
Allegò un Falconero,  
A Carlos el Emperante.

Que venia de aquellas tierras,  
De allà de allende el Mar;  
Dixo que el Conde era vivo,  
Y que de èl traia señal.

Plugò mucho à la Condesa,  
Y mucho pesò al Infante,  
Porque en las grandes fiestas  
Huvo grandes disparates.

Allà traen grande pleyto,  
En Cortes del Emperante,  
Por lo qual rebuelta es Francia,  
Y todos los Doce Pares.

Ella dice, que un año  
Pidiò antes de desposar,  
Por embiar mensageros,  
Muchos allende de la mar.



“ Many another noble Chieftain  
“ Of our warlike Cavaliers ;  
“ But Gayferos and Count Bertram,  
“ It distress’d those worthy Peers.

“ Much too did it grieve Prince Merian,  
“ When the marriage words were read ;  
“ But a Falconer arriving,  
“ Came before the mass was said :

“ From a distant country landing  
“ Far beyond the bord’ring sea ;  
“ ‘ Brave Count Irlos still is living,’  
“ Thus before the Peers cry’d he.

“ Highly it rejoic’d the Countess,  
“ But the Prince was griev’d with pain ;  
“ In these fêtes fierce quarrels rising,  
“ Scarce they could from blows refrain.

“ Fore the Emperor at this moment  
“ They pursue the weighty cause ;  
“ France is all in deep confusion ;  
“ Tow’rds the issue as it draws :

“ One whole year demands the Countess,  
“ Till the news can back arrive,  
“ While she sends to learn for certain  
“ If the Count be yet alive ;



Si el Conde era muerto  
Fuesse la boda adelante ;  
Si era vivo bien sabia,  
Que ella no podia casar.

Por ella habla Don Gayferos,  
Y el buen viejo Don Beltràn ;  
Por Celinos, Oliveros,  
Y esse Paladin Roldan.

Creemos que es dada sentencia,  
O que se queria dàr,  
Porque ayer huvimos cartas,  
De Carlos el Emperante.

Que quitando aquellas armas,  
Pongan las naturales,  
Y que guardemos las tierras  
Por el Conde Don Beltràn ;

Que ninguno de Celinos  
En ellas no puede entrar.

El Conde que aquesto oyera,  
Movido de gran pesar,  
Buelve riendas al Caballo,  
En la villa no quiso entrar.



“ And if dead he prove, these nuptials  
“ Shall be then immediate held ;  
“ If he lives, she scorns the union,  
“ For her heart has ne’er rebell’d.

“ Brave Gayferos and Count Bertram  
“ In her cause with ardor plead ;  
“ Oliveros and Orlando  
“ For Celinos intercede.

“ But we think the final sentence  
“ Hath been issu’d, or draws near ;  
“ Letters yestermorn arriving  
“ From the royal hand came here,

“ That we must take down the blazon  
“ You have seen above the gate,  
“ And for good Count Bertram only  
“ Hold this spacious fair estate ;

“ And that neither Prince Celinos,  
“ Nor a soldier of his train,  
“ Shall presume within this country  
“ E’er to set his foot again.”

All this heard the noble warrior,  
And his heart was sore oppress’d ;  
Then his steed immediate checking,  
In the town he wou’d not rest ;



Mas allà en un verde prado,  
La gente mando assentar,  
Con una voz muy humilde  
Les empezò de hablar :

O esforzados Caballeros,  
O mi compañía leal,  
Del consejo que os pidiere,  
Bueno me le querais dàr.

Si me aconsejais que vaya  
A Cortes del Emperante,  
O que mate à Celinos,  
A Celinos el Infante.

Bolverèmos allende,  
Y allì seguros estàr :  
Caballeros que esto oyeron,  
Presto tal respuesta dàn.

Calledes, Señor, calledes,  
Señor no digais lo tal,  
No mireis à vuestra gente,  
Mas mirad à Don Beltràn.  
Y à esos buenos Caballeros,  
Que tanta honra os hacen.

Si vos matais à Celinos,  
Diran que fuistes Cobarde ;



But a spacious pleasant meadow  
For his valiant soldiers chose,  
Where in mild voice gently speaking  
Thus he did his mind disclose :—

“ Valiant cavaliers and soldiers  
“ Of a brave redoubted race,  
“ Let your counsels now befriend me,  
“ And your counsels I’ll embrace.

“ Shall I to our Lord the Emperor  
“ At his court pursue my way ;  
“ Or seek out the Prince Celinos,  
“ And for his presumption slay ?

“ Then we may return for safety  
“ To the kingdom whence we came.”

Thus the gallant captains answer,  
Thus their leader gently blame:—

“ Speak not thus, my Lord, oh ! speak not  
“ Words that make your soldiers mourn,  
“ But your eyes to good Count Bertram,  
“ And the friends that love you, turn.

“ If you slay young Prince Celinos,  
“ Will they not impeach your worth ?  
“ He is of a race illustrious ;  
“ You, too, are of noble birth.



Sino que vais à las Cortes  
De Carlos el Emperante,  
Y vereis quien bien os quiere,  
Y quien os queria mal.  
Por bueno que sea Celinos,  
Vos sois de tan buen linage,  
Y teneis vos tantas tierras,  
Y dinero que gastar ;  
Nosotros prometemos  
Con juramento en verdad.

Somos diez mil caballeros,  
Y Franceses naturales,  
De por vos perder la vida,  
Y quanto habemos gastar.

Quitado el Emperador,  
Contra qualquier otro grande.

El Conde que aquesto oyera  
Rèspuesta ninguna hace,  
Dà de espuelas al Caballo ;  
Y empieza de caminar,  
La buelta vâ de Paris,  
Como aquel que bien lo sabe.

Quando fue à una jornada,  
De Cortes del Emperante,  
Otra vez llegó à los suyos,  
Y les empieza de hablar.



“ Go then to our Lord the Emperor,  
“ To his court your way pursue ;  
“ There you’ll learn who seeks your vantage,  
“ Who has sought your mischief too.

“ Lands you have, and fair possessions,  
“ And abundant wealth to spend ;  
“ And, moreo’er, your faithful soldiers  
“ Will your honest cause defend.

“ We are full ten thousand warriors  
“ Of a bold determin’d race ;  
“ And for your sake ev’ry danger  
“ With a gen’rous zeal we face.

“ Save the Emperor’s royal person,  
“ Ev’ry other Chief we scorn ;  
“ Never shall our minds ignobly  
“ Stoop to any mortal born.”

This bold speech the good Count hearing,  
Not a single word reply’d,  
But, his steed with ardor spurring,  
Tow’rds the royal city hied ;

And, when one day’s journey distant  
From the Emperor and his court,  
To his valiant soldiers speaking  
Thus did he again resort :—



Esforzados caballeros,  
Quiero una cosa rogar,  
Yo tomè vuestro consejo,  
El mio querais tomar.

Que si entro en París  
Con exercito Real,  
Saldrà por mi el Emperador,  
Con todos los principales;

Si en verme no me conoce,  
Conocermeha en el hablar,  
Y assi sabrè por cierto  
Todo mi bien, y mi mal.  
Al que no tiene dineros  
Yo le darè en que gastar.  
Los unos buelvan à zaga,  
Otros passan adelante,  
Otros al rededor poseen  
En las villas y ciudades.

Solo con cien caballeros  
Entrarè en la ciudad,  
De noche yà escurecida  
Nadie de mi sabrà parte.

Vosotros en ocho dias,  
Podeis poco à poco entrar,  
Hallereisme en los palacios  
De mi tio Don Beltràn.



“ Gallant cavaliers and soldiers,  
“ Once more listen for my sake ;  
“ Now that I your counsel follow,  
“ Mine with like persuasion take.

“ Shou’d our army to fair Paris  
“ Thus its stately march pursue,  
“ Forth the King will come to meet us,  
“ And his train of nobles too ;

“ And though none may know my person,  
“ Yet my speech will sure bewray :  
“ Let me, then, entreat in friendship  
“ Some few troops behind to stay ;

“ And let others journey forward  
“ To the towns and cities round ;  
“ Thus I soon shall know my fortune,  
“ If with good or evil crown’d.

“ With a hundred friends to guard me  
“ Will I to the city go ;  
“ In the dark night boldly ent’ring,  
“ None our persons thus shall know.

“ And in eight days’ space unnotic’d  
“ You may by degrees repair  
“ To my uncle Bertram’s palace,  
“ Sure to find me station’d there.



Apparejareos posadas  
U\* dineros que gastar,  
Todos fueron muy contentos,  
Pues al Conde assi le place.

Noche era escurecida,  
Cerca diez horas, ò mas,  
Quando entrò el Conde Irlos  
En Paris esse Ciudad.

Derecho và à los Palacios  
De su tio Don Beltràn,  
Parà el qual atravesaban  
Por medio de la Ciudad.

Vido assomar tantas hachas,  
Gente de armas mucho mas,  
Por donde èl passar havia,  
Por allì vàn à passar.

El Conde desque los vido,  
Los suyos mandò apartar ;  
Dequè todos son passados  
El postrero fue à llamar.

Por Dios te ruego escudero,  
Me digas una verdad :  
Quien son esta gente de armas,  
Que ahora vàn por la Ciudad ?

---

\* The single U is a very obsolete word for ò in old Spanish.



“ I shall carefully prepare you  
“ Quarters, and the best of food.”  
All his friends the speech approving,  
Judg’d the counsel wise and good.

On a night when stars appear’d not,  
When ’twas ten o’clock and more,  
Brave Count Irlos tow’rds the city  
With his guards undaunted bore.

To his uncle Bertram’s palace  
Forward he pursu’d his course,  
Through the very midst of Paris  
Riding on his noble horse.

When on all sides torches blazing,  
And a soldier train he spies,  
Who pursue the way where wending  
Brave Count Irlos’ passage lies ;

When the valiant Count perceiv’d them,  
All his troops he drew aside ;  
Let them pass, and to the hindmost  
Thus in gentle accents cry’d :

“ Cavalier, for heav’n’s sake, tell me  
“ What these warlike people mean,  
“ Who in arms amidst the city  
“ At so late an hour are seen ?”



El escudero que esto oyera,  
Tal respuesta le fue à dar ;  
Señor la Condesa de Irlos  
Viene del Palacio Real,

Sobre un pleyto à contrastar :  
Oliveros y Roldan,  
Son los que en medio la llevan,  
Reynaldos, y Don Beltràn.

Aquellos que vãn postreros,  
Donde tantas luces vãn,  
Son el Infante Gayferos,  
Y el fuerte Merian.

El Conde que aquesto oyera  
Se sale de la Ciudad,  
Debaxo de una espesura  
Muy cerca se fue à posar.

Diciendo està à los suyos,  
Que no es hora de entrar,  
Que desque sean apeados  
Tornaràn à cavalgar.

Yo quiero entrar en tal hora,  
Que de mi no sepan parte ;  
Allì estaba razonando  
De armas, y hechos grandes.



Thus the Squire his question answer'd,—

“ Signor, you shall briefly hear ;  
“ Countess Irlos from the palace  
“ Comes with many a noble Peer.

“ Oliveros and Orlando  
“ Guard her first on either side ;  
“ Brave Rinaldo and Count Bertram  
“ In the rear together ride.

“ And where all those num'rous torches  
“ Mid the streets resplendent blaze,  
“ Prince Gayferos and Prince Merian  
“ Onward jointly bend their ways.”

When the Squire his speech had ended,  
Back the Count returning goes,  
And awhile without the city  
Midst a thicket seeks repose.

“ Friends, it is too soon to enter,  
“ Let our noble train alight ;  
“ And the torches be extinguish'd,  
“ That too much illumine the night.

“ At midnight we'll gain the city,  
“ When we best may pass unknown.”—  
Now, of gallant feats conversing,  
Two full hours were shortly flown.



Hasta la media noche,  
Los Gallos querian cantar,  
Buelven riendas à los Cavallos  
Y entrase en la Ciudad,

La buelta de los Palacios  
Del buen Conde Don Beltràn,  
Antes de llegar à ellos,  
De dos calles, y aun mas ;

Tantas cadenas hay puestas  
Que ellos no pueden passar,  
Lanzas le ponen al pecho  
No cessando de hablar.

Buelta, buelta, Caballeros,  
Que por aqui no hay passar,  
Que aqui estàn los Palacios  
Del buen Conde Don Beltràn,

Enemigo de Oliveros,  
Y enemigo de Roldan,  
Enemigo de Velardos,  
De Celinos el Infante.

El Conde que aquesto oyera  
Presto tal respuesta hace ;  
Ruegote el Caballero  
Que me quieras escuchar :



Midnight 'tis, and hark ! the watchful  
Cock the early matins crows,  
To the city with his Captains  
Back the Count advent'rous goes :

To his uncle Bertram's palace  
Riding bends without delay,  
But two streets before he reach'd it  
Chains he found to bar the way.

To his breast a sharp lance pointing,  
Loudly does some Guard exclaim,  
" Cavalier, turn back, you pass not ;  
" Back with speed, then, whence you came !

" This is good Count Bertram's palace,  
" And he bade us guard it well ;  
" We obey, and none shall enter  
" Till his errand first he tell.

" Oliveros and Orlando,  
" And Belardos, are his foes ;  
" These fierce Knights, and Prince Celinos,  
" We by his command oppose."

These same welcome accents hearing,  
Gently thus the Count reply'd,  
" Friend, I pr'ythee deign to listen ;  
" Whilst I speak with patience, bide.



Anda vè, y dile luego  
A tu Señor Don Beltràn,  
Que aqui està un mensagero,  
Que viene de allende el mar,  
Con cartas del Conde de Irlos,  
Su buen sobrino carnal.  
El hidalgo con placer  
Comienza de aguijar,  
Presto las nuevas le daba  
Al buen Conde Don Beltràn.

En la camara le hallò,  
Que se queria acostar ;  
Desque tal nueva oyera,  
Tornò à vestir, y calzar.

Caballeros al rededor  
Trecientos trae por guarda,  
Muchas hacas encendidas,  
Al patio hace baxar.

Y mandò que al mensagero  
Solo dexassen entrar ;  
Quando fue en el patio,  
Con la mucha claridad,  
Mirandole està mirando,  
Viendole como salvage,  
Como el que està espantado,  
A èl no se ossa llegar.  
Baxito el Conde le habla,  
Dandole muchas señales ;



“ You shall tell my Lord Count Bertram  
“ That I have some tidings brought  
“ From his nephew, brave Count Irlos,  
“ Who in distant regions fought.”

Pleas'd to hear it, to his palace  
Quick the soldier speeds his way,  
And, this happy news relating,  
Does in joyous sounds display.

On his couch he found him resting ;  
When the welcome tale he heard,  
In his lightest garments dressing,  
From his chamber he appear'd.

All his Knights and Squires attending,  
Full three hundred, round him go,  
And with torches briskly burning  
To the court descend below.

“ Let no other,” cry'd Count Bertram,  
“ But the messenger alone,  
“ Gain admittance :” then Count Irlos  
Was by torchlight plainly shewn.

Such a savage wild appearing,  
Not a soul would venture near ;  
Low he speaks to good Count Bertram,  
Accents he rejoic'd to hear.



Don Beltràn le conociò  
Entonces en el hablar :  
Y con brazos abiertos  
Corre para le abrazar,  
Diciendole està sobrino  
Con alegre suspirar.  
El Conde le està rogando,  
Que nadie dèl sepa parte ;  
Embia presto à las plazas  
Carniceriàs otro que tal,  
Por mercarles de cena  
Y mandòla aparejar ;  
Manda que sus Caballeros  
Todos les dexen entrar.  
Que los tomen los caballos,  
Y los hagan bien pensar ;  
Abren muy grandes estudios,  
Mandanlos aposentar.  
Entra el Conde, y los suyos,  
Ninguno otro puede entrar,  
Porque al Conde no conozcan,  
Ni que dèl supiesen parte.  
Vereis todos en palacio,  
Unos con otros hablar ;  
Si es este el Conde Irlos,  
O quien otro puede estàr,  
Segun el recibimiento  
Que le ha hecho Don Beltràn.  
Oido ha la Condesa  
Las grandes voces que dòn,  
Mandò llamar sus doncellas,  
Y comenzòlas de hablar.



In his arms then fondly rushing,  
    “Welcome,” cry’d he, “welcome home!  
“Nephew, in a happy moment  
    “Back to France you truly come.”

“Uncle, let me first entreat you  
    “None may our arrival know;  
“Free admittance to your palace,  
    “To my people then bestow.”

Now a noble feast commanding,  
    Bertram hastes a splendid cheer,  
No attendant with his nephew,  
    Or his warriors suff’ring near.

All their steeds too in his stables  
    Good Count Bertram next receives;  
Hay, and corn, and cleanly litter,  
    To the noble chargers gives.

In amazement all the palace  
    This reception friendly see;  
“If ’tis not renown’d Count Irlos,  
    “Who then can the stranger be?”

When the Countess heard the tumult,  
    Silence thus aloud she broke;  
Round her all her damsels calling,  
    As with hasty words she spoke:—



Què es aquesto mis doncellas?  
No me lo querais negar,  
Que esta noche tanta gente  
Por palacio siento andar.

Decidme, no es el Señor  
El mi tio Don Beltràn?  
Si quizà dentro en mis tierras  
Roldan ha hecho algun mal?

Las doncellas que lo oyeron,  
Tal respuesta vàn à dâr;  
Lo que vos sentis, Señora,  
No son nuevas de pesar.

Porque un hombre ha venido  
En figura de salvage;  
Con èl muchos caballeros,  
Gran acatamiento le hacen,  
Muy rica cena le guisa  
El buen Conde Don Beltràn.  
Uno dice es mensagero,  
Que viene de allende el mar;  
Otros, que es el Conde Irlos,  
Nuestro señor natural.

Allà se han encerrado,  
Que nadie no puede entrar:  
Segun vèn el aparejo,  
Creen todos ser verdad.



“ Tell me, gentle damsels, tell me,  
“ What does all this tumult mean ?  
“ Why this sudden train of warriors  
“ In my uncle’s palace seen ?

“ Has Orlando and his Captains,  
“ With a bold presumptuous hand,  
“ From his mansion driv’n my uncle ;  
“ Mean they, too, to seize my land ?”

“ What you hear,” the damsels answ’ring  
To the Countess, thus exclaim,  
“ Are no plaintive notes of sorrow,  
“ But some joyous news proclaim.

“ Hither like a savage ’coutred  
“ Has some Knight admittance found,  
“ And a banquet is preparing  
“ For himself and Captains round,

“ Some suppose him but a courier  
“ Come from countries o’er the sea ;  
“ Others that ’tis brave Count Irlos,  
“ In this savage guise comes he.

“ But so close the door is fasten’d,  
“ Entrance is to all deny’d :  
“ What the truth at last may tell us  
“ Careful, for a time, they hide.”



La Condesa que esto oyera,  
De la cama fue à saltar,  
Apriessa pide el vestido,  
Apriessa pide el calzar.

Muchas dueñas y donzellas  
Empiezan yà de aguijar,  
A las puertas de la quadra  
Grandes golpes manda dàr.

A Don Beltràn llama apriessa,  
Que dentro la dexe entrar.  
No queria el Conde Irlos,  
Que la dexassen entrar ;

Don Beltràn saliò à la puerta,  
No cessando de hablar ;  
Què es esto, señora prima,  
No tengais priessa tan grande ;

Que aun no saben las nuevas  
Que el mensagero me trae,  
Porque es de tierras agenas,  
Y no entiende el language



When the wond'ring Countess heard it,  
From her couch she leap'd in haste,  
And, her robes about her throwing,  
From her chamber instant pac'd.

Round her march her lovely damsels ;  
Tow'rds the fair saloon they bend ;  
Where the Cavaliers are sitting,  
There her hasty steps attend.

For admittance loudly knocking,  
To her uncle "Hark!" she cries ;  
But Count Irlos not consenting,  
He the humble boon denies.

To the door went noble Bertram,  
And the Countess thus address'd,  
"Why so hasty? let me beg you  
"Not to break the hours of rest.

"Yet unknown to us the tidings  
"By this trusty courier brought :  
"Niece, when we have learnt his story,  
"You shall be immediate sought.

"Trust me, 'tis a stranger only  
"From a distant foreign land,  
"And his rude and barb'rqus language  
"None of us can understand."



Mas la Condesa por esso  
No quiso sino entrar,  
Que à mensagero del Conde  
Ella lo quiere honrar.  
De la mano la entràra  
Esse Conde Don Beltràn ;  
Desque ella estuvo dentro,  
Empezòle de mirar,  
Meneando la cabeza,  
No cessa de suspirar ;  
Mas el Conde se cubria  
Con los cabellos la faz :  
Desque la Condesa vido  
Que nadie ossaba hablar,  
Con una voz muy humilde  
Empieza de razonar :  
Por Dios os ruego mi tio,  
Por Dios os quiero rogar,  
Pues que aqueste mensagero  
Es de tan leños lugar,  
Que si no trae dineros,  
Ni tuviesse que gastar,  
Decid si algo le falta,  
Lo dexe de demandar :  
Pagar le hemos su gente,  
Y darle hemos que gastar,  
Pues viene por mi Señor,  
Y no le puedo faltar  
A el, y à todos los suyos,  
Aunque fueron muchos mas.



But the Countess persevering,  
Would not this denial take ;  
" 'Tis my Lord's own trusty courier,  
" Whom I'll honor for his sake."

By the hand the Count then led her ;  
Round she cast a timid eye,  
And, her head in anguish shaking,  
Drew a long distressful sigh ;

For Count Irlos hid his visage  
With his flowing tressy hair :  
When the Countess found all silent,  
Thus spoke she with gentle air :—

" Uncle, for heav'n's sake I beg you,  
" And I beg you o'er again,  
" Since so distant comes this courier,  
" Crossing o'er the stormy main ;

" With him if he brings no money,  
" All that he may wish to spend,  
" You will let him lack for nothing,  
" But most kindly stand his friend :

" Though the train that here attends him  
" Were ten times as many more,  
" You will let him have abundance  
" From our unexhausted store."



Estas palabras hablando,  
No cessaba de llorar,  
Mancibilla à su marido,  
Con el grande amor que ha.

Pensando de consolarla  
Acordò de la abrazar,  
Y con los brazos abiertos,  
Iba para la tomar.

La Condesa espantada  
Pusose tras Don Beltràn,  
Mas el Conde con suspiros,  
Comenzòle de hablar.

No huyades la Condesa,  
No os querais espantar,  
Que yo soy el Conde Irlos,  
Vuestro marido carnal.

Estos son aquellos brazos,  
En que solias holgar ;  
Con las manos se apartàra,  
Los cabellos de la faz.

Conociòle la Condesa  
Entonces en el hablar,  
En sus brazos ella se echa,  
No cessando de llorar.



Weeping then approach'd she near him,  
Wishing well to view the mien  
Of the stranger, that so lately  
Had her much-lov'd husband seen.

He, with love that moment melting,  
Open throws his eager arms,  
In a warm embrace to clasp her,  
But with sudden fear alarms.

Close behind her uncle Bertram  
Fast for refuge see she flies,  
Whilst Count Irlos, softly sighing,  
In these soothing accents cries:—

“ Fly not, gentle Countess, fly not ;  
“ No wild savage do you see,  
“ But behold your lov'd Count Irlos,  
“ Your own faithful Lord, in me.

“ These the arms in whose embraces  
“ Once you took such sweet delight.”  
From his face the hair then smoothing,  
Now she had a perfect sight.

By his voice at once she knew him,  
Tears of sweetest joy she shed ;  
To his arms transported flying,  
On his face she lean'd her head.



Què es aquesto mi Señor,  
Quien vos hizo ser salvage?  
No es este aquel gesto  
Que vos teniades antes.

Quitenvos aquestas armas,  
Otras luego os quieren dàr,  
Traygan de aquellos vestidos  
Que soliades llevar.

Yà les paraban las mesas,  
Yà les daban à cenar,  
Quando empezò la Condesa  
A decir assi, y hablar.

Cierto parece señor,  
Que lo haremos muy mal,  
Que estando el Conde en su tierra  
Y su heredad natural,  
A los que su honra miraron,  
No embiemos avisar.

No lo digo por Gayferos,  
Y su hermano Merian,  
Sino por el esforzado  
Reynaldos de Montalvàn.  
Bien sabedes señor tio,  
Quanto se quiso mostrar,  
Siendo siempre conocido  
Con ira, y saña Roldan.



“ Ah ! my Lord, what foe has driv’n you

“ To embrace this savage state ?

“ Not thus was I wont to see you ;

“ Hard, indeed, has been your fate !

“ Once, in manly beauty blooming,

“ None with equal glory shone ;

“ Then you woo’d my heart, and won it,

“ And it cherish’d you alone.

“ This vile garb, off let me take it,

“ And your better vests prepare,

“ That in days of happier fortune

“ You were wont with pride to wear.

“ But, my noble uncle Bertram,

“ It becomes us sure to send

“ News of my dear Lord’s arrival

“ To each faithful, valu’d friend.

“ Those that long have done us honor,

“ Not for Prince Gayferos’ sake,

“ Or his noble brother Merian,

“ Who will kind excuses take ;

“ But Rinaldo’s of Montalban,

“ Well his gen’rous worth we know,

“ For his aid was nobly granted

“ When Orlando was our foe.”



Llamaron dos caballeros,  
De aquellos muy principales ;  
Uno embian à Gayferos,  
Otro al de Montalvàn.

Apriessa viene Gayferos,  
Apriessa, y no de vagar,  
Desque vido la Condesa  
En brazos de aquel salvage,

A ellos presto se allega,  
Y empezòles de hablar.  
Desque el Conde allì lo vido  
Levantòse à le abrazar.

Y desque se han conocido,  
Gran acatimiento le hace.

Yà puestas eran las mesas,  
Yà les daban de cenar,  
La Condesa lo servia,  
Y estaba siempre delante,  
Quando llegó Don Reynaldos,  
Reynaldos de Montalvàn,



Cavaliers then two dispatching,  
To Rinaldo one they sent,  
And the second to Gayferos  
With a friendly message went.

All in haste arrives Gayferos,  
Wond'ring in such savage arms  
Unreserv'd to see the Countess  
Yield her fair unblemish'd charms.

To the noble pair still nearer  
Then with hasty step he drew,  
And his ancient friend Count Irlos  
In a happy moment knew.

With what joy their bosoms throbbing  
Swiftly to each other spring,  
And awhile in mutual transport  
Round each other fondly cling !

Now the tables amply spreading,  
Soon they saw the festive board  
With abundant wines and viands,  
And the choicest dainties, stor'd.

On her Lord the Countess waiting,  
More and more his presence cheer'd,  
Till Rinaldo of Montalban  
In the banquet-room appear'd.



Y desque el Conde lo vido,  
Hüvo un placer muy grande ;  
Con una voz amorosa,  
Le empezàra de hablar :  
O esforzado Conde Irlos  
Vuestra venida me place,  
Porque ahora vuestros pleytos  
Mejor se podràn librar.  
Mas si yo fuera creïdo,  
No huviera que pleytear,  
O no halleredes à mi vivo,  
O al Paladin Roldan.  
El Conde que aquesto oyera,  
Grandes mercedes le hace ;  
Juramento dice he hecho  
Sobre un libro Missal,  
De jamàs quitar las armas,  
Ni con la Condesa holgar,  
Hasta que haya cumplido  
Toda la su voluntad.  
El concierto que ellos tienen  
Por mejor, y natural,  
Es, que en el otro dia,  
Quedando, y ante el Emperante,  
Vaya el Conde al Palacio,  
Por la mano le besar ;  
Toda la noche passaron  
Descansando en hablar.  
Quando vino el otro dia,  
A la hora de yantar,  
Cavalgàra el Conde Irlos,  
Muy reales armas trae.



Boundless was the hero's pleasure  
When the noble Count he view'd ;  
Many a tender welcome giving,  
His kind speech he thus pursu'd :—

“ O ! a thousand times it glads me  
“ To behold my worthy friend ;  
“ All the tedious suits his absence  
“ Caus'd shall now for ever end.

“ Yet to me had others listen'd,  
“ There had been no tedious suit,  
“ Or my death, or Count Orlando's,  
“ Soon had ended the dispute.”

“ Thanks, my friend ! ” cry'd brave Count Irlos,  
And upon the mass-book swore  
Straitly to pursue his counsels,  
Nor to quit his arms before.

Then agreed the Chiefs Count Irlos  
With the early morn shou'd go,  
And his person to the Emperor  
In his audience-chamber shew.

All the night in converse sitting  
Did the gallant warriors spend,  
And towards the royal palace  
At the hour of council bend.



Y encima un collar de oro,  
Y una ropa rozagante,  
Solo con cien caballeros,  
Que no queria mas llevar.

A la izquierda Don Gayferos,  
A la diestra à Don Beltran,  
Vienense à los Palacios  
De Carlos el Emperante.

Quantos Grandes allì hallan  
Acatamiento le hacen,  
Por honra de Dón Gayferos,  
Que era suya la ciudad.

Quando entrò en la gran sala  
Hallan allì al Emperante.  
Assentado està à la Mesa,  
Que le daban de yantar.

Con èl està Oliveros,  
Y con èl està Roldan,  
Con èl està Baldovinos,  
Y Celinos el Infante.



Richly drest, a collar wearing  
Round his neck of well-wrought gold,  
Goes the Count in crimson vesture,  
Like a monarch to behold.

Round him guards a hundred walking,  
(For he chose to take no more ;)  
At his left hand, Prince Gayferos,  
Bertram at his right he bore.

At the royal gates arriving,  
When his train the Courtiers saw,  
And the Count with other Chieftains  
Tow'rds the presence-chamber draw ;

For the honor of Gayferos,  
Lord of Paris so renown'd,  
Highly noble was the greeting  
From the gallant Peers he found.

When the rich saloon they enter'd,  
They perceiv'd the Emperor there,  
At the breakfast table seated,  
Eating of his sumptuous fare.

Near him valiant Oliveros,  
And Orlando first they view ;  
Baldwin, that illustrious chieftain,  
And the Prince Celinos too.



Con èl estàn Grandes muchos  
De Francia la natural,  
Y entrando por la sala  
Grande reverencia hacen.

Al Emperador saludan,  
Los tres juntos à la par.  
Desque Don Roldan los vido  
Presto se fue à levantar,  
Apriessa à Celinos llama,  
No cessando de hablar.  
Cavalgar presto Celinos,  
No esteis mas en la ciudad,  
Que quiero perder la vida,  
Si bien mirais la señal.  
Si aquel no es el Conde Irlos,  
Que viene como salvage,  
Yo quedarè por vos, primo,  
Si algo querràn demandar.

Yà cavalga Don Celinos,  
Y sale de la ciudad,  
Con èl và gran gente de armas,  
Por haverle de guardar.

Y el Conde, y Don Gayferos  
Llegaronse al Emperante,  
La mano besar le quieren,  
Y èl no se la quiere dâr.



Many another Knight was present  
Of th' imperial court of France ;  
Lowly makes the Count obeisance,  
Forward as his steps advance :

First salutes the royal Emperor,  
Then the three that sat beside ;  
But when Count Orlando saw him,  
To Celinos swift he cry'd,

“ Haste thee, haste thee from the city,  
“ If a safe retreat you chuse ;  
“ But a single moment wasting,  
“ Life itself you surely lose !

“ Yonder comes renown'd Count Irlos,  
“ Like a savage wild attir'd ;  
“ I shall answer ev'ry question  
“ You, perchance, may be requir'd.”

From the city rides Celinos,  
Justly mov'd at this alarm ;  
Many a warrior rides forth with him,  
To defend his life from harm.

But the Count and Prince Gayferos  
To the Emperor jointly go ;  
And, to kiss his hand requesting,  
He wou'd not his hand bestow.



Mas està maravillado,  
Diciendo, quien puede estar ?  
El Conde que assi lo vido  
Empezòle de hablar.

No se admire vuestra Alteza,  
Que no es de maravillar,  
Que quien dixo que era muerto  
Mintiò, y no dixo verdad.

Yo, señor, soy el Conde Irlos,  
Vuestro servidor leal;  
Mas los malos Caballeros,  
Siempre presumen lo mal.

Conocido le han todos  
Entonces en el hablar,  
El Emperador se levanta,  
Y empezòle de abrazar.

Y mandò salir à todos,  
Y las puertas bien cerradas;  
Solo queda Oliveros,  
Y el Paladin Roldan,

El Conde Irlos, y Gayferos,  
Y el buen viejo Don Beltràn,  
Assentòse el Emperador,  
Y à todos mandò assentar.



Highly marv'ling within him  
Who this stranger Chief cou'd be ;  
Thus the Count, when he so plainly  
Did the Emperor's wonder see,—

“ Let not thus your Highness marvel  
“ To behold me safe once more ;  
“ Those that call'd me dead deceiv'd you,  
“ And a wicked falsehood swore.

“ I'm your loyal Knight Count Irlos ;  
“ I'm your servant firm and true :  
“ Evil light on those whose falsehood  
“ From my absence mischief drew !”

Ev'ry Knight then present knew him,  
For his voice the Chief bewray'd ;  
When the Emperor, instant rising,  
Ev'ry mark of joy display'd.

From the presence-chamber bending,  
Ev'ry other Knight retires ;  
Oliveros and Orlando,  
These the King alone requires :

Old Count Bertram, Prince Gayferos,  
And Count Irlos so renown'd ;  
When, his seat the Emperor taking,  
Bids the nobles sit around ;



Entonces con voz humilde  
Le empezó de hablar.  
Esforzado Conde Irlos,  
Vuestra venida me place.

Aunque de vuestro enojo  
No es de tener pesar.  
Porque no hay cargo ninguno,  
Ni verguenza otro que tal,

Que si casò la Condesa,  
No cierto à su voluntad,  
Si no à porfia mia,  
Y à ruegos de Don Beltràn;

Y con tantas condiciones,  
Que es muy largo de contar,  
Porque siempre ha mostrado  
Teneros amor muy grande.

Si ha errado Celinos,  
Hizolo con mocedad,  
En escribir que erades muert  
Pues no era verdad.



And, with mild complacence looking,  
Silence thus he gently broke,  
But to brave Count Irlos chiefly  
In the kindest accents spoke.

“ Valiant and illustrious Baron,  
“ Your arrival gives me joy ;  
“ Fain would I within your bosom  
“ Ev’ry source of pain destroy.

“ On your lovely, faithful Countess  
“ Can no foul reproach be laid,  
“ Since ’twas still against her pleasure  
“ With the youthful Prince to wed.

“ ’Twas alone at my entreaty ;  
    (“ Though I let Count Bertram make  
“ What conditions best might please him  
“ For the gentle Countess’ sake.)

“ Ever have I highly lov’d you,  
“ Lov’d with friendship most sincere ;  
“ Doubt not, then, how much it griev’d me  
“ Your untimely death to hear.

“ Kindly overlook his error ;  
“ And impute it to his youth,  
“ That Celinos feign’d those letters,  
“ Erring from the happy truth.



Mas por esse nunca quise  
A ella dexar tocar,  
Menos à los desposorios  
A èl no dexe estàr.

Mas por el fue presentado  
Este Paladin Roldan.  
Mas la culpa Conde es vuestra,  
Y à vos la debeis dàr,

Para ser vos tan discreto,  
Esforzado, y de linage.  
Dexastes muger hermosa,  
Moza, y de poca edad ;

Si no de vista, por cartas,  
La debierais visitar ;  
A saber que à la partida  
Llebavades gran pesar,

No embiàra à vos el Conde,  
Que à otros pudiera embiar ;  
Por ser vos bueno Caballero,  
Solo à vos quise embiar.



“ Though no more I thought you living,  
“ Yet my gen’rous bosom spurn’d  
“ Ev’ry forc’d unfriendly influence  
“ When with love Celinos burn’d.

“ And, if noble Count Orlando  
“ Undertook the Prince’s cause,  
“ Thus a hateful suit pursuing  
“ In the common course of laws ;

“ Recollect, good Count, that surely  
“ For this suit you’re most to blame :  
“ One so noble, one so prudent,  
“ One so high-born, it became,

“ When a wife most fair and lovely  
“ At so young an age he left,  
“ If of presence, not of letters,  
“ Years to leave her quite bereft.

“ Surely when from her you parted  
“ With such deep distressing grief,  
“ Now and then you might have sent her  
“ News of joy and sweet relief ;

“ Some brave Cavalier or Chieftain  
“ Of your own illustrious band,  
“ Since before the rest I chose you  
“ On a foreign shore to land.”



El Conde que aquesto oyera,  
La tal respuesta le hace ;  
Calle, calle vuestra Alteza,  
Buen señor no diga tal,  
Que no le escuse à Celinos  
Por ser de tan poca edad.

Que con tales Caballeros,  
Yo no me acostumbro honrar,  
Por èl està aqui Oliveros,  
Por èl està Don Roldan,  
Que son buenos caballeros,  
Y los tengo yo por tales ;  
Consentir estos tal carta,  
Consentir tan gran maldad,  
O me tenian en poco,  
O à lo menos por cobarde,

Que sabiendo que era vivo,  
No les osàra demandar,  
A vuestra Alteza suplico,  
Campo me quiera otorgar.  
Pues por el pleyto tomaban,  
Campo pueden aceptar  
Si no quieren uno à uno,  
Los dos juntos à la par.  
Sin perjudicar los mios,  
Que hay muchos en mi linage,  
Que à esto, y mucho mas que esto  
Recaudo bastan à dâr,



At this speech the Count, indignant,  
Rising made a prompt reply ;—  
“ These excuses for Celinos,  
“ I, my Lord, shall pass them by.

“ Thoughtless, sad experience tells us  
“ Is the tender age of youth,  
“ Yet an inward guide convicts us,  
“ When we leap the bounds of truth.

“ To him then no more alluding,  
“ What can Oliveros say ?  
“ Or Orlando, for consenting  
“ To this base unmanly way ?

“ When they knew how false the letters,  
“ Me they held in poor esteem :  
“ Could they better than a coward  
“ Him they so dishonor'd deem ?

“ Conscious that I still was living,  
“ To deceit 'twas mean to yield ;  
“ Let me then, my liege, entreat you  
“ To accord me open field.

“ Nor to parents, nor to kindred,  
“ Ought neglectful I intend ;  
“ Well I know I have amongst them  
“ Many a true and valiant friend.



Porque entiendan que parientes,  
Y amigos no han de faltar,  
Llevarè al esforzado  
Reynaldos de Montalvàn.

Don Roldan que esto oyera  
Con gran enojo, y pesar,  
No por lo que el Conde dixo  
Que con razon lo viò estàr.

Mas en nombrarle à Reynaldos,  
Buelto se le ha la sangre,  
Porque los que mal le quieren,  
En quererle hacer pesar,

Luego le dòn por los ojos  
Reynaldos de Montalvàn.  
Movido de muy gran saña  
Luego hablò Don Roldan.

Soy contento Conde de Irlos,  
Y este mi guante tomad,  
Y agradeced que venistes  
Tan presto, y sin mas tardar,

Que à pesar de quien pesàra,  
Yo los hiciera casar,  
Sacando à Don Gayferos  
Sobrino del Emperante.



“ Ev’ry one would stand forth freely,  
“ Wish’d I but to claim his aid ;  
“ But Rinaldo of Montalban  
“ Is the choice my soul has made.”

Highly did it grieve Orlando  
When this daring speech he heard,  
Not for what the Count first mention’d,  
Where the truth so plain appear’d ;

But because he nam’d Rinaldo,  
All his angry blood boil’d o’er,  
For the Chiefs had view’d each other  
With a jealous eye before.

And it cut him to the bosom,  
When he heard his rival nam’d :  
Rising in a furious passion,  
Thus in answer he exclaim’d :—

“ I consent, then ; let Count Irlos  
“ From the ground my glove uptake,  
(“ Thankful that he came so timely ;)   
“ But for Prince Gayferos’ sake

“ Surely they had now been wedded,  
“ Spite of ev’ry other Chief :  
“ Well I know to fight, if fighting  
“ Gives the angry Count relief !”



Calledes dixo Gayferos,  
Don Roldan no digais tal,  
Por sobervio, y descortès  
Los Doce os quieren mal,

Que otros buenos como vos,  
Defenderàn la otra parte,  
Que yo faltar no le puedo,  
Ni dexar passar lo tal.

Aunque mi primo es Celinos,  
Hijo hermano de mi madre,  
Bien sabeis que el Conde Irlos  
Es hijo hermano de padre.

Por ser hermano de padre  
No le tengo de faltar,  
Porque no passe la vuestra,  
Ni os podais aventajar.

Tomò el guante el Conde Irlos,  
Y de la sala se sale,  
Tras èl aguija Gayferos,  
Y tras èl và Don Beltràn.

Triste và el Emperador,  
Haciendo llantos muy grandes,  
Viendo à Francia rebuelta,  
Y à todos los Doce Pares.



“ Silence ! silence ! ” cry’d Gayferos,  
“ Never boast you car’d for me ;  
“ Ill indeed the Twelve esteem you,  
“ Griev’d your haughty ways to see,

“ Yet there’s many a Knight as valiant,  
“ Many a one as worthy too ;  
“ Well indeed the thought would please me  
“ In the field to cope with you.

“ Prince Celinos is my cousin  
“ By my much-lov’d mother’s side ;  
“ By my father’s, brave Count Irlos ;  
“ Such my honor, such my pride.

“ For his sake, then, this bold challenge  
“ I myself would freely take,  
“ And for all the injuries done him  
“ You should quick atonement make.”

Up the glove Count Irlos taking,  
In high choler leaves the hall ;  
Him brave Prince Gayferos follows,  
And Count Bertram last of all.

Highly did it grieve the Emperor  
These distressful broils to see ;  
France involv’d in wild confusion,  
And the Twelve Peers disagree.



Desque Reynaldos lo supo  
Huvo della placer grande,  
Palabras decia al Conde  
Mostrandole voluntad.

Esforzado Conde de Irlos,  
Lo que haveis hecho me place,  
Y mucho mas en el campo,  
Contra Oliveros, y Roldan.

Rogaros quiero una cosa,  
No me la querais negar.  
Si es principal Oliveros,  
No menos es Don Roldan ;

Sin agraviar vuestra honra,  
Con qualquier podeis lidiar.  
Pelead con Oliveros,  
Y dexadme à Don Roldan.

Placeme, dixo el Conde,  
Reynaldos, pues à vos place.

Desque supieron las nuevas  
Los Grandes, y Principales,  
Que es venido el Conde de Irlos,  
Y que està en la ciudad,  
Vereis parientes, y Amigos,  
Que grandes fiestas le hacen.



But, renown'd Rinaldo hearing  
What had pass'd, his joy express'd,  
And, to brave Count Irlos turning,  
Thus his hardy speech address'd:—

“ Valiant and approv'd Count Irlos,  
“ Know my soul feels sweet delight,  
“ Oliveros and Orlando  
“ Thus to meet in vent'rous fight.

“ One thing I alone entreat you,  
“ And with gen'rous ardor press;  
“ Stout and brave is Oliveros,  
“ Nor is proud Orlando less.

“ If it will not wound your honor  
“ In the field a choice to see,  
“ Take thou valiant Oliveros,  
“ And Orlando leave to me.”

“ I'm content,” renown'd Count Irlos  
To his friend Rinaldo cry'd;  
“ They shall own two stouter warriors  
“ Ne'er fought better side by side.”

When the noble Count's arrival  
Was about the city spread,  
Forth went many a Lord to see him,  
By pure friendship freely led.



Los que à Roldan mal quieren,  
Al Conde vàn à hacer parte,  
Por lo qual toda la Francia  
En armas vereis estàr ;

Mas si los Doce quisieran  
Bien lo pueden remediar ;  
Mas ninguno en paz les pone,  
Todos en parcialidad,

Sino el Arzobispo Turpin,  
Que es de Francia Cardinal,  
Del Emperador sobrino,  
En esfuerzo principal.

Aquel solo se ponía,  
Si los podia apaciguar ;  
Ellos escuchar no quieren,  
Tanto se querian mal.

El Emperador que lo supo,  
Muy grande llanto dello hace,  
Por perdida dà à Francia,  
Y à toda la Christiandad.



Whilst his parents and his kindred  
In his honor fêtes display,  
All that ill esteem Orlando  
To the Count obeisance pay.

Thus all France was in confusion,  
Ev'ry Chief appear'd in arms ;  
But the Twelve, had they been watchful,  
Might have check'd these rude alarms.

No one peace would make between 'em,  
Not a Noble interfer'd ;  
None but good Archbishop Turpin  
In this gen'rous cause appear'd.

Turpin, royal Charles's nephew,  
Lord High Cardinal of France,  
He alone this friendly office  
Strives sincerely to advance.

But he finds his efforts fruitless ;  
Not a Prince his ear will lend ;  
Ev'ry one to mild entreaty  
Thinks it a disgrace to bend.

When the worthy Emperor knew it,  
Deep his gen'rous grief appear'd ;  
Not the loss of fair France merely,  
But all Christendom, he fear'd ;



Dicen que una, y otra parte  
Con Moros se iràn à juntar,  
Triste iba, y pensativo,  
No cessa de suspirar :

Mas los buenos consejeros  
Valen en necesidad.  
Al Emperador aconsejan  
El remedio que ha de dâr,

Que mande tocar trompetas  
Y à todos mande juntar.  
Y èl que luego no viniere,  
Por traydor le mande dâr.

Que la quitarà las tierras,  
Y mandará desterrar.  
Y con este mandamiento  
Todos juntado se han.

El Emperador en medio,  
Llorando empezó à hablar ;  
Esforzados Caballeros,  
Y los primos carnales,

Si diferencias teneis,  
Vosotros os las buscais ;  
Todos sois muy esforzados,  
Todos priinos de linage :



For each party, fierce contending,  
Threatens with the Moors to join :  
Deeper ev'ry hour his sorrow  
In his face appears the sign.

Long he mus'd, till this wise counsel  
Was by some good mind inspir'd,  
“ That each Chief, at sound of trumpet,  
“ In the hall should be requir'd ;

“ And whoever duteous came not,  
“ Should be as a traitor held,  
“ Forfeit lands and goods, accounted  
“ One that openly rebell'd.”

At this dread imperial mandate  
In the council all unite ;  
When thus speaks the gracious Emperor,  
Weeping in his Nobles' sight :—

“ Valiant Cavaliers and Chieftains,  
“ Peers, and loyal Cousins, too,  
“ If a diff'rence reign among you,  
“ On yourselves the wrong you drew.

“ You are all renown'd and valiant,  
“ Kinsmen too of lineage fair ;  
“ Cease then, cease these fatal bick'rings,  
“ And remember what you are.



Acuerdeseos del morir,  
Y que à Dios haceis pesar,  
En perderos à vosostros,  
Y à toda la Christiandad,

Rogaros quiero una cosa,  
No os querais enojar,  
Que sin mi licencia en Francia  
Campo no se puede dàr.

Del campo no soy contento,  
Porque causa no la hay,  
Ni à mi servicio me place,  
Que se haga cosa tal.

Ni hay agravio, ni injuria,  
Que à nadie se pueda dàr ;  
Ni al Conde han enojado  
Oliveros, ni Roldan,

Ni el Conde à ellos menos,  
Porque se hayan de matar,  
De ayudar à sus amigos,  
Yà es la usanza tal,

Si Celinos ha errado,  
Con amor, y mocedad,  
Pues no tocò à la Condesa,  
No ha hecho tanto mal,



“ Death remember, and your honor,  
“ And that heav’n you much offend ;  
“ Ev’ry christian highly grieving,  
“ You the Moorish cause befriend.

“ I will ask, and you shall answer,  
“ Let not then the question grieve :  
“ Can the field in France be sanction’d,  
“ If the Sov’reign grant not leave ?

“ Ill the licence now then suits me ;  
“ For no cause I see so great,  
“ Nor an injury half so weighty,  
“ As to move this rancorous hate.

“ Oliveros and Orlando  
“ Have not griev’d the Count so high ;  
“ And the Count has less offended :  
“ Why shou’d either seek to die ?

“ Rather let me see sweet friendship  
“ Reign amongst the Peers again ;  
“ Then no longer shall my bosom  
“ Groan beneath a load of pain.

“ If Celinos err’d, have pity  
“ On his inexperience’d youth ;  
“ Since he has not harm’d the Countess,  
“ Though he feign’d a vile untruth.



Que dello merezca muerte,  
Ni que se haya de dàr,

Ya sebemos que es el Conde  
Esforzado, y de linage,  
Y de los grandes señores  
Que en Francia comen pan.

Y que de quien le enojàre  
Se basta à desenojar,  
Aunque sea el Caballero  
Que en el mundo mejor hay.  
Mas porque sea escarmiento  
A otros hombres de linage,  
Que ninguno sea osado,  
Ni que pueda hacerlo tal,  
Si èl estimàre su honra,  
En esto no osarà entrar,  
Que amengüemos à Celinos,  
Por villano, y no leal.  
Que entre los Doce Pares,  
No se haya de contar,  
Ni quando el Conde estè en Cortes,  
Celinos no puede estàr.

Ni do fuera la Condesa  
El no pueda havitar,  
Y esta honra el Conde de Irlos  
Para siempre se os darà.



“ Death he merits not, but surely  
“ Some chastisement less severe ;  
“ Therefore, listen to this sentence,  
“ Ev’ry word with patience hear.

“ Well you know the Count is valiant,  
“ And of an illustrious birth ;  
“ That amongst our gallant Nobles  
“ None can boast superior worth.

“ That whoever dares offend him,  
“ Dares do much, and seeks his harm,  
“ Since a better Knight ne’er lifted  
“ Buckler on his manly arm.

“ That it may, too, serve for warning  
“ To all Knights of noble race,  
“ Not by such deceitful actions  
“ To incur deserv’d disgrace ;

“ Henceforth shall no more Celinos  
“ Rank the Twelve bold Peers among,  
“ Nor, whene’er the Count is present,  
“ Shine amidst the courtly throng.

“ Neither shall he range the purlieus  
“ Where he finds the Countess dwell :  
“ We shall guard Count Irlos’ honor,  
“ We his friends that love him well.”



Don Roldan que aquesto oyera  
Presto tal respuesta dà ;  
Mas quiero perder la vida,  
Que tal haya de passar.

El Conde desde lo oyera  
Presto se fue à levantar,  
Y con una voz muy alta  
Empezàra de hablar.

Pues Don Roldan yo os quiero  
Por mi, y el de Montalvàn,  
Que dentro de los tres dias  
En campo hayais de estar,  
Sino à vos y à Oliveros  
Daros hemos por cobardes.

Placeme dixo Roldan,  
Y aun si queredes antes.

Vereis llantos en Palacio,  
Que al cielo quieren llegar ;  
Dueñas, y grandes señoras,  
Casadas, y por casar,



When Orlando heard the Emperor,  
In a furious mood he cry'd,  
" Rather life itself I'd forfeit  
" Than by this award abide !"

When the noble Count perceiv'd him,  
In a fury too he rose,  
And, with voice disdainful answ'ring,  
Thus his fierce resentment shews :—

" Think not tamely, Count Orlando,  
" To your madness we shall yield ;  
" With my gallant friend Rinaldo  
" I will meet you in the field.

" Three days hence be sure we meet you :  
" If your angry hearts wax cold,  
" Henceforth you and Oliveros  
" We shall errant cowards hold."

" Three days hence," reply'd Orlando,  
" Or before, we'll fearless meet ;  
" Doubt not but our trusty sabres  
" Soon shall lay you at our feet."

Dismal shrieks now rend the palace,  
Shrieks that to the heav'ns ascend ;  
Husbands, brothers, wives, and children,  
Each applies to some dear friend ;



A pies de maridos, y hijos,  
Las vereis arrodillar.  
Gayferos fue el primero  
Que ha mancilla de su madre,

Y assimismo Don Beltràn,  
De su hermana carnal,  
Y Don Roldan de su esposa,  
Que tan tristes llantos hace.

Retiranse entonces todos  
Y vanse à assentar,  
Los valedores hablan  
A altas voces sin parar.

Mejor será caballero  
Haverlo de apaciguar,  
Pues no hay cargo ninguno,  
Y todo lo hayais de dexar.

Don Roldan entonces dixo,  
Que es contento, y que le place,  
Con aquesta condicion,  
Y esto se quiera actuar.

Que Celinos es muchacho,  
De quinze años, y no mas,  
Y no es para las armas,  
Ni aun para pelear,



Humbly at their feet imploring  
These disgraceful feuds to heal :  
To her son the noble mother  
Of Gayferos first to kneel.

To Count Bertram pleads his sister,  
To Orlando pleads his wife,  
Who, with piteous sighs lamenting,  
Begs him to preserve his life.

To their seats again returning,  
Loudly many a Chieftain cries,  
“ Cavaliers, attend to reason,  
“ Let not this wild fury rise.

“ Yet there is no cause for combat,  
“ Rather for a mutual peace ;  
“ Once more, then, let ev’ry Baron  
“ This disgraceful rancour cease.”

Count Orlando then uprising,  
To the Peers this speech address’d,  
“ That alone on these conditions  
“ Should his fierce contention rest :

“ Since the youthful Prince Celinos  
“ Counts at most but years fifteen,  
“ Ne’er till now stout armour wearing,  
“ Nor in manly combats seen ;



Que hasta viente y cinco años,  
Y hasta en aquella edad,  
Que en quenta de los Doce  
No se haya de contar,

Ni en la mesa redonda  
Menos pueda comer pan,  
Ni do el Conde, y la Condesa,  
Celinos no puede estar.

Desque fuera de viente años,  
O puesto en mayor edad,  
Si estimarè su honra,  
Que lo pueda demandar.

Y que entonces por las armas  
Lo defienda cada qual,  
Porque no diga Celinos  
Que es de menor edad.

Todos fueron muy contentos,  
Y à mas partes les place,  
Entonces el Emperador  
A todos doce abrazar ;  
Todos quedan muy contentos,  
Quedan todos muy iguales.  
El Emperador otro dia  
Muy ricas salas les hace  
A damas, y caballeros,  
Combidòlos à yantar.



“Till such time as age maturer  
“Numbers five and twenty years,  
“He shall not again be counted  
“With the Twelve illustrious Peers;

“Neither shall he at their table  
“Of the same rich viands eat;  
“Neither with the Count and Countess,  
“Where they are, shall take his seat.

“But when twenty years he reckons,  
“If he thinks his arm so strong,  
“And believes his honor wounded,  
“Pining at the grievous wrong,

“Let him boldly bid defiance  
“To what Knights he best may please;  
“And, if none appear to meet him,  
“Let it the offence appease.”

This just speech from either bosom  
Ev’ry seed of rancour chas’d;  
When the Emp’ror, joyous rising,  
All the noble Twelve embrac’d.

On the morrow splendid banquets  
For his Nobles he prepares;  
Many a Lord and many a Lady  
Of the feast delighted shares.



El Conde afeyta la barba,  
Cabellos otro que tal,  
La Condesa en las fiestas  
Sale muy rica, y triunfante.

Quando huvieron yantado,  
Antes de nadie danzar,  
Se levantò el Conde de Irlos  
Delanté todos los Grandes.

Y al Emperador entregò  
De las Villas, y Lugares,  
Las llaves de lo ganado,  
Del Rey Moro Aliarde.

Por lo qual el Emperador  
Dello le dà muy gran parte,  
Y èl à sus caballeros  
Grandes mercedes les hace.

Los Doce tenian en mucho  
La gran victoria que trae,  
De allì quedò con gran honra,  
Y mayor prosperidad.

—  
*Fin del Tomo Primero.*  
—



Then, his hair and beard divesting,  
Gallantly the Count appears ;  
Whilst the Countess, dress'd as richly,  
Sits triumphant with the Peers.

When the royal feast was ended,  
Ere they join'd the mazy dance,  
See Count Irlos to the Emp'ror  
With a graceful step advance ;

And the keys of all the cities  
Of the Moor Aliarde's land,  
By his dauntless valor conquer'd,  
Place them in his sov'reign's hand.

Highly pleas'd, on brave Count Irlos  
He the largest share bestows ;  
Who alike rewards his warriors  
For their vict'ry o'er his foes.

All the Twelve his courage praising,  
And his conquest bravely gain'd ;  
In abundant wealth and honor,  
Peace and glory, he remain'd.

---

*End of Vol. I.*

---



THE COURT  
Then, his highness said, thinking  
Of the Court, the Court appears  
With the Court, the Court as this  
The Court, the Court, the Court

When the Court, the Court, the Court  
The Court, the Court, the Court  
The Court, the Court, the Court  
The Court, the Court, the Court

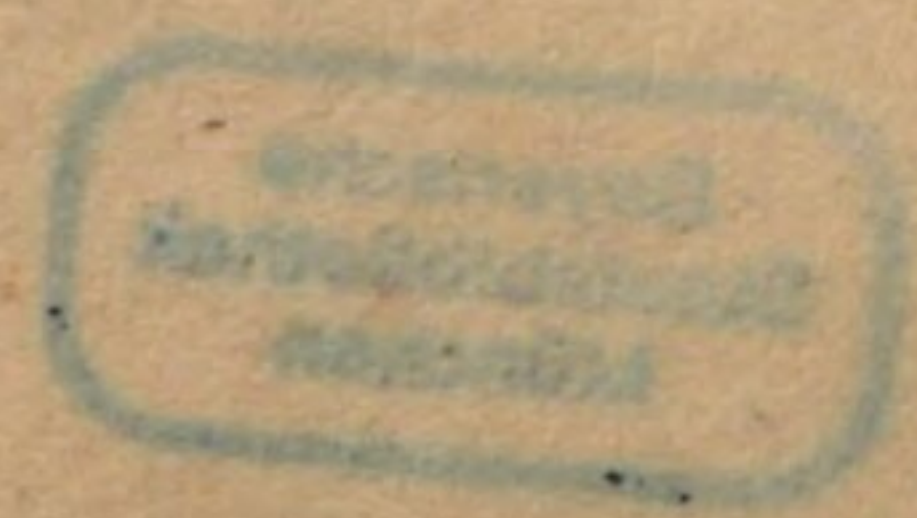
And the Court, the Court, the Court  
Of the Court, the Court, the Court  
By the Court, the Court, the Court  
Place them in the Court, the Court

Highly pleased, the Court, the Court  
The Court, the Court, the Court  
The Court, the Court, the Court  
The Court, the Court, the Court

All the Court, the Court, the Court  
And the Court, the Court, the Court  
In the Court, the Court, the Court  
Peace and glory, the Court, the Court

THE COURT

J. Compton, Printer, Middle Street,  
Cloth Fair, London.







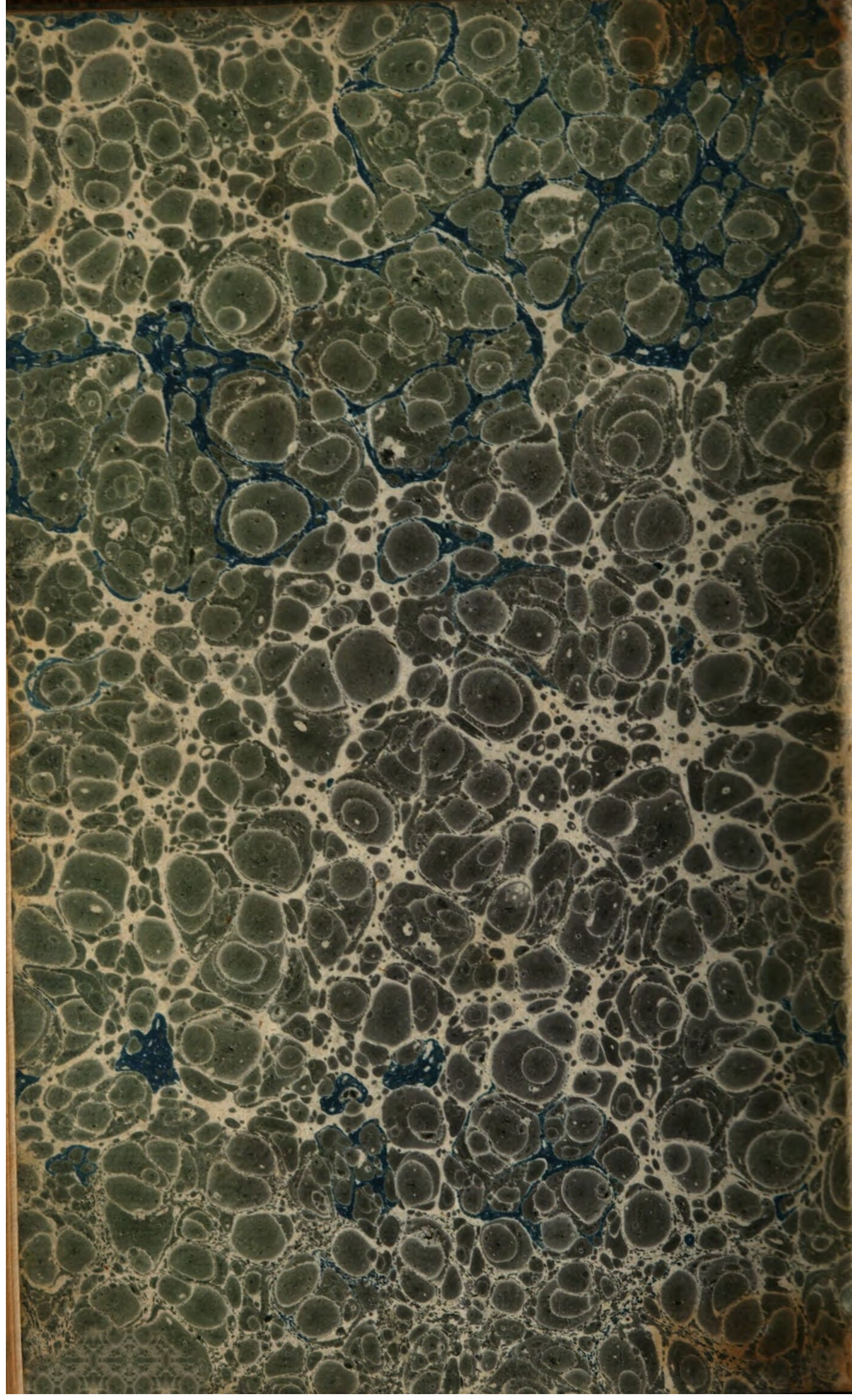




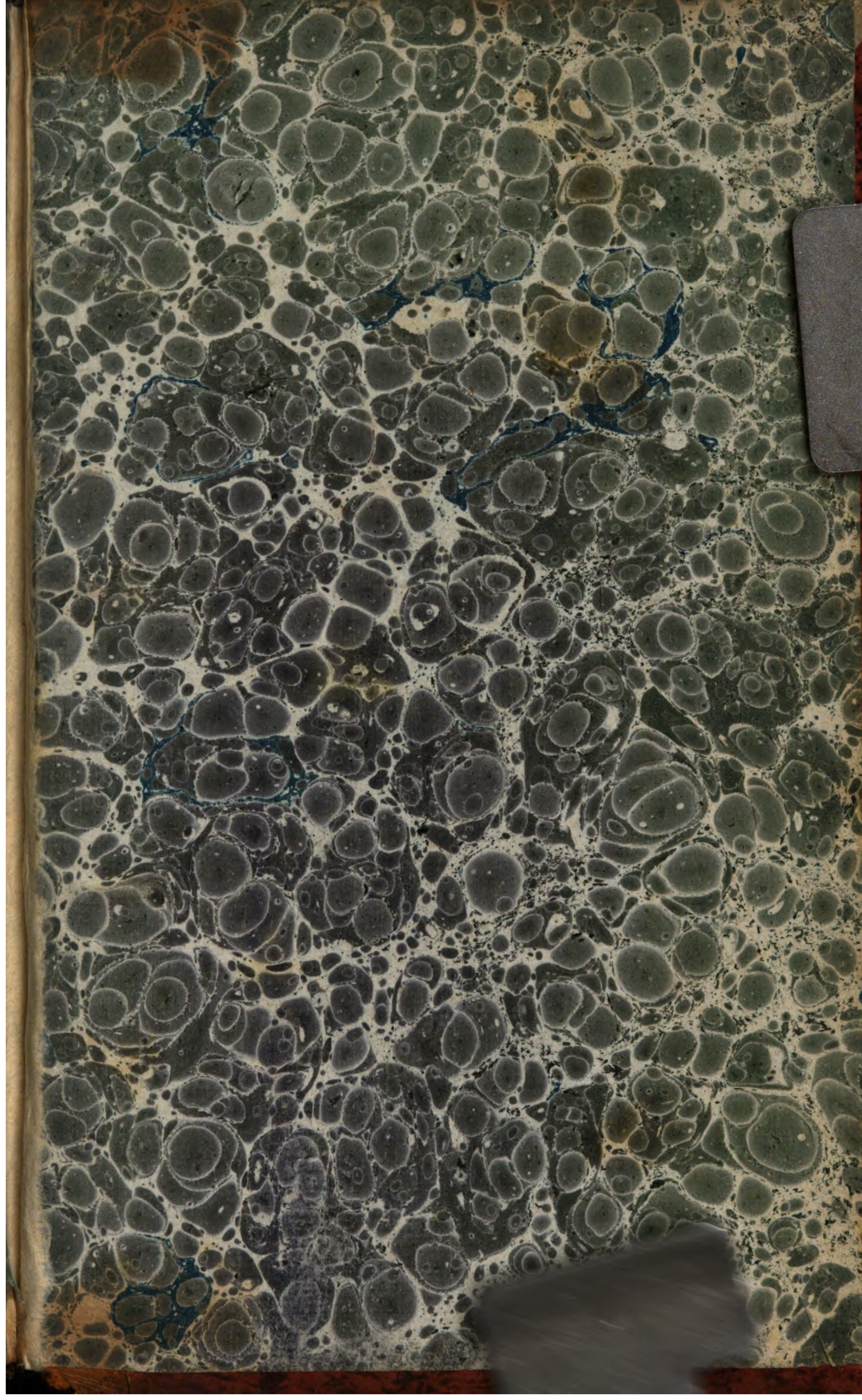


















Turpinus

History of Charles the Great and Orlando adscripted to Archbishop Turpon.  
Translated from the Latin in Spanheim's Lives of Ecclesiastical Writers  
together with the most celebrated ancient Spanish Ballads relating to the  
twelve Peers of France  
Bd.: 1

London (1812)

P.o.hisp. 171 i-1

urn:nbn:de:bvb:12-bsb10607828-7